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A DROP OF BLOOD;

—OR,—

THE MAN WITH A THUMB

—BY—

BARCLAY NORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND BUTTON," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

"WHY! IT IS BLOOD!"

October of 1879 and a brisk evening. The hour is 9. People walk rapidly under the stimulus of the cool night air.

One of the number, however, does not. Closely examining the buildings on either side of the street, he moves along slowly. Sometimes he stops on the curbstone and gazes intently at a house upon the opposite side. Thus he makes slow progress until he reaches the corner of Broadway and Bleecker street. Here he stops and peers down the cross street. Apparently he debates with himself as to which way he shall go. Slowly he walks off in the direction of the Bowery and—into the middle of events which powerfully influence his whole life.

He was a tall, athletic man. A careless observer would have said he was nearly 40; but he was, in fact, barely 31. The stern, deep-seated lines of his face, suggesting settled grief or harsh experiences in life, made him appear older than he was—these and an expression of habitual melancholy.

His course lay upon the lower or south side of Bleecker st. Crossing Crosby, he walked a few rods and then stopped in front of a house upon the opposite side.

Certainly, the reason lay in no peculiarity of the house. It was not particularly distinguished from its neighbors. As a matter of fact it bore a resemblance to them all, for it was one of a row of old-fashioned houses all built at the same time. Though degraded from the high rank they had once held, they had not lost entirely their pretensions to dignity. Dingy they had become, but that air of spaciousness, so lacking in our modern architecture, they still possessed. In spite of the degenerate times upon which they had fallen they still had the power to force you to consider the days when they were prosperous and fashionable.

This particular house was of brick, three stories high, with a low basement. The windows of the second and third stories were ablaze with light, and at them were to be seen, even at that hour, the occupants of the rooms they lit, at work. The first or parlor floor was dark. The front door, with its rounded casement, minutely carved, to which a flight of three or four marble steps led, was wide open, but there was no light in the hall. Between what were once, at least, the parlor windows, fastened to the brick front was a new oval sign, displaying a young woman whose yellow bodice was very low, whose blue skirts were very short, and whose red boots were very high, dancing upon rose-colored clouds, a suggestion of ethereality utterly destroyed by the robustness of her neck, her limbs and the abnormal breadth of her bared shoulders. While she danced she held a black mask before her eyes roguishly but fixedly cast, indiscriminately, upon all passers by. Over her head were the words, "Madame Delamour"; under her feet the single one "Costumer."

Under these parlor windows, stretching across the whole width of the house, was a long, narrow sign bearing the word "Weinhandlung."

One of the windows of the basement front had been transformed into a door. On either side of this door was a tub painted green. In each tub was an evergreen tree, slowly turning yellow. The iron fence which once had separated the sunken area from the pavement had been removed. The light streamed forth brightly and invitingly from both door and window.

"That is the house," muttered the young man on the other side of the street. "To what base uses we may return, and so forth. I have a fancy to see the inside of it."

Crossing the street the young man entered the "Weinhandlung." Inside he swept the room with his eyes, and an expression of astonishment mingled with disappointment passed over his face.

To accommodate the business of the dispenser of wines, the partitions had been torn out, so that the whole basement floor was one room. Where the hall had been the bar was, and behind the bar a stolid-looking German, smoking a long pipe, contemplating without the suggestion of an expression upon his large, round face, a group noisily playing a game of cards. In the rear of the room were two billiard tables. In the corner on the left as one entered was a round table at which there were four chairs and on it several newspapers.

The young man sat himself at this table, taking the chair in the corner, which, while it secured him comparative privacy, enabled him to command the room at a glance. At one of the small tables in the middle of the room, and in close proximity to the card-players, sat an old gentleman, perhaps 70, deeply engrossed in his newspaper. As the young man entered he lifted his head. Something in the new-comer's appearance arrested his attention. He laid his paper upon his knees, and followed the young man with his eyes and his face took on an expression of perplexity. Though he resumed reading his eyes ever and anon wandered to the young man in the corner. Soon his paper lost interest for him, for he again laid it on his knees, and looked into space over his spectacles, without losing his thoughtful, perplexed expression.

The young man summoned the stolid proprietor and ordered a stoup of wine and a cigar. His orders complied with, he struck a match, and as he held it up in the air with his right hand, until the sulphur should have burned away, he held his cigar within an inch of his lips with his left hand. The old gentleman, watching him covertly, smiled; the wrinkles on his brow vanished, the perplexed expression passed away, and nodding to himself approvingly he returned to his paper. By and by he beckoned to the proprietor, and by a gesture indicated that he desired the empty glass at his elbow refilled. An unusually loud outburst came from the card-players; with a smothered exclamation of disgust he picked up his glass and crossed to the table at which the young man was sitting, saying politely:

"Shall I be intruding if I seat myself at this table? Our friends, the card-players, are boisterous; they annoy me."

"By no means," replied the young man. "I imagine every vacant chair in the room belongs to the man who claims it."

With a bow, the old man sat down.

"Perhaps so," he said, "but an etiquette obtains, or should obtain even here, and I would not intrude upon one wishing to be alone."

"I am alone," returned the young man; "not because I wish to be, but because in a whole city full of people I am."

"A stranger to the city, then?" inquired the old man.

"Yes and no," was the reply, in the manner of one propounding a riddle. "I am not a stranger, for I was born here. I am because I have been continuously absent for the past eight years. I walked the streets today without seeing a face I knew, and I do not know where to go to find one I formerly did know."

"New York is a large city, and like all large cities its face takes on a new expression each year. You have but just returned, then?"

"This morning."

"It is strange the more celebrated places did not attract you."

"I stepped out of my hotel nearby for the fresh air, and I strolled hither under the influence of a recollection of my boyhood, almost infantile days."

For an instant only the old man peered over his glasses sharply at his companion, and then said:

"I am much attached to this house, not because my habit leads me here nightly, but because I have been familiar with it ever since I was a young man."

The old man lifted his glass and sipped his beer, apparently unconscious that he had said anything to attract the increased attention the young man gave him.

"Even younger than you are now," continued, "Lord! Lord! what dinners I have eaten—what gay times I have had in this very room. A young friend of mine—we boarded in Chambers st. together in those days—bought this house while it was yet building, and when it was finished, carried his sweet young bride into it. And a great housewarming we had, too. I was opposed to it—that is, to the house; I thought it too fine for him to begin on; for you must know, young sir, there were few finer houses in this city when this was built. Yet he could afford it. Young as he was, he was at the head of a flourishing business, built up by his father, who had died and left it to his only son, with a number of old and experienced clerks. Yes, indeed, no house in this city stood higher than that of Dorison & Co.

As the old man indulged his reminiscential vein, the younger kept his dark eyes fixed upon him, and at the mention of the name of the firm the color crept slowly into his cheeks.

"Yes, there have been gay times in this old house," continued the old man, "I have seen the beauty and chivalry of old New York gathered within these walls. Sometimes when the weather is fair I venture out to the park to see the ladies drive by, whom as young girls, in all their bravery of silks and laces, I have seen sweep up and down these stairs. Happy times, indeed! I was always welcome here as the confidential friend of the head of the house, and I love it in its degradation. I have seen sorrow and mourning here, too. I have followed each one of Dorison's children through the door above to their graves—save the youngest, a boy. But the time came when this house was not fine enough for Dorison, and he moved into a brownstone front in 23d st. There disaster fell upon him. His wife died, and he was never the same man. He retired from business—a mistake, for the time hung heavily on his hands, and he drooped. His only interest was his only son—only child in fact. I saw him daily if in town, but in those years, having interests abroad, I was away from town a great deal."

He interrupted himself to sip his beer. Had he looked at the young man he would have seen a most singular expression on his face; high color showing through his dusky skin and eyes intense and burning. The old man did not, for he continued calmly:

"Dorison and his son lived in this fine house alone for some years. Then one morning early, a servant entering the library found Dorison bent over the table at work. Wondering at the early rising of his master, he spoke. Receiving no answer, he went up to him. Dorison was dead. He had died in the act of writing a letter. The most singular thing of it was, that his executors found that he, whom we all supposed so rich, had not a dollar. The very house he lived in was mortgaged to its full value."

The young man leaned forward, and extending his hand laid it upon the arm of the elder man, saying with great decision:

"You have a purpose in telling me this story."

The old man looked up with a surprised air as he replied:

"What purpose, young sir, could I have in telling such a story to an entire stranger?"

The young man made no reply for a moment, but continued to gaze steadily into the eyes of the elder one, as if thinking profoundly. Then he said in a deep, low voice, quivering with emotion:

"I will continue the story. Mr. Dorison was fond of the young man, his son, treating him indulgently and giving him a most generous allowance. The son was a youngster caught up in the whirl of fashion—a member of the leading clubs, following what you doubtless would call a fast life, but as compared with others not fast. If extravagant, he brought no trouble upon his father; if reckless in his life, no disgrace upon the name of Dorison. The letter his father was writing, when he was so suddenly stricken with death, ruined the son. To whom this letter was addressed, or what the father's motive in writing it, never was known, and it is doubtful now whether these things ever will be known. The letter ran thus:

MY DEAR FRIEND—The end is well-nigh reached. Indeed, if you cannot immediately give me the assistance I need it is even now reached. With such assistance and a few years more of life, all can be repaired. I am a broken man in spirit and in health. The last few years I have been tortured as no human being ever was, I believe. I have been compelled to sit helplessly by and see a fine property devoted to covering the consequences of crime; to making good forgeries on my own name; against which I could not even lift my voice in protest; to repairing losses of others by robberies and defalcations; to stopping the wheels of justice, which, if permitted to go on, would have brought exposure and disgrace; and all the while have been compelled to sustain and conceal the knowledge that all this was done and brought upon me by an ungrateful son, who—"

"Death fell upon him," continued the young man, "the moment he had condemned the son. To whom was this letter addressed? Crushed and agonized, the son in a frenzy sought the one to whom it was written as a means of proving that the condemnation of the son by the dying father was untrue. All efforts were unavailing. The fact of the condemnation was bruited about; it became known in the clubs; it became public property; it was published in the papers; the police undertook to bring the crimes alleged against the son home to him, but they were no more successful than he was in his efforts to disprove them. His friends fell away from him; the doors of his acquaintances were closed against him; he was cut on the streets. Efforts being made to expel him from one club, he resigned from all and fled the city, practically penniless, under an assumed name. Seeking employment in a Western city, he remained until a few days ago, when, under an impulse he could not restrain, he returned to the city of his birth after eight years' absence. I am he—John Dorison—disgraced by his dead father, not by himself."

"I was sure of it; I was sure of it," murmured the old man.

"You, too," continued the young man, his voice trembling with emotion, "you, too, a friend of my father, believed and do now believe the libel my father left me as his only heritage."

There was something so despairing and even pathetic in the attitude and intensity of the young man that the spectacles of the old gentleman became dimmed with moisture. There was no appeal for belief in the tones of the young man. The elder read utter hopelessness in the intense dark eyes bent upon him; he saw the grief underlying the strong face which he had newly aroused was an old settled grief, not one finding expression in wild gestures and fierce words, but one that had come to abide with the young man forever, with which its possessor had become familiar as with a daily companion from whom he never expected to be parted.

The old gentleman, regarding the face of younger closely and for the first time openly, replied slowly and forcibly:

"No; I did not believe the charge when I first heard it; I never have believed it; I do not believe it now."

The reply was unexpected. Dorison fell back in his chair with a gasp, staring blankly at the elder man. At the end of eight years, and for the first time, he had found one who believed him innocent of the charges.

"You—believe—me—innocent—of—those—vile—charges?"

"I do," emphatically returned the old man. "When your father died I was absent from the city. After I returned, and I learned the circumstances, I sought you to say so and to offer my assistance, but you had left the city."

Still staring at the elder man as if not comprehending what was said to him, Dorison remained silent. Suddenly, and the question came as if driven from a gun, he asked:

"Why?"

"Because," replied the old man slowly, "I knew something of your life; because I had heard your father praise your conduct, your character and your rectitude, and therefore believed that in his sane mind he could not mean you; because of certain matters within my own knowledge, perhaps it were better to say suspicions, which I have never mentioned to any man, and which I will not now, at all events until I can look over my papers and refresh my memory. That letter of your father's has always been an incomprehensible mystery to me, and the most charitable construction I can put upon it is that he was not a sane man when he penned it. But what became of his great fortune?"

The young man laughed bitterly.

"Your words, the first of belief in my innocence I have ever heard, are grateful and comforting. If your belief were based upon more substantial reasons, it would give me what I am now utterly without—hope. My life has been ruined by that unfinished letter. Such is the only result I have reached after eight years of endeavor to fathom the incomprehensibility."

"My dear young sir," said the old man, kindly, but with a tone of pain in his voice, as he leaned forward and laid his hand upon the arm of the younger one, I can understand your bitterness. I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I admire you, that with the strong feeling you naturally have, you have given expression to not one word of abuse of the parent who did you this almost irreparable injury. However, it is time for me to go to bed. Come and see me tomorrow at my office. We will talk this matter over then and see what can be done. Here is my card. Good-night."

The old man went out briskly. Dorison remained staring at the card, which bore these words 'Job Nettleman. Commercial paper negotiated. No. — Broad st., New York city."

He fell back in his chair in a confusion of thought. Light seemed to be breaking upon his dark horizon. Would the sun rise? One man believed him innocent. It was not much, to be sure, but he could not let go the fact. His memory was aroused to acute activity. He lived over again those agonized days following the death of his father; his frenzy, his wild rebelling against his fate, his desperate endeavors to escape the evil consequences of that unfinished letter; his mad efforts to prove himself guiltless—all this passed in review before him, and again he felt the sharpness, the bitterness, the agony of those days, and he became oblivious to his surroundings.

Suddenly he was startled into consciousness of external things by a cry of horrified surprise. It came from one of the card-players:

"Why! it is blood."

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.

There was commotion in the room at once. Every one sprang to his feet. Crowding about the table from whence the outcry came, they looked up to the ceiling, from whence the drop which had excited the exclamation had apparently fallen.

A long, irregular crack in the ceiling was plainly visible. At one end, that over the table, a small dark spot was to be seen. Dorison, who had come with the rest, sprang upon the table. Hardly had he assumed an erect position when the small, dark spot, resolving itself into a globule, dropped off, barely escaping his clothes, being immediately succeeded by another spot.

"It is blood," he said. "It is dripping through this crack. It must come from the floor above. Who occupies it?"

All eyes were turned upon the German proprietor, who, in reply to this mute questioning, said:

"I don't know. Dey haf shoost move in. Dey vos kostumers."

"Some one may have been murdered," suggested a voice in the crowd.

In an instant, as if by a common impulse, every one ran out and mounted the steps leading to the front door, leaving Dorison alone with the proprietor. The trampling of many feet upon the floor above and poundings on the door for admission were heard.

Clambering down from the table, Dorison asked the German if there was not a rear entrance to the first floor.

"Yaw," replied the German. "Go dat door owit and oop the stairs."

Dorison hurried through the door pointed out and found, as he right, a flight of steps which he ascended quickly. Pushing open the door at the top he entered a sheltered veranda. He tried the door leading into the hall, but it was locked. He sought the first window opening on the veranda and on trying to lift the lower sash, it ran up with a rush. A curtain obstructed his way, which he pushed aside and stepped into a large square room, unfurnished, save by two chairs and a worn carpet. The gas burned dimly at a side jet.

He crossed the room to the sliding doors, which were closed, but he found no difficulty in throwing one back. Heavy curtains confronted him; parting them he passed into a room well lighted.

He recoiled with an exclamation of horror. At his feet lay the body of a woman weltering in her own blood. Of steady nerves and strong self-control, yet the scene sickened him, and he staggered back almost fainting, the while those in the hall were thundering at the door.

. . . . . .

The woman had fallen forward, and as she had done so her face had been turned toward her right shoulder, her right arm stretched out as if she had grasped at something and missed it. Where the neck was exposed a small gash was seen, from which the blood had spurted and streamed in torrents, covering her dress and all things in her immediate vicinity. A small stand, evidently heavily weighted with articles of clothing of fantastic color and shape, had been overturned in the struggle which preceded the murder, for the goods were scattered some distance and the woman had fallen upon them.

Recovering almost immediately from the first shock of surprise and horror, Dorison bent over the body. It was that of a young woman, perhaps twenty-six or seven. The face was prepossessing, and he conjectured she might in life have been called handsome.

He made a rapid survey of the room. At his right and in front of the mantel-piece was a long, narrow table, with deep drawers in it and the top of which was covered with blue felt. Against the wall, on all sides, were fitted drawers surmounted by shelves, filled with goods. Over the windows and the two doors opening into the hall, curtains were drawn closely.

Immediately at his left hand, within his reach, was a small round table. On it were two articles. Barely conscious of his act, he stretched forth his hand and took them up. One was a ring, the other a small, old-fashioned oval portrait in a narrow gilt frame.

He was astonished—overwhelmed.

The portrait was a picture of his father, taken at least 20 years before his death. He could not trust his senses. Was his imagination affected by the horror of the scene and playing him tricks? He looked at it again. There could be no mistake. He examined the ring. He recognized this too. He had seen it in his boyhood days, a hundred times, on his father's finger.

Confused and overwhelmed, and under an impulse he could not analyze, he slipped them both into his pocket.

There was a new movement in the hall and new steps, which had in them the sound of authority.

A voice said:

"We can't open that door."

"Then we'll break it down," said a stern one in reply.

Aroused, Dorison undertook to step over the prostrate body at his feet, intending to open the door. As he did so he saw a piece of paper in the hand of the murdered girl. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, and without reason governing him, he bent down quickly and gently disengaged it. Hastening now to the door, as he was about to push back the curtain he perceived upon the floor a large piece, which he picked up and pocketed under the same singular impulse.

Drawing the bolts he opened the door just as two policemen placed their shoulders against it to burst it open. They fell upon him, and without his assistance would have fallen to the floor.

A man in citizen's clothes pushed his way between the two policemen and hastily swept the room with his keen eyes. Observing the body on the floor he turned to the officers and said:

"Guard that door. Let no one in or out."

Walking over to where the body lay, he closely examined it and the surroundings. Then he came back to Dorison and demanded:

"What are you doing here?"

"Who are you?" demanded Dorison in return.

"An officer of the law. Answer my question."

"I entered from the rear while the others were trying to force an entrance from the front."

The officer, who was the most celebrated detective of his day, bent a piercing look upon Dorison, who, however, did not flinch from the scrutiny.

"We'll see about that. Dolan," he said, turning to an officer in uniform, "arrest this man."

"I shall not attempt to prevent you from arresting me," said Dorison quietly, but firmly, "but you must make no mistakes, for I shall not forgive them."

This calmness and self-possession made an impression on the officer.

"How is it that you were here alone?" he asked.

"I have told you. After the alarm was raised, all who were in the saloon below ran up to this door except myself. I asked the proprietor if there was not a rear entrance, and being told there was, came up that way and made an easy entrance."

"Yaw. Das iss so," remarked the proprietor of the saloon from the door. "Dey vos all gone owit an' he ask me. I say go oon de back stairs."

"He was drinking in your saloon then?"

"Yaw. He drink ein glass wine and smoke ein cigar, and talk mit old Mr. Nettleman all de night."

"The gentleman sat with the rest of us, captain," said another voice from the hall. "When the man cried out that blood was dropping on his cards, the gentleman jumped on the table to see where it was coming from."

"I see," said the captain, in an altered tone, and turning to Dorison said: "It was imprudent of you to attempt an entrance before the officers were called."

"Perhaps," returned Dorison, with a sober smile. "In such emergencies, however, men are rarely prudent. The prudent thing for me to do was to walk away entirely. As it is, I presume I have made a witness of myself for the coroner's inquest."

This was not lost upon the detective and regarded him with more favor.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Dorison hesitated. He had registered himself at a neighboring hotel under the name he had borne since he left New York eight years before—James Dudley. He knew the next question would be his address, and if he were to give his proper name an examination of the register would discover the discrepancy, with the resulting suspicion. If, on the contrary, he were to give his assumed name he would, if application were made to Mr. Nettleman, since he had not given his assumed name to that gentleman, be at a disadvantage in that quarter. He perceived his dilemma without seeing his proper course.

His hesitancy aroused the suspicion of the detective. With increased sternness the demand was repeated.

Under the belief that less trouble would result from using his registered name, he replied:

"James Dudley. I come from Dubuque, Ia. I am registered at the Grand Central. I arrived in town at 7 this morning. I have not been in New York for eight years before."

"Why did you hesitate in answering?"

"Because I vainly thought by concealment of my name I might escape the annoyance of being a witness, but a moment's reflection showed me the absurdity of the idea."

This was promptly said, but frank and ingenuous as the reply seemed to those who heard it, the detective, looking into Dorison's eyes, saw something there which did not satisfy him.

"Do you know this Mr. Nettleman?"

"I have known about him all my life—since boyhood."

"Does he know you?"

"Yes."

At this moment two men in citizen's clothes, who were admitted by the uniformed officers, entered and took up their stations respectfully behind the detective.

"What did you see when you entered?" asked the detective, after a long and keen examination of Dorison's face.

"That," replied the young man, pointing to the body on the floor, "I had but just entered when you came."

The detective did not permit his eyes to follow the pointed finger of Dorison, but still continued his stern and searching examination, while Dorison fully appreciated that he had become an object of suspicion.

There was a slight diversion at the door. A man of average height, inclined to be stout, perhaps 60, with shaven face, whose only striking feature was a pair of eyes, small, dark, keen, active and restless, who had been standing without the door, pushed his way in. The officers guarding the door made no motion as if to follow him, but, upon an almost imperceptible nod from the captain, permitted him to enter.

The new-comer crossed to the table covered with blue felt, his hands in his vest pockets, and, leaning against the end furthest from the body, sent his eyes into every part of the room with rapid darts, finally fixing them on Dorison, without abandoning the motionless attitude he had assumed on entering.

The detective began a systematic inspection of the body, the room, the entrances thereto. He took the names of all present and those in the saloon when the drop of blood was discovered. He closely questioned the proprietor. The only fact he elicited was that no one previously to the rooms had been rented by a woman, who announced that she would conduct a costumer's business, and that the saloon proprietor had never seen, but one person he knew to be connected with the business, and that an old woman, and once. Brought in to examine the body he declared he had never seen the woman in life, and did not know who she was or where she came from.

The detective turned to Dorison again:

"When you ascended those back stairs, was the door at the top open or shut?"

"Shut."

"Did you try the door leading from the veranda to the hall?"

"I did, and found it locked."

"How did you enter?"

"By the window, next the door."

"Was the sash raised as it is now?"

"No; I threw it up."

"It was not fastened then?"

"No."

"How did you enter this room?"

"Through those sliding doors."

"Were they open, as now?"

"No; I threw them back."

"Was there a light in the back room?"

"Yes; just as there is now."

Turning to one of the men in citizen's clothes, at his back, the captain said:

"Jones, go into that yard and see if it is possible for a man to make his escape over the fence and reach the street."

"It would be possible for a man to descend those back stairs, enter the saloon below from the rear, and so gain the street," said the old man, with his hands in his vest pockets, without moving.

The detective looked at him sharply and replied:

"That is true."

"He even might have sat down and drank beer afterwards and been in the saloon when the blood was discovered."

"That also might be true," returned the detective.

"The proprietor ought to know whether he served a customer whom he did not notice enter the front door."

"Again that may be so; I'll inquire."

"Also," continued the old man, "if you are speculating your man might have entered the saloon and slipped out to gain this room by the rear as this young man did, and slipped back again after he did the job."

"Ah," said the detective, turning a look of apparent renewed interest upon Dorison. He took the proprietor aside and questioned him on the points raised by the old man. The German, his wife and Dorison had never stirred from the chair he seated himself in when he first entered until the blood was discovered; he was in full sight and could not have moved without his knowledge; besides he had talked all the time to Mr. Nettleman, a fact that attracted his attention, since, though the old gentleman came there nightly, he rarely talked with any one. As to the possibilities suggested by the old man with regard to others, he could not speak so positively, though he did not think that anything like that suggested by the old man had occurred, because the saloon had not been so full that he could not take cognizance of every one in the place. When asked to look over the throng in the hall to see if all were there who were in the saloon when the blood was discovered, he said after examination that while there were some in the hall who were not in the saloon, there was one who was in the saloon who had stood by him in the hall when he was called in to see if he could recognize the body, who was not there then. He was a stranger who had come in early and drank brandy. He could not describe him, save that he was not an old man, was not tall, and had brown hair and mustache.

"That, undoubtedly, is the man I want," said the detective.

Sending Dorison to the headquarters in charge of one of the policemen, in order that a statement as to himself and the events of the night might be taken, and telling the officer to put a man on to shadow Dorison after he left headquarters, the officer busied himself with completing his examination of the premises. Finally, leaving an officer in charge, he went away, accompanied by the remaining officer in plain clothes.

"This night has not brought forth much," he said, "but I suppose we can find out from the woman who rented the rooms who the girl is. We must hunt her up the first thing tomorrow morning. That must be your job."

"Go to the agent who rented the rooms, I supose?"

"Yes; that's the quickest way."

"Do you think that fellow Dudley is mixed up in it?"

"He? No, but he's concealing something. I suspect he does not want to be too closely questioned about himself. But he hasn't anything to do with this case."

"The old man turned up again prompt."

"Yes," replied the captain. "He seems to have the scent of a buzzard for a dead body. Strange fancy, isn't it? I once knew a fellow who had a fancy for going to every funeral he could hear of, whether he knew the people or not. This old fellow is a sharp old duck and has some excellent ideas. But who he is I can't tell."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HON. HERBERT F. BRIGHAM.

Sketch of the Life of the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Vermont.

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 30.—At the Democratic State convention held here yesterday, Hon. Herbert F. Brigham of Bakersfield was nominated for governor.

The nominee is a son of J. E. Brigham, a successful farmer of Bakersfield, Vt., and was born at Bakersfield, July 13, 1852, receiving his education in the common schools and academy of that town.

HON. HERBERT F. BRIGHAM,
Democratic candidate for governor of Vermont.

At the age of 18 he entered the law office of Hon. B. R. Start, and in 1873 was admitted to the Franklin county bar, subsequently taking a course of law studies at the College of Ann Arbor, Michigan. He then spent a while in the law office of Samuel H. Cutter, a California lawyer, and soon after entered into a legal partnership with Hon. R. H. Meesie, then attorney for the bonanza firm of Flood, O'Brien, Mackey and Fair, known as the "big four." Since 1876 Mr. Brigham has practised in his native town.

In 1882 and 1884 the Democrats sent him to the Legislature, where he acted upon the committees on judiciary and on railroads.

While a member of the Democratic State committee, in 1885 President Cleveland appointed him commercial agent at Stanbridge, P. Q., where he remained four years. Since his return he has followed his profession.

He has been a candidate for State attorney in Lamoille county, and also for secretary of state.

He is a Democrat of the old school like his father, who served three terms in the Legislature. He is a temperance man, believing in a high license law, and advocates a uniform poll tax and the abolition of the law taxing a man's debts.

DISTURBERS REBUKED.

South Unjustly Assailed for the Celebration in Richmond.

[New York Tribune.]

The Tribune has never hesitated on fitting occasions to denounce disloyal acts and tendencies in the South, and it will continue to do so, if need be, in the future.

But for that very reason it may fairly claim the right to defend the South when it is unjustly assailed, as in our opinion it has been in connection with the ceremony of unveiling the Lee monument yesterday in Richmond. That the people of the South should delight to honor the memory of that great and popular leader need not, and does not reflect on their loyalty in the slightest degree.

It is true that numerous Confederate flags were flung to the breeze yesterday in the quondam Confederate capital, and there were a great many things said about the Lost Cause, the good taste of which might be questioned.

But there was no hint of disloyalty to the Union from the beginning to the end of the celebration, and we are sure there was no thought of disloyalty in the hearts of those who took part in it. On this day, sacred to the memory of the loyal dead, we can well afford to be generous with those who were once armed against the nation, but who are now an integral part of that nation.

If the South loyally accepts the verdict of the war, as it is doing, the North will not criticise it for honoring the memory of its fallen chieftains, or even for occasionally bringing out its old flags, which to enlightened Southerners to-day are no longer the emblems of treason, but the souvenirs of a gigantic mistake.

THE FRIENDSHIP RING.

Latest Fad Among the Beauties of the City of the Straits.

Your Detroit maiden encounters a friend on the street, in the stores, at church, in her home—anywhere, everywhere—and immediately prefers a request for a penny, says the Free Press.

"A penny!" you exclaim. "My dear Miss Dorothy, why, yes—of course. But what in the world do you want of a penny?"

Then the merry maiden laughs and explains that when she gets around to an even 100 friends and extracts from each one of them the coveted penny, she darts into the nearest jeweler's and buys a friendship ring.

And what is a friendship ring?

Merely a ring of fine gold wire with "friendship knot" attachment. It sells for $1, and every one of them that you see on the Detroit girls' fingers represents 100 friends who have been assessed 1 cent each. It won't do to accept 10 cents from 10 friends, or 25 cents each from a quartet of friends. Just 1 penny—only this and nothing more—is the indispensable "swagger" essence of the fad.

Heat of the Moon.

[London Standard.]

A problem of great interest in physics and astronomy, in which Tyndall, Lord Roose and Prof. Langley labored in vain, has been solved, and trustworthy evidence at last been obtained as to the thermal value of moonlight.

This has been accomplished by C. V. Boys, one of the professors at South Kensington, who, by means of his delicate filaments has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this apparatus he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute disc of the instrument to the moon he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance. The result accords with the anticipations of Prof. Piazzi Smythe. Observation seems to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for 14 days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.

Deeply Wronged.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

First tramp—I'll never go to that house again, Bill. I was insulted there.

Bill—How was it?

First tramp—The woman took me for a book agent.

FAT OXEN GONE.

Once the Farmer's Joy in the Granite State.

But Costly Horses Took Their Places.

Deserted Farms and Many Houses Rotting.

UNTIL 10 years ago oxen were used almost exclusively in carrying on farming operations in western New Hampshire. Now, it so happens, that nearly all the "deserted farms" in the State were occupied and tilled 10 years ago; so it would seem that when the oxen left the farms the places did not pay and had to be vacated. The question the reporter wanted to decide was if the substitution of horses for oxen and the subsequent change in farm methods had anything to do with the great agricultural depression which now prevails all over the State. If so, then the farmers should discard the collar and hames and go back to the yoke and bows. They should drop the reins and whip and take up the goad stick. Here is a little testimony bearing on the subject:

UNLOADING HAY.

"I guess that oxen are easier kept and bring more money than horses," said Mr. Angell of Goshen, a fairly prosperous farmer, who, in addition to growing good crops has raised a large family of healthy, double-fisted boys and girls. "Now," he resumed thoughtfully, "I dawn't guess at all about it. I know—by yum—so, there; and I kin give you the figgers fur it right here." He wiped the fibrous grass roots and accumulated earth from the edge of his polished and well-worn hoe, held out his big left hand and began to tell off the merits of oxen on the fingers and thumb of his left hand, using his right forefinger as a pointer to help the illustration.

"You buy a pair uv likely two-year-old steers this spring for about $50 or $60, or, perhaps, you raise them from kearys, when they don't scarcely cost you nothing at all, but skim milk and straw and pasturin', and taxes. You git 'em anyhow. They girt from 5 feet 2 to 5 feet 6, and are well-matched, lively and promisin'. You feed 'em well, and 'em pretty often, give 'em some turnips or potatoes every day, and work 'em light. They will haul out all your manure, cross-plough your stubble land and do your harrowing. So if your breaking up was done last fall they will do all your work. That's what mine do, anyhow." That right forefinger had crept from the left thumb to left index finger, and came down as solid as one of John Stuart Mill's syllogisms.

"You keep on. If you hev a mowing machine the steers will haul it. If you hain't got none, they will haul you. They hev sick. Raining and lowery days they will pull the cultivator to hoe your potatoes. After haying they will haul out the fall dressing, tote in the grain and root crops, and do most of the ploughing. If you work 'em light you can turn 'em out into the pastures at night and Sundays, and they'll grow all the time, and not a cent paid out for hay or grain." The middle finger was reached here, and the steers were going up in value faster than Bell Telephone stock.

"After a soft winter's work hauling wood and dressing and taking stuff to market, you come to the spring, and you have a pair of steers that will girt six feet and a half and will bring, if likely, anywhere from $125 to $150. That's good profit, ain't it? And they have done your work all the time, mind you. The spring and summer and fall work will be just play for them. If you get a chance you can hire them out and earn some money, too." Down he went another finger on that logical hand, and the steers went up like a balloon.

"In the spring when they are four years old they will be fat and sleek and ought to go for beef, but if not, if plump and prime the butcher will give you about $200 for them. You just go and put $150 in the bank, take $50 and buy another yoke of steers and do it over again. That's what I call profit and pleasure combined." The little finger of the left bobbed up to meet that travelling index of the right, and the proposition was demonstrated as clearly as if Euclid had drawn the diagram.

"So you make your money out of oxen, Mr. Angell?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no. Lord bless you, no; I don't make money out of nothing. I get a good living and pay my debts. Money comes hard, and when a man gets hold of any he had ought to keep his grip. I was just showing you how you could make money by keeping oxen, that was all."

"How do you make your money, then?"

"Don't make any, I tell yer. I live, and that's all. I swap eggs and butter, and beans and oats, and potatoes for flour and tea and sugar and clothes. The storekeeper and I don't count, and we don't pay him any money, and he don't pay me any. If he owes me it is all right; if I owe him, I pinch and contrive to pay him. I don't have $200 in money fur a whole year; don't want it." Here he began to lay down on his fingers again, and the reporter broke in—

"But when you sell a yoke of oxen for $200, what do you do with the money?"

"I was jest about to tell you. Six years ago I put the money in the bank, and I guess it is there now. I had ought to be, anyhow. Four years ago I put a cellar under my barn and finished off the L of my house. Two years ago I bought er pianner for Elfrida, my eldest gal, and now she gives music lessons. Stock is so cheap this year that I haven't sold my oxen yet. It don't cost nothing to keep them, and the steers which was to take their place I have raised, so I am not in debt. When I can get $250 for the oxen they will go, and not before."

"And when you sell them what are you going to do with the money?"

"Can't tell. It don't do to count chickens afore they are hatched. My boy wants to go to school to learn to be a doctor this fall. He is tarnation smart and all his teachers are now trying to coax a profit out of the unwilling and overworked land.

Both have a penchant for horses. They have several indifferent equines on the place, and one, Bismarck, a 4-year-old stallion, is their perpetual joy and delight, their pleasure for today and their hope of revenue hereafter. On Bismarck is founded their prospect of success; and from him in shape of fees and sweepstakes and premiums they expect to get a handsome competency. He has a fine patent leather harness with gold and gew gaws enough on it to satisfy the king of Siam. The gorgeous blanket he wears when on parade cost twice as much as all the clothing the two young men possess in the world. Of Bismarck's pedigree and lineage the owners can talk for days and weeks. Perhaps Allen Lowe or McGrath would see a mint of money in the stud, but to the reporter he was but an ordinary animal, very well groomed. But the boys are "stuck on him." Colorado beeties may eat the potato vines, lice may destroy the oats, and woodchucks devour the beans and clover, and still Bismarck is the anchor which will hold them through every gale.

"If we hadn't gone into the horse business," said one of the lads, "we should buy oxen. Work horses don't pay. With us it is different. We have some blood here that is bound to make a record. After a little training I feel sure that Bismarck will beat Nelson or Alcryon. I know it."

"So you think as a general thing oxen are more profitable than horses?"

"I know it. When you keep horses it is money out of pocket all the time. Oxen more than pay for keeping by their work, and they gain every year, so that there is big profit in them. The farmer who keeps oxen makes money; he who keeps horses is sure to get in debt."

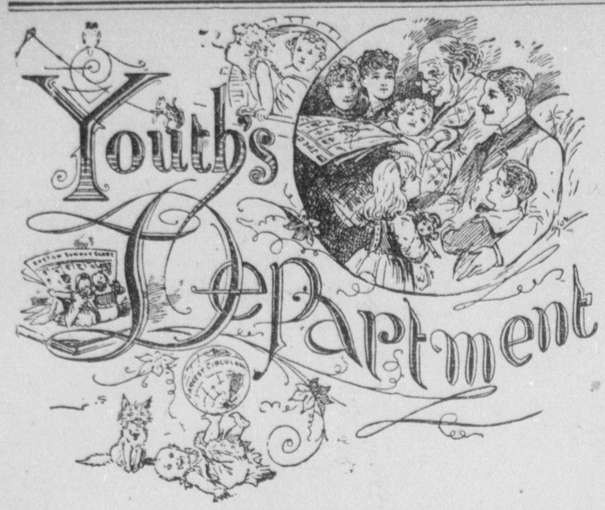
"Have you oxen on this farm?"

"No. You see we have this blooded colt, and are going to raise some more. If it were not for that we should use oxen altogether." Here were two young men who firmly believed one thing about farming and practised the opposite. They lived in the great house, did their own cooking and mending, and were as saving as possible. The farm did not look to be of a genial and responsive nature. It had been cropped so much that a liberal supply of "elbow grease" was needed for a satisfactory harvest. Yet the boys did not worry. The sprouting oats looked yellow and in decline. The newly ploughed land was rough and ill suited to crops. If the occupants make a living this summer it will be due to Bismarck. If he fails, then the farm will be deserted this fall. To the reporter it seemed as if the German chancellor never carried the responsibility that now rests upon his namesake.

Going west a few miles the reporter reached the low alluvial farms that stretch out to bathe their feet in the Connecticut river. Here the land was more free from stones and bowlders, and here it was that

MOWING WITH OXEN.

horses could be used to more advantage than among the hills. John Sparks owns a good farm in this locality, and though he keeps a good carriage horse for marketing and riding purposes, oxen do all of the heavy farm work, as well as much of the light, in company with a big Durham bull Mr. Sparks was furrowing out his land for potatoes when the reporter arrived. The great animal was hitched to a brooded yoke that had traces reaching from each end to a double mould-board plough. Common lines of spun yarn ran from the



EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

WE ALL.

Octave Thanet's Story of Youthful Life and Adventure in Arkansas.

[Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

CHAPTER XIV.—AUNT VALLEY AGAIN.

HOW does news travel in a small place where there are no newspapers? Somehow it must circulate, since the hour of "preaching," the births, deaths, marriages, and every other catastrophe, will be duly known in an incredibly short time. For instance, the morning after the capture of Dawsey, behold, Aunt Valley Peat at the store, with Larry in bold attendance, full of the news. She was in all the glory of her best amber necklace and brass breastpin. Her white apron was stiff from the ironing-board, and she wore a fine new turban.

It might have been observed that she had discarded her usual cane. To all inquiries regarding her health she responded with a grim "heap better, sho'. De news ben nuff t' cyure heap wusser rhemachiz nor mine. An' so de debbil done got his own at las,' bress de Lawd!"

Aunt Valley was discousing with unction on the subject of the dead man's crimes, when Sally ran into the store.

She addressed the head clerk, breathlessly: "Oh, Mr. Markham, do you know where Ally is?"

Markham hadn't seen Ally that morning, so Sally appealed to Cis, who had been captured by a dozen idlers, black and white, all more or less ragged, and was relating the adventures of the night before.

The audience gave the most flattering attention, only interrupted by exclamations of admiration or very brief moral comments such as, "Them wicked men never does end well," or "Wa'al, tell you 'tain't safe t' be makin' believe hants; now, they got to be real hants, shore nuff."

Sally burst in on the story.

"Oh! Cis, have you seen Ally? He heard about Cobbs and he ran off, and I can't find him. I know he is feeling awful."

"What about Cobbs?" asked Cis.

"Oh, don't you know? Oh, poor Cobbs! The sheriff has come, and they are taking him off to jail; and they say they can send him to the penitentiary."

Sally's astounding news was corroborated by the appearance of one of the witnesses of the arrest. He told how Cobbs had gone off, "makin' b'lieve he didn't much keer, but I reckon he did, all the same."

Here was a new and vast excitement. All the men and women in the store—their attention previously divided between Larry and Cecil—now clustered about the latest news-bringer.

Sympathy for Cobbs ran high. It was generally conceded that to send a man to the penitentiary for "jis skeerin' up a few darkies an' hurtin' nary" was an overdose of punishment. Cobbs was as honest a man as ever lived.

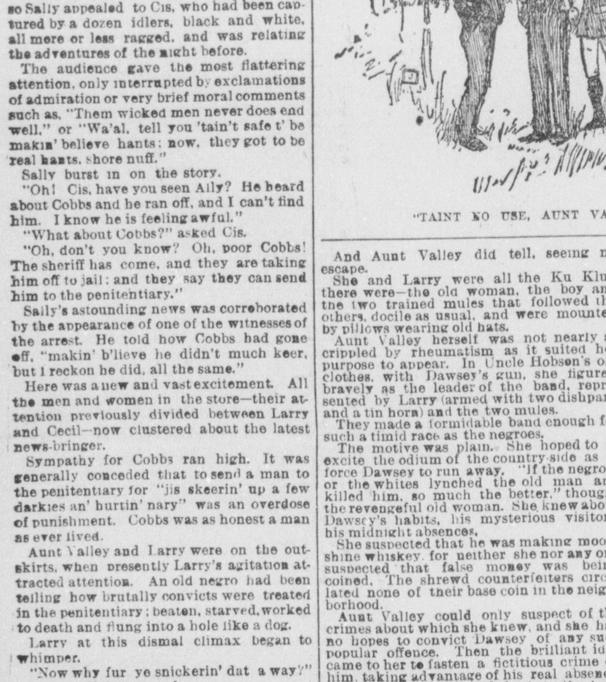
Aunt Valley and Larry were on the outskirts, when presently Larry's agitation attracted attention. An old negro had been telling how brutally convicts were treated in the penitentiary; beaten, starved, worked to death and flung into a hole like a dog.

Larry at this dismal climax began to whimper.

"Now why fur ye snickerin' dat a way?" said Aunt Valley, crossly.

Larry muttered that he ben sorry for Mr. Cobbs, and Mr. Cobbs ben good to him.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, hark t' de chile!" shouted Aunt Valley. Does ye low dey sen' a white man t' de penetenshunary fo' nuffin' on earth 'cept skeerin' up a few niggers! You' plum crazy, chile! I knows better. Come along home."



"FO' DE LAWD'S SAKE HARK I' DE CHILE."

She would have whipped Larry under her capacious arm and departed had not Sally interrupted her. Sally's face wore a very determined air.

"Aunt Valley, you have just got to help us!" were her words.

Aunt Valley held up both hands. "How kin I help ye, chile?"

She released the passive Larry, who instantly darted out of the stone door in the direction of the woods—"Now, whar dat boy ritin' an' traipsin' tew? Hole on, honey, wid you' wantin's. I 'bleeged t' cotch dat boy."

The last words came over her shoulders as she trotted with surprising agility after the flying little shape.

"Come, too! came, too!" Sally cried to Cecil; "he's gone after Ally."

So indeed the boy had. He went straight as an arrow to a favorite haunt of Ally's—the little knoll by the riverside where he used to fish.

But could that be Ally, that wretched lad flung on the grass, sobbing as if his heart would break?

He clambered to his feet on the sound of their approach, and put on a miserable seeming of composure ramming his hands into his pockets and assuming to be watching for fish, while his eyes were all red and swollen with crying and his cheeks in streaks for the same reason.

Sally flew at him. "Oh, Ally, don't feel so bad, we'll get him out!" That was what one would expect Sally to say.

But Larry did an astonishing thing.

He was quite out of breath with his hard running and had done nothing but stare at Ally; now he spoke.

"Nev' you mind, Ally, don't you taken on; they all shan't hurt Mist. Cobbs; kase I done it!"

"An' now," gasped Larry, his feelings overcoming him, "they kin take me off to them convict camps an' kill me, an'—whop me—an'—not let me have nothin'—t' eat!"

Aunt Valley was up to the group in time for the last sentence. She broke out in high wrath: "He does be lyin'! lyin'! dat chile! How cud he of done sich things? You, Larry, how came you goin' dat away. You want dem drivers t'ar you t' pieces?"

Larry shuddered; but he kept his eyes fixed on Ally.

"I don't keer. I won't have Ally feel bad!"

Now Ally took command of the situation.

"Aunt Valley, you know all about it, you got to tell us."

"Bressed Marster! Me! I doesn't know nary!"

"And I know, too," cried Sally, with an imperious air, the effect of which on the negro woman was very strange to see.

"I found Larry's handkerchief," Sally went on; "yes, and the boys don't know but I went myself and I found—I found the tracks."

"De tracks," bawled Aunt Valley; "wa'al, Missy, so Mist' Mitchell done, an' dey does say he ben a constable frum de Rock an' nare a blacksmith 'tall; an' he foun' de tracks en dat lame mule en Mist' Cobb: dat how come he mistrus' him in de fustis place."

"There are other lame mules besides Cobbs'," said Sally, steadily; "there's Abraham Lincoln, for instance: he's been lame a long spell."

"Missy what you gwine mean, Missy?"

"Tain't no use, Aunt Valley," Larry interrupted. "I'm goin' to tell."

"So you better tell yourself, Aunt Valley," said Sally.

"TAINT NO USE, AUNT VALLEY, I AM GOING TO TELL."

And Aunt Valley did tell, seeing no escape.

She and Larry were all the Ku Klux there were—the old woman, the boy and the two trained mules that followed the others, docile as usual, and were mounted by pillows wearing old hats.

Aunt Valley herself was not nearly as crippled by rheumatism as it suited her purpose to appear. In Uncle Hobson's old clothes, with Dawsey's gun, she figured bravely as the leader of the band, represented by Larry (armed with two dishpans and a tin horn) and the two mules.

They made a formidable band enough for such a timid race as the negroes.

The motive was plain. She hoped to so excite the odium of the country-side as to force Dawsey to run away, "if the negroes or the whites lynched the old man and killed him, so much the better," thought the revengeful old woman. She knew about Dawsey's habits, his mysterious visitors, his midnight absences.

She suspected that he was making moonshine whiskey, for neither she nor any one suspected that false money was being coined. The shrewd counterfeiters circulated none of their base coin in the neighborhood.

Aunt Valley could only suspect of the crimes about which she knew, and she had no hopes to convict Dawsey of any such popular offence. Then the brilliant idea came to her to fasten a fictitious crime on him, taking advantage of his moral absence.

By occasional gifts of food to the half-starved boy, for whom she felt a certain sympathy as a fellow-victim of Dawsey, she had won his confidence. It was not hard to engage him in the plot by which the crafty old woman planned to run Dawsey out of the country. In her simplicity she expected that she could walk over and take Mr. Henderson away, once Dawsey was gone.

Larry had written the notes, but Aunt Valley had fired the gun and shouted. Larry helping on the dinner horn and also clashing two tin pans together with a frightful clatter.

Such was the sum and substance of Aunt Valley's confession, made with many sobs and groans, for she was now thoroughly repentant because thoroughly scared.

Sally took the roll of comforter.

"Never you mind, Aunt Valley and Larry; we'll protect you."

"If we can," said Ally, who couldn't forget his caution.

"We will, anyhow," cried Sally, her eyes glowing, "why, Ally Seyton, do you mean you won't protect Larry after he has confessed for your sake and got Cobbs out of prison—or just the same thing—and there he is training you so. Will you be so mean as to desert him?"

"Oh, put your eyes back, sis!" said Ally easily. "I didn't say I wouldn't. I was only talking about couldn't. Maybe they better light out. We can tell the sheriff."

"No, we can't; he'll say we are making it up to get Cobbs off."

"An' now," gasped Larry, his feelings overcoming him, "they kin take me off to them convict camps an' kill me, an'—whop me—an'—not let me have nothin'—t' eat!"

Aunt Valley was dumb.

It was Cecil who finally suggested that they get a written confession, and then that Aunt Valley and Sally, take the train at the station and go away. He would furnish the money.

This plan was favorably received by the children. Aunt Valley groaned assent, and Larry said he was willing to do whatever Ally wanted.

"Well," said Larry, "it's time for dinner, now, so let us all go home, and after dinner they can do it."

Larry dined with the children, eating a very large meal with every sign of appetite, but I dare say Aunt Valley did not eat so heartily in the kitchen.

After dinner they all assembled in the library, where Sally had provided writing materials.

"We'll have to write it," said Cecil.

Ally knitted his brows.

"Hadn't they better write it themselves? Maybe they'll say we made it up."

"Oh, it isn't necessary. They sign, you know, and there can be witnesses."

"Besides," said Sally, "they can't write well enough. Aunt Valley can't write at all, and it would take Larry till plumb dark, and then he wouldn't do it."

"But they've got to sign it."

"Oh, yes, and say, 'I acknowledge this to be my voluntary act,' and that's the way papa does when he signs deeds."

Aunt Valley uttered a deep groan.

"I nev' did know it ben a waller in ary act," she protested. "I jis lowed t'git ole man Dawsey outer the kentry. Nor I nev' did hurt nary!"

"Oh, that's all right, Aunt Valley," said Alan; "that just means you're willing to sign to please us."

"An' cause, missy, she done foun' aout," said Aunt Valley. "Oh, Lawdy, missy, is I got t' go way an' leabe my mules?"

"How you going to begin it, Cousin Cecil?" said Sally, avoiding an answer. Hadn't it ought to begin like wills—'in the name of God amen'—so as to be kind of solemn like? I know that's the way wills begin,' cause I read a story all about a bad man that burned one."

Cecil didn't quite think that the beginning of a will was exactly the beginning of a confession. He inclined rather to "know all men by these presents."

"What presents?" said Ally; "they can't give us no presents."

"Oh, that's just a form—to make it sound better."

"Why don't you put them both in, then? And then say they did it."

So after a little writing Cecil said:

"Know all men by these presents, in the name of God, amen. We, Mrs. Valley Peat and Laurence Saunders were the parties who were the Ku Klux and scared the negroes on the night of —, 18——.

"What night was it?" Cis broke off to ask. At the same instant he glanced out of the window, his attention attracted by the sound of wheels.

What he saw made him turn pale, and dart out of the room crying: "Ally, they've all come!" Ally, too, ran to the window. "Hurrah!" he shouted. Sally, look! they've come, pa and ma. And—oh thunder, Cobbs is there, too!"

Certainly Cobbs was there, placidly holding the horses; but it was not to Cobbs nor to the Seytons that Cecil bounded. He caught a tall gentleman's hand with both his own. "Oh, dad! Oh, dad!" was all that he could say.

But in a moment he saw Cobbs, and shook hands with him with an effusion that made Mr. Raimund stare.

"Oh, Cobbs, we've got the proof. We can clear you," he cried.

"Laws, I'm all right," said Cobbs; "the counsel done clared me an' sent that Mitchell baout his business."

Presently they were all back in the library, where they found Larry in a vigorous discussion with Aunt Valley, who was for incontinently running away.

At the colonel's entrance she sank helplessly back, and subsided into morose silence.

"Come," said the colonel, "let us get this thing straightened out. I hear about a hundred questions. First I ought to hear—but I don't—how is Aunt Emiline?"

"Oh, yes, papa," said Sally, penitently. "How is she?"

"She is much better. So we came home a day sooner. And your father joined us for a surprise. That's to your questions, Cecil."

"And Cobbs, papa?" said Ally, eagerly.

"Yes, Cobbs, uncle," said Cecil, eagerly.

"Well, I never did see the beat of them boys," said Cobbs himself, radiant in the doorway.

"Why Cobbs," said the colonel, "we found Cobbs and the sheriff at the station. But as one of the renters, old Uncle Mark Simmons, Ally, had been with Cobbs all that night, hunting the mule, and as I looked out myself and saw them in the moonlight bringing the mule back, why we made out a very clear case of alibi."

"Mitchell was a bit taken aback, but as he stands in to get a big reward for the counterfeiters' capture—he's been after them for a year—he doesn't mind much."

It was now time to tell of Aunt Valley's performances.

The children were rather scandalized when their great tragedy was received by an outbreak of merriment from the elders.

Even Mrs. Seyton laughed, though she said Aunt Valley deserved to be punished.

"But we can't let her get into your abominable convict camp," said Mr. Raimund.

"Lawd bress ye boss!" cried Aunt Valley.

"Well, they didn't hush it up. Cobbs was safe, which was the main point, and so Aunt Valley and Larry were dismissed in a jubilant state of safety unbecoming the committers of a felony which had furnished at least a dozen lurid leaders to Northern journals.

"I think," said Mr. Raimund, "that Sally ought to have the reward for discovering the Ku Klux and Ally for the counterfeiters."

"No, sir," said Ally. "I never would have gone there, but for Cis. I was scared."

"Scared," cried Cecil, "I wish you had seen him, dad."

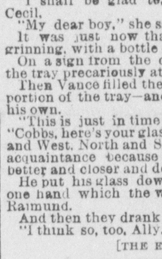
The two fathers looked on with pleased eyes.

"You and me, over again, Sam," the colonel whispered.

PRISONERS OF INDIANS.

Height of Cruelty Practised Upon Them by the Redskins.

[By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.]

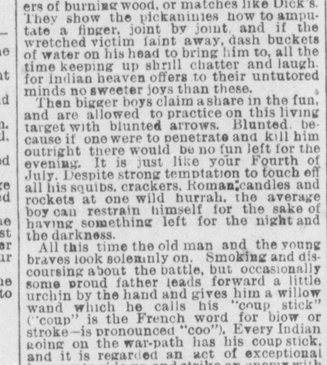


IN WHAT I have to tell you in this chapter there is much, perhaps, that you may have heard before and that has inspired you with a hatred of the Indian. Remember, however, that for centuries he has been warring on his own principles against his own fellows. Little by little retaliatory measures led to the fiercest tortures that ingenuity could devise in dealing with captives taken in war, and so it has resulted that our officers and men who have fallen alive into the hands of savage foes—even non-combatant whites who have had the desperate luck to become their prisoners—have suffered torment too horrible to describe, and for no particular fault of their own except that of being caught.

Cruelty, or a savage delight in witnessing the agony of helpless creatures, seems part and parcel of the Indian nature. In one of our fights with the Apaches in Arizona, a little Indian boy came tumbling down out of the rocks where his people were getting the worst of it, and very shrewdly and confidingly ran up to a young officer who was leading his men and placed a dirty little paw in the deerskin gauntlet. Lieut. Heyl was much embarrassed by this draft on his good-will, but too much of a gentlemen to dishonor it, and too much of a soldier to hold back while the command was pitching in, he squatted his little captive behind a rock until the fight was over, fed and cared for him during the rest of the scout, and not knowing what else to do with the youngster, brought him to Camp Verde and temporarily adopted him. "Dick" made himself as much at home in a day as though his young life had been spent around the barracks. He could not speak a word of English, but, parrot-like, would imitate; and his education was becoming quite an undertaking when his patron was ordered away and "Dick" was remanded, I believe, to the care of the Indian bureau.

But, young as he was, the instincts of the young scamp were pronounced. He would spend hours catching flies and slowly tearing them apart. He would steal matches by the handful and disappear with them. Heyl and I were working on our maps together in my quarters, and all around the house, wherever there was shade, our hounds lay sleeping. Every now and then there there would be a sudden yowl of pain, and some one of our four-footed pets would come bounding in through the open doorway twisting and contorting and frantically striving to lick some inaccessible point on his back or neck. We could not imagine what was the matter. Rattlesnakes and tarantulas abounded, but the bite of either was deadly, and the sting from which our hounds suffered seemed but temporary.

Then I thought of Dick, and concluded to watch him. A rear window looked out on the back porch, where our fox-hounds loved to loll in the shade, while the greyhounds preferred to sneak indoors and occupy the beds. Posting myself at this window, I presently caught sight of a little brown face with black, beady eyes, peeping around the corner of the building. Then slowly, stealthily he crept forward to where the nearest dog was lying; struck a match, dropped it carefully upon the flank of the sleeping brute, and with his keen, little face quivering with malicious



BOUND TO AN UPRIGHT STAKE AND A SLOW FIRE BUILT AT HIS FEET.

delight, awaited the result. All of a sudden poor Bruce or Bowser would leap into the air with a howl of distress, and rush frantically into the hall for protection; and then his baby tormentor would scuttle off, fast as his chubby, brown bowlegs could carry him, and hide behind Col. Mason's quarters next door, where presently there would arise a sound of lamentation among his dogs.

Now, as this trait seems inborn among the aborigines, it takes very little imagination on the part of my boy readers to understand how very much more the poor Indian must rejoice in having a human subject on which to experiment; and a soldier, falling alive into the hands of any tribe with whom he happened to be at war, might better be at once in the flames of the Calvinistic hell. In the previous paper I told you something of the rejoicings in an Indian village when the braves come home from successful battle, laden with scalps and spoil, but that festivity was as nothing compared with the jubilee in case they brought a "live soldier." Then came the fun for the women and children.

In the first place the poor victim is stripped naked to the waist; laid flat upon his back on the turf; his arms are stretched out at right angles from the body; thongs are bound around his wrists and fastened to stakes that are then firmly driven into the ground; his feet are similarly secured, and there he is absolutely unable to stir hand or foot. Then the squaws and children surround him; they daub his face with agency syrup to attract all manner of insects that he cannot brush away; they teach the tiniest brat in the tribe to slash at him with little knives; they make little slashes in the arms or breast and stick in sharp pointed slivers of burning wood, or matches like Dick's. They show the pickaninnies how to amputate a finger, joint by joint, and if the wretched victim faint away, dash buckets of water on his head to bring him to, all the time keeping up shrill chatter and laugh. for indian heaven offers to their untutored minds no sweeter joys than these.

Then bigger boys claim a share in the fun, and are allowed to practice on this living target with blunted arrows. Blunted, because if one were to penetrate and kill him outright there would be no fun left for the evening. It is just like your Fourth of July. Despite strong temptation to touch off all his squibs, crackers, Roman candles and rockets at one wild hurrah, the ingenious boy can reserve himself for the sake of having something left for the night and the darkness.

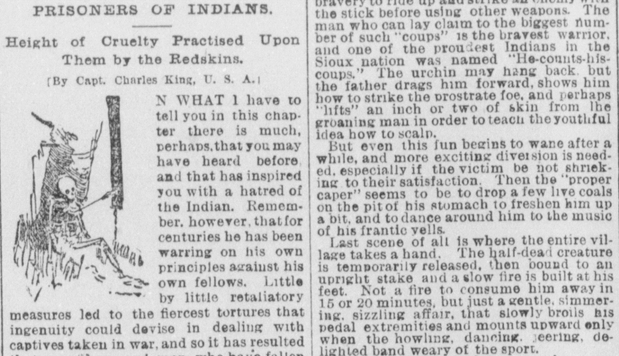
All this time the old man and the young braves look solemnly on. Smoking and discoursing about the battle, but occasionally some proud father leads forward a little urchin by the hand and gives him a willow wand which he calls his "coup stick" ("coup" is the French word for blow or stroke—is pronounced "coo"). Every Indian going on the war-path has his coup stick, and it is regarded an act of exceptional bravery to ride up and strike an enemy with the stick before using other weapons. The man who can lay claim to the biggest number of such "coups" is the bravest warrior, and one of the proudest Indians in the Sioux nation was named "He-counts-his-coups." The urchin may hang back, but the father drags him forward, shows him how to strike the prostrate foe, and perhaps "lifts" an inch or two of skin from the groaning man in order to teach the youthful idea how to scalp.

But even this fun begins to wane after a while, and more exciting diversion is needed, especially if the victim be not shrieking to their satisfaction. Then the "proper caper" seems to be to drop a few live coals on the pit of his stomach to freshen him up a bit, and to dance around him to the music of his frantic yells.

Last scene of all is where the entire village takes a hand. The half-dead creature is temporarily released, then bound to an upright stake and a slow fire is built at his feet. Not a fire to consume him away in 15 or 20 minutes, but just a gentle, simmering, sizzling affair, that slowly broils his pedal extremities and mounts upward only when the howling, dancing, leering, delighted band weary of the sport.

Do you wonder that it was a rule among officers and men, serving, as we did, year after year in the Indian country, never to fire off the last cartridge, but to reserve that for one's self? Do you wonder that in her simple story of her life on the frontier Mrs. Custer tells how the general made his officers promise that they would kill her rather than let her fall into Indian hands? Ispare you all details of what horrors are or were inflicted on women and children whom the Indians captured, but tell you this about the torture reserved for men, that you may know what a one-sided war it was we had to wage. Nothing but an awful death for us if defeated; nothing but a triumphant trip to Washington and a general lionizing of the Indians when they concluded that we had them in a tight place and they had better surrender.

An officer of the Seventh Cavalry told how, as he lay secreted in the bushes close to Sitting Bull's camp the evening of the Custer fight, he could hear the awful cries of some poor fellows whom they had taken alive and were burning at the stake. The Indians, the very next summer, told the officers of my regiment how one soldier on



THEN THE SQUAWS AND CHILDREN DAUBED HIS FACE WITH AGENCY SYRUP

a tall horse managed to slip out and to gallop away eastward. Several Indians pursued, but his horse was too speedy, and they were just giving up the chase and going back to help finish up the Custer battalion, when the poor fellow glanced over his shoulder, saw their numbers, gave himself up for lost, and put his revolver to his head, pulled trigger and toppled out of saddle a dead man. At first the story was disbelieved, but the Indians took three or four of our number out over the prairie, and there lay the poor skeleton and a few buttons. The winds and the wolves have done the rest.

In the massacre near Fort Phil Kearny in '66, where that old scoundrel, Red Cloud, with 1000 warriors, surrounded the little battalion from the post, and where Capts. Brown and Fetterman and Lieut. Grummond were found among the dead, there was everything to show that at the last moment two of the officers had killed themselves rather than be taken, but sometime the Indians are too quick.

THE NEAREST DUTY.

Mother and Sister Rescued from Indians by a Lad's Keenness.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

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THERE was very little afternoon in Paradox valley in the San Juan country in Colorado, and never twilight. A high mountain range walled it in, and only the glow of sunset could be seen over the castled crags, not the long waves of cloud and color that shine across the level plains. The valley, approached by a winding trail, ran five miles between high walls, then ended abruptly against San Miguel peak, a great bald mountain where there were terrible avalanches in winter and always a crest of shining snow, like the hoary head of an old man. There were only three settlers and their families in the valley that received its curious name from the fact that its streams ran across instead of lengthwise, as in most valley.

One July afternoon in 1876 a broncho came loping down the crooked trail that led to a little town 30 miles away. The broncho's rider, a bronzed, bright-eyed lad of 14 looked eagerly about him as he trotted his steed along the grassy road at the end of the descent. Once in a while he fixed his heavy saddlebags or whistled cheerily to keep up his spirits.

The first ranch in the valley stood back behind some trees so that he could not see it from the road, but when he had gone on two miles farther without seeing a sign of any living thing he began to look uneasy.

"The first time I ever rode through here without seeing some of the stock," he muttered.

As he turned a bend in the road and began to climb a hill he noticed a strong odor of fire wood and woollen burning, that grew more apparent as he drew near Silas Warren's cabin.

This old man, a bachelor and pioneer in the region, lived a hermit life in a cabin a mile from the lad's home.

The broncho was galloping now, and his rider was peering eagerly ahead where a cloud of blue smoke rose over the trees.

"It can't be," cried the lad, but his eyes grew misty, and something choked his words. Where the neat cabin and outbuildings had been were only black ruins, the house a heap of black ashes. The cattle had been all driven away, and a squawking hen on a tree was the only living thing about the place. In the soft, black mud where a spring oozed out of the ground were many prints of small, unshod hoofs.

"Apaches' mustangs!" cried the lad, with white lips. "Oh, my mother and Nell!"

He rode on at a mad gallop through the rustling aspens, each turning its silver leaf lining to the afternoon sunlight that came in long, slanting rays through gaps in the gloomy mountain walls.

The lad knew now why there were no signs of life in the valley. There had been an Indian raid. For months settlers here and outside had been annoyed by losses of cattle and horses. A band of Apaches off their reservation had been devastating the country. They had a stronghold beyond San Miguel peak, and the settlers had been unable to track them. James Kendall the lad's father, had gone down to the military post near Ouray, 80 miles away, to ask government aid in forcing the Indians back to their territory and in making them restore stolen cattle.

"The Apaches knew father was gone," thought Harry Kendall, as he rode swiftly on. "There was only Silas Warren to guard them. Why did mother send me to the store? I should have been with her, even if I could do so little."

A volume of dense black smoke swept in his face as he drew out of the grove that separated the Kendall place from Warren's, and he saw a great red tongue of flame leap from the barn roof toward the log cabin, that, though charred and blackened, was not otherwise injured.

Harry jumped from his broncho, threw the rein over a post, and ran into the house.

"Mother! Nell!" he called, but he knew there would be no answer. In dreadful fear he looked into each of the despoiled rooms. At least they were alive; he was sure of that. He knew that the Apaches hated his father, and they would keep his mother a captive for revenge.

He picked up some quilts and rugs, soaked them in the tub of water by the kitchen door, then climbed a ladder to the low roof, where he spread them over the smoking shingles. The barn, luckily some distance from the house, had burned down to a heap of red, heat-quivering coals. He threw a number of pails of water around this, and then stood a moment to think what to do next. His clothing was burned and blackened, his hands blistered, and his eyes half-blinded by the smoke.

"What shall I do," he cried miserably; "if I go to town for help I'd miss father; if I go to meet him I may not take the right road; it will be three days before he is back. The Newtons haven't got back from Denver, and I am afraid Silas Warren is killed. There's no one to tell my father which way they went. They never have been tracked in the range. Only Apaches can hide so well. What is my duty? Oh I can't stay here and wait; a day means so much; the trail is fresh now; they'll never think of me! one's being so near. What was it father read that night?

"Do the duty which lies nearest to thee which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."

"My father says I'm foolishly daring," thought the poor lad, "but he'd follow that trail; he knows how they separate and leave false clues when they are pursued. The marks of the cattle are plain now, but a rain will make them almost impossible to trace, or the dry wind will turn the mud into dust in a day." He drew in his lips firmly. "I'll do it," he cried; "it is my nearest duty."

He went into the house, gathered up some things he would need, as little as possible, and then he wrote a note.

DEAR FATHER.—The Apaches have been here. I found home like this. Warren's cabin burnt and all our cattle gone. They have taken mother and Nell. I am going to follow them. They have fooled the settlers so often with false trails, but they won't think of any one's being so near. I have taken mother's apron, and I will tie strips of it to the trees when I am sure of their trail. I know half-breed Joe was here. There's a queer mark on the kitchen floor like his crippled foot where he must have come in muddy. I have tried to think of everything, put out the fire and all, and if I am doing wrong in following them I can't help it. I felt it was my duty.

HARRY.

As he wrote his name a slight sound outside sent the blood away from his heart; he sprang to his feet as the unlatched door began to move gently inward.

"Who's there?" he cried.

A black nose, a pair of shining brown eyes, a shaggy coat ending in a tremendous wagging of a fungia tail, appeared.

"Doc!" cried Harry, bursting into tears as the dog leaped upon him. "Doc, you dear, dear old fellow! Where are they, my mother and her. I was looking for Nell and you to meet me! She in that little white dress and the sailor hat with the blue blue ribbons. I can't realize it, Doc, I can't."

The dog answered by a low whine, licking his master's hand.

"Why, your fur's all wet, Doc—it's blood!"

"He brought water and washed a bullet wound in the dog's shoulder. "I know you went with Nell to guard her, and they shot at you."

Doc thumped his tail on the floor and calmly extended a paw.

It was the only trick he knew, reserved for great occasions.

Harry liberated the broncho, fed the dog, and then sat down to wait. It was quite dark, and a sad sounding wind wailed down the canon. The high outlines of the mountains loomed black and awful; only a single star quivering over the San Miguel gave promise of coming light. Later a great shaft of silver pierced the darkness as the moon rose over the valley. Then the lad and his four-footed friend went forward into the mysteries and dangers of the trackless mountain.

The trail was narrow and indistinct; it moved among timber and great boulders, along precipices or steep descents to the level of a rushing brook. For three weary days the foot-sore and exhausted lad toiled on, scarcely stopping to eat, only sleeping when it was too dark to go on.

The way was clear until he reached the path to a little mountain peak that was set like a gem among the hills. He had been there before with his father to hunt for lost cattle. He paused here a long time; to the right was the distinct trail to the park, but to the left his sharp eyes saw hoof-prints, as if a few of the Indians had left the rest. He was sure by the scattered brush and the trunks of rotting trees hastily thrown about that care had been taken to cover up this way.

The dog sniffed along the beaten way; he knew the trail of the cattle he had guarded. He trotted back to his master, as if to plead with him to follow.

Harry never knew quite why he turned into the tangled thicket leading to the San Miguel peak, but he felt sure there was a secret path in the mountain; several old pioneers had said so, declaring the Apaches had a camping place beyond the peak.

It was a dreadful task to break through the thicket; the sharp needles of the pines stung his face, thorny-branched scrub oaks tore at his clothing, and great boulders and rotting tree trunks impeded his progress. The certainty that no Indian pony even could traverse such region chilled his hope and courage. He had tied a strip of gingham where life left the trail to the park, and the idea that he had put the rescuing party on a false scent made him miserable. If he was wrong and his father followed his directions, thinking he had some clue, would not the wasted days in fruitless search make him angry and despairing?

As the lad went on, a prey to gloomy thoughts, he could see no marks at all; he was sure nothing but wild animals had invaded the solitude. Then suddenly he came to the end of a great rocky wall, a sheer descent of 900 feet. It was a spectacle of awe-inspiring grandeur.

Harry turned back into the thicket; he was lost himself now.

"I won't lose my head," he said bravely, "I was right to come; father would have himself. I'll keep on, that's all I can do now."

As he climbed slowly and painfully upward a bit of odd color in the sombre green and brown of the landscape caught his eye. Something blue was lying on the ground. It gave him some such sensation as Crusoe felt when he saw the footprint on the sand.

"It may have been a patch of flowers," panted the lad pushing forward.

It was not, but a little sailor hat with fluttering blue ribbons, his sister's dearest treasure. It was a gift on her 5th birthday, and very proud she was to don it, and run down to meet Harry. Doc at her heels, and all the ride from town that day the lad had been looking for her. Had she dropped, it or had his mother let it fall in the darkness, hoping to give a clew? Perhaps the Indians themselves had purposely placed it there to mislead.

"I know my mother left it," Harry said firmly. He wrote on a slip of paper;

"I am sure this is the way papa," pinned it to the hat, and left them there.

He fancied now he could see evidence of several horses in the rugged ascent among the great boulders and scattered rocks; he was nearly to timber-line on a barren mountain summit. Suddenly he realized what a mark his silhouette against the sky would be for the watching Indians. Then he got down on his hands and knees and crawled all that terrible way. That strange blurred mark understood by the men that followed, and they marvelled at the courage and wisdom of the lad.

Harry's knees and elbows were bleeding, his clothing torn to rags by the scrub oaks that gave him shelter, and his eyes almost blinded by the blazing sun. At night he reached the knoll, a bed of spruce off the great peak, and here he waited for the dawn, not knowing whether the Apaches were close by or miles beyond. He suffered terribly for water, and the dog with parched and lolling tongue could hardly drag himself along.

At dawn Harry, dizzy and ill, staggered to his feet and crept to the edge of the knoll. Was he in another world? The hill ended suddenly; far below was a little mountain park, with a stream and aspen trees, and a curl of blue smoke floated from the trees. By the river were wigwams and tiny black figures, like toy men. Above, the morning sunlight a crown upon its hoary head, towered San Miguel peak. He saw cattle in the park, and guessed there was some outlet to the other park, and a safer way to bring the stolen stock in. He went back and lay down by the dog, who, too weak to move, looked almost human sympathy from his intelligent eyes. They had been without food and water two days.

"We'll hunt water in a little while, old fellow," muttered Harry. "My head is so queer. I can't seem to think. I pray my father will come."

He sank back, and by and by began to talk again, but in strange, incoherent words, and the dog lay and looked at him with wistful eyes.

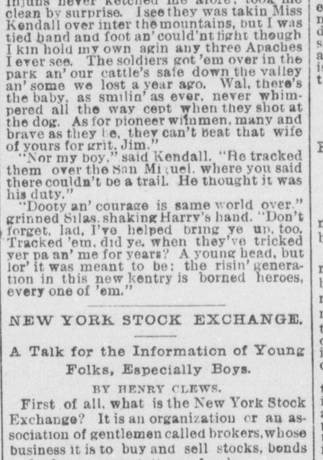
Whenever a man was needed for a daring act James Kendall of Paradox Valley was called upon. He had been sheriff in stage-robber days; he had commanded companies of settlers banded to defend their homes from Indians, and had been instrumental in bringing to justice many cattle thieves who had devastated the region. Lately the San Juan country had suffered losses from a band of Apaches who had left their reservation in New Mexico, fitted up a mountain stronghold, and, like the border tribes of Scotland, lived by accounting other people's property by theft. They are of all the Indian tribes the most cunning and daring, and so far had eluded pursuit. Their leader, Half-Breed Joe, had been brought to justice in times past by Kendall, and had determined to be revenged.

On the day as Harry thought, his father with 20 soldiers from the post rode down into the valley. The blue uniforms and glittering buttons made a bright bit of color, as the clatter of their horses echoed in the still air. As they rode under the aspens a riderless broncho came galloping out to meet them.

"It's boy's broncho!" cried Kendall. "What can he doing so far away from the ranch?"

He sent a man to Newton's ranch, but no one was there, the family being still in Denver.

"Not a sign of cattle," muttered Kendall, as they went on. "I never saw the valley so quiet before."



HIS DUTY HAD SO NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE.

As he reached Warren's he turned in his saddle to the soldiers following, silently pointed his long arm at the gray ashes, and put his black horse into a run.

When Lieut. Steele in charge of the soldiers, arrived at the cabin Kendall had already dismounted, searched the place, and was reading his boy's letter.

He could not speak. With trembling hand he pointed to the note, and went outside.

"We will hope for the best," said the lieutenant, following him. "Don't look like that, Kendall; bear up, man. They will only hold your wife for ransom. They're afraid, Half-breed Joe's work, sure; but that boy of yours—why, he's a hero."

"Let's be on" groaned Kendall, "every moment is precious."

"The horses are too tired, it is useless; we must let them rest."

"Bring mine with you," said Kendall. "I must be moving. I can't wait a moment. I shall go mad if I dare think."

They met him at midnight steadily pursuing his way, and all the days that followed he did not sleep and barely ate food enough to keep him alive.

Where the trail went into the park a discussion arose. The lieutenant thought it madness to leave so clear a track and to turn into a pathless mountain just because a lad, a mere boy, had gone that way, but Kendall pointed to the strip of gingham on the tree.

"I must go alone I'll follow my boy's directions. He was close after the Apaches. I've taught him all the signs in tracking Indians; he never was headstrong nor too daring. We taught him his duty was to be clear-headed and thoughtful."

"No horse, no Indian pony could find footing that way," persisted the lieutenant.

"Mine will," answered Kendall, "or lie rotting down a canyon. I'll go on."

Five soldiers were sent with him and the company went their ways.

"You need not go if you are afraid," said Kendall, and when those men would have followed him to death.

The pathetic strips of gingham torn by the lad's trembling hand were their only guides yet they persevered even to that awful precipice. If that boy afoot could venture the dangers and weary miles those strong men would not complain.

The way grew steeper and more dangerous; a single misstep would have sent horse and rider to dreadful death. The black horse, sure and certain as a mountain sheep, led the way.

Late one afternoon that bit of blue ribbon on the little sailor hat attracted Kendall's eye. He pointed to it as he rode up; all those bronzed faces grew pitiful as brave hearts beat faster and tears came.

"We are on the trail," cried Kendall; "my boy was right."

He tied the hat to his saddle, where the blue ribbons fluttered in the soft air, and never the father's eye fell on them but he thought of the golden curls of his darling, her eyes as blue as the summer sky, her baby laugh, the clinging clasp of her dimpled hands. If this way led to the fiery mouth of a cannon he would have ridden straight.

When the moon rose over San Miguel that night it revealed the swift moving figures of five men, the horses tethered far below, and as it rose higher the men could see in the silver light a four-footed something coming slowly to meet them.

"It ain't lion nor wolf; too big for a coyote," whispered a soldier.

It was old Doc, dragging himself to his master, too weak from thirst and hunger to leap upon him or utter a welcoming bark.

"It's my colle," cried Kendall; "my boy can't be far off. Lead me to Harry, Doc."

The dog, as if he understood, set off slowly toward the boulder. There, the moonlight shining on his haggard face, his sunken eyes, lay the lad, who had been faithful to duty though it took his life.

He felt something bitter being poured down his throat as some one lifted him. He opened his eyes, he was in his father's arms and that kind, tender face was close to his.

"They're down there," he gasped, pointing a trembling hand, and then he fainted away.

At noon the next day a band of determined men rode down that rugged mountain side, Kendall leading. Harry and Doc stayed behind by a spring under some aspens. He listened all that day for shots; he prayed for his mother and sister, and he tried to have faith and courage, but those waiting hours were the longest he ever knew. Toward night, hearing the sound of voices, he staggered to his feet. A soldier came ahead leading a riderless horse.

"It's all right!" he called to Harry; "they ain't hurt; they're comin'. We never fired a shot; there was only squaws and children down there. Don't tremble like that, lad. Why, they're safe, all owing to you finding this place, see. I've brought a horse for you to ride home on. There's stock down there that was stolen from your father a year ago. The Injuns that brought your ma here got news that we was comin', and they just left her here and was over into that other park to help get the cattle in here. They've got another trail over to them mountains beyond the San Miguel."

A moment later his mother rode up, and she could not speak, nor he; they could only kiss each other and cry. "I dropped that hat on purpose," she said, "but I almost felt it was hopeless. It was such a way over the mountain."

"Nell dot her hat," called the child as she came in sight. She was perched up on the big black horse in front of her father, her golden curls flying, waving the hat in triumph. "Papa comed. Mama said he would. The Injuns stole Nell and Mr. Warren, too, and he said no Injun could catch him, but they would me if I runned away, but I didn't run away. Doc an' me was just goin' to meet you when they comed."

How Harry hugged her there, and how pretty and cunning she was in the light of the campfire, sitting gravely relating her adventures, or petting the dog, or making believe take care of Harry!

"I've dot my hat an' the family," she said, "an' I never kied once, but the brown bab

THE ACE OF CLUBS

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA,

BY

PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

Author of "Safar-Hadiji, a Story of Turkistan," &c.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Spring, which in Siberia is of short duration, had quickly gone by, and the whole country looked a different one. Warm weather there follows immediately after the long protracted cold. One day the trees stretch forth their long, bare branches like skeletons, marking the monotonous snow on which they stand with their black outlines—the next day all is green and adorns the sad landscape with a thousand gay colors.

At the end of May summer has full sway. The heat is oppressive. The Angara rolls its merry waves through flowery meadows and hills covered with shrubbery. The tomb of the Tunguses also has donned a new garment and resembles from afar a ripe melon. Not a trace of snow remains.

The court before which he had been placed had unanimously sentenced him to death because he had laid violent hands on the representative of the czar. The sentence against the captain had been proclaimed long since, but the execution had been postponed at Schelm's express desire. The revisor wished to impress this double execution with greater solemnity, and personally be present. His arrival alone delayed the torture.

On a smiling meadow, perhaps 500 yards from Irkutsk, two companies of infantry were standing in two ranks. The soldiers had no muskets and stood opposite each other, eye to eye. A number of curious people crowded the walls of the fortress. The soldiers looked discontented. Their duty today was evidently not to their taste. A few steps from the men a detachment of Cossacks surrounded two chained prisoners, the former captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk and Count Vladimir Lanin. Both were deadly pale, with this distinction, that the captain trembled like an aspen, while Vladimir bore himself with perfect calmness and resignation.

The unfortunate men were to die under the nagaika. This fearful execution, known elsewhere as running the gauntlet, consists in Russia in the following ceremony: The criminal is tightly bound to two muskets at the spot where the bayonet is bent. Two soldiers seize the muskets and with them push the victim forward so that he must march between the two rows of soldiers. Each one of these has a cane in his hand and is bound to strike with it the bare shoulders of the condemned as soon as he stands in front of him. At every step the latter thus receives two blows. The slightest sign of sympathy exposes the unfortunate soldier to severe punishment. It never happens that a criminal survives this punishment, as he must needs receive 3000 blows, even when the companies are not full. Nineteen out of 20 die long before the execution is over.

Whether it was calculated cruelty or accident, Schelm kept them waiting a long time. The execution had been ordered at 9 o'clock, it was now 10, and the revisor had not appeared yet. This long delay caused the unfortunate victims additional suffering; the captain was half dead already, and Vladimir also turned paler and paler.

The crowd began to murmur because their curiosity remained unsatisfied so long. A repulsive woman, with dishevelled hair, and in ragged clothes, appeared on the drawbridge. It was Caroline, who had fallen into abject poverty because her property had been confiscated, and she had been expelled from her house. Even the money which she had deposited in bank had been drawn out by the authorities. She had hastened up to witness her husband's sufferings; in her inexplicable hatred she looked upon him also as one of her mortal enemies.

A murmur of satisfaction passed through the crowds when at last the revisor was seen coming. In the city gate appeared a carriage drawn by four thoroughbred horses; a small picket of Cossacks surrounded the landau, in which Schelm and the governor of the city were seated. Palkin rode by their side; when he reached the drawbridge Caroline looked at him fiercely and threatened him with her fists. The Russian criminal law punishes neither acts nor words which despair elicits from kinsmen of the condemned. Schelm had noticed the woman, and smiled with delight when he saw that her threats were directed at Palkin. The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"You know very well that he suffers death today, because he has served you too well!" cried Caroline.

"Good that I hear that!" said Schelm to himself. "I must inquire into that!"

Palkin had only a contemptuous smile for the woman. The Cossacks moved sideways so that the carriage came to a stand close by the soldiers. A priest and a physician stepped forward. Upon a sign by Schelm the captain was tied to the muskets. He had lost all consciousness, and could not take a step of his own will. He was pushed like a log of wood between the two rows of soldiers. Schelm wanted Vladimir to see what awaited him.

According to regulations the criminal is to confess his sins to the pope, as Russian priests are called, and receive absolution. The poor captain, however, was unable to utter a word. The pope only saw his tears and heard his groaning; he raised his hand to give him absolution, and the delinquent started on his awful journey. The physician had, however, just handed him a small glass of a cordial; the captain did not notice it and it had to be administered to him drop after drop. Suddenly he started, his eyes opened a moment, he saw the soldiers with their canes raised, and in a superhuman voice he shouted:

"Mercy! mercy! captain, you know."

The words died on his lips as the first blows fell on his bare shoulders.

We need not repeat the details of this awful ceremony here—suffice it to say that before long the victim no longer felt pain, and the blows fell upon a lifeless body.

His corpse was thrown aside, and Schelm gave a sign that the same process should be repeated with Vladimir. The revisor leaned back comfortably to enjoy the sight.

Vladimir advanced without being pushed. When he stood before the pope, he said in an audible voice:

"Father, give me your blessing; I die innocent!"

But before the priest could answer horses were suddenly heard to approach, and a great tumult arose. All eyes were turned in that direction. A troop of horsemen had in a moment surrounded the Tartar mound and advanced directly upon Schelm's carriage.

A man in a red costume rode at their head.

"The czar of the exiles!" cried the pope, a monk from the convent of St. George. At the same time some 500 armed men came out of the forest and marched at double-quick upon the place of execution. All the soldiers, except the Cossacks, were unarmed. They were utterly confounded and did not know what to do. The curious multitude fled. Schelm ordered the carriage to return to the city, but the road was already in the hands of the horsemen. The revisor sank, almost fainting, back into the cushions.

Palkin alone had not lost his head. He no sooner saw the surprise than he despatched a Cossack to the city to summon assistance. Then only it occurred to him that it would have been better if he had gone himself. At once he spurred his horse, but it was too late, the retreat was cut off; he looked around and prepared to sell his life dear.

The Cossacks surrounded the carriage and advanced their long lances; the soldiers hung their heads and made no attempt to defend themselves with their canes. The pope and the physician sought assistance near the carriage. The governor gave all orders, as Schelm had lost his head entirely. Vladimir was still standing aside, bound to the bayonets, and not knowing what to do, to flee or to remain.

The infantry approached in the meantime nearer and nearer, while the horsemen rode about as their duty required. Schelm held on to the commandant of the city, repeating continually:

"What is to become of us? General, what is to become of us?"

When he heard the clash of arms he fainted once more. The enemy and the Cossacks had met, and the governor drew his sword. No one, in the meantime, seemed to think of Vladimir, although Ivan, who commanded the infantry, quickly loosened his fetters and ordered a detachment to carry the count toward the forest.

Soon the battle became furious. The Cossacks, in close ranks around Schelm's carriage, defended themselves bravely against superior numbers. Palkin cut down many men, looking all the time anxiously toward the city to see if help was not coming. One of the exiles had, however, come up close to him and now drove his sword deep into the breast of his horse. Palkin fell. The horsemen saw this and dashed away to take their part in the conflict that raged around Schelm's carriage. At the place where the gendarme had fallen two weird human figures were now seen struggling with each other. A moment later the battle was over; they rested both on the blood-stained turf, and only the wounded horse uttered a melancholy sound over the two dead bodies.

Only five Cossacks were still defending the carriage; the others had fallen. Then Ivan came up and killed two of the soldiers, while the others fled to the city. The exiles now surrounded the carriages. The governor of Irkutsk was determined to defend himself to the last breath, but Schelm did not regain consciousness till loud shouts announced the arrival of succor from town.

At that moment an iron hand had seized his arm. The threatening form of the so-called czar of the exiles stood before his eyes. He uttered a cry of terror.

"Do you recognize me?" cried the man to the contemptible coward. "I promised you revenge Schelm, but I do not want to kill you. We have the proof of your knavery in our hands—your receipt of 100,000 roubles, and that is now on the way to Petersburg. You shall first lose your position, your office, your fortune and your honor, and then you shall die."

"Miller!" cried Schelm, "I am lost!"

"Not today, but soon! In the meantime I'll leave you a little keepsake, and the like you shall have every time I meet you."

He gave Schelm several blows with a knout upon his face. The blood gushed forth from many wounds, and the revisor howled with pain.

"And now, children let us flee!" Miller called out to his followers.

The succor from town came up at a rapid gallop, and the first squadron was quite near already. When the soldiers reached the carriage, they found Schelm lying in it fainting, and the governor in a great rage, having been disarmed in spite of his admirable gallantry.

The exiles had fled in all directions, and it was clear that to pursue them would be useless. Schelm, moreover, forbade it, fearing they might fall into ambush. Surrounded by the regular cavalry, he had himself driven back to the palace of the governor general, and did not become quiet till he was in the hands of physicians.

The soldiers were ordered to collect the dead bodies. Fifteen Cossacks and 22 exiles had paid with their lives for Lanin's liberation. A few yards from them two persons were found, who, even in death, held each other in a firm grasp. The exile, in his agony, had bitten the gendarme in the cheek; Palkin's hand had strangled his enemy's throat, the latter was dead, but the colonel was still alive. His face was mutilated in the most fearful manner; the strange wounds were evidently not caused by an ordinary weapon; in his neck stuck a pair of scissors such as tailors use. Anxious to know who could have used such a weapon, the soldiers drew off the hood that concealed the features of the dead adversary. It was a woman! Long braids of light brown hair hung down behind. The woman it was who had thrust a sword into the horse and then tried to kill the rider with her scissors. Helen had had her revenge, but at a costly price.

When Schelm was told that Palkin was still alive, he frowned angrily and said:

"Carry him at once to prison; Capt. Palkin will have to give an account of his former actions."

For Schelm had well understood Miller's words, in spite of his terrible anxiety, and knew now that Palkin was not in possession of that precious document. Then he shouted:

"By all means, let the captain's wife be found!"

The same evening Schelm summoned all the higher officials of the district, and an expedition against the rebels was agreed upon. All trembled when Schelm, whose face with its bloody streaks and spots presented a most fearful aspect, spoke of the tortures to which he meant to expose the authors of the rebellion.

On the following day the captain's wife, who had been wandering about in the streets of Irkutsk, homeless and friendless as she was, was brought to the revisor. He had a long interview with her, and when he dismissed her he gave her a solemn promise that she should not be forgotten. Soon it was rumored that she had been appointed postmistress at an important station. Palkin was upon Schelm's order accused of high treason and dragged to jail.

CHAPTER XXXI.

For nearly six days now Vladimir had been among the rebels, and yet he had only once been able to see their leader, and then Miller had declined to answer his questions. In spite of the great danger to which the close neighborhood of Irkutsk exposed the rebels, they did not withdraw into the interior.

Vladimir considered himself one of them, as he owed his freedom to them, and longed to cross the frontier. But those among the rebels replied that this did not depend on them and that he must wait for their leader. Lanin became very impatient to meet Miller, but in vain; the latter had continually to inspect the outposts or to perform some other duty. The rebels were now encamped on a hill some 35 versts from Irkutsk, which rose between the Angara and a small tributary. On the summit of this hill, whence the whole surrounding country could easily be overlooked, Vladimir, Ivan, and some of the higher officers were assembled. The great post road followed the edge of the forest and the station on the banks of the Angara shone like a bright white point. The rebels were impatiently waiting for Miller's return, as they easily saw how dangerous their position was, especially now that the summer had come and nothing impeded the communication.

"At last our leader is coming!" exclaimed Ivan, the same who had accompanied Vladimir on his journey to Lake Baikal. He was this time in the usual costume of the exiles, having laid aside the red cloak which he occasionally wore, red being a favorite color with Russians.

"Miller!" called Vladimir, "when will you lead us on?"

"That does not depend on myself," was the reply. "We must wait for our brethren who wish to join us here. They will arrive tonight. Ienar-kus will provide boats. Look around, Vladimir. Without the assistance of the Tunguses we can do nothing. We count 500 men. We cannot use the flying ferry at the station. Therefore we must wait for Ienar. He will keep his word: he is not a civilized man, and on that account I trust him. Patience, my friends. Tonight we need not fear!"

"But if we should be attacked before sunrise?" asked Ivan.

"Then we must defend ourselves," replied Miller. "Nothing, however, indicates an attack. We can control from here the whole country for three miles around. Our outposts are trustworthy and on the alert. Schelm is a miserable coward, and fortunately for us Gen. Moski is absent. And now, men, leave me a moment alone; I have to speak to Count Lanin."

The exiles obeyed, and the two old friends were alone. Both sat down on the soft turf under a giant oak.

"Have you forgiven me, Vladimir?" asked Miller.

"Miller, how can you ask? You have saved my life. That thought absorbs all others. Only tell me what you intend to do."

"That depends upon circumstances. First of all I must cross the Angara, to put the river between us and Schelm. I do not fear him, to be sure, but I want to know you are in safety. Look at that station; my eyes are fixed upon that point. From thence Ienar-kus is to come with a hundred boats to carry us across to the other bank. Then we are safe!"

"And then we surely go to China! Now the whole story of that document, of which you told me, has no meaning any longer. Yesterday I was innocent; today I am in rebellion. Even if Jana has been successful, I shall have to remain in exile. I want, on that account, to get across the frontier as soon as possible, and forever bid adieu to my fatherland."

"Alas! I think as you do. First, however, we must have our revenge. I shall not leave Russia till I have made my enemies tremble."

"Miller, I beseech you—!"

"Not another word, Vladimir! I warrant your freedom, and shall carry you across the frontier; then we shall never meet again. You are not armed, I believe?"

"Oh, yes! But why should I? Beyond the frontier I shall need no arms."

"Who knows? We may have to fight a battle first! With whom? you ask. With the garrison of Irkutsk!"

"Then I shall also need no arms, for I do not mean to fight against the czar and his soldiers."

"Would you rather be caught and beaten to death?" asked Miller, with a savage laugh.

"I shall flee as fast and as far as I can, but I shall never take part in a battle against the czar!"

Miller suddenly sprang up, seeing a man hurrying up the hill on which they were sitting. It was one of the exiles who came, quite out of breath, to bring the evil news that the enemy was approaching, and that in an hour the battle would probably begin.

"Then we must defend ourselves!" said Miller. "I foresaw this."

He looked around in the direction toward Irkutsk; a black line was seen closing the horizon. The peninsula lay before them, silent and peaceful; the exiles all concealed behind trees and shrubs. Suddenly Miller felt a hand touch him; he turned round, and there was a native, who came forth from behind an oak.

"In an hour," he said, in his native tongue, "Inar will be here with his boats."

"So much the better!" exclaimed Miller, and called to his comrades: "Children, we must defend ourselves unto death! In an hour we shall cross the river, and then we are safe from all pursuit. And you," he added, turning to the Siberian, "carry our thanks to your chief, and tell him we are all anxiously waiting for him here."

Like a shadow the man vanished among the trees.

"A hundred men to the edge of the forest! They must check the enemy. Ivan, carry the order! You there, watch the river, and give warning as soon as you see the boats coming. Let some one get a rifle for Brother Lanin!"

"By no means! I have told you I will not fight against the czar. I am under your protection, that is all!"

In the meantime the dark line on the horizon was steadily growing; quite as quickly, however, Miller's sharp eyes noticed boats coming down the Angara like swift arrows. Quieted and reassured by this sight, he did not look farther, and yet at the same moment a detachment of Cossacks was crossing the ferry with a heavy travelling carriage. Not anticipating that this deserted field and this silent wood were soon to be a blood-stained battlefield, the Cossacks were leisurely leaving the ferry, and rode at a slow pace towards the station.

Now began a scattered fire of tirailleurs. Hidden among the trees and shrubs, the exiles received the regulars with a hail of balls. The detachment of Cossacks, amazed at this sudden explosion, stopped a moment, but as from their low place near the river they could see nothing of what was going on beyond, they trotted rapidly up to the little white house. This they surrounded, while the travellers left the carriage and went into the room.

The firing did not cease. Miller continually watched the situation, now observing the boats on the Angara, and now examining the edge of the forest. Here the soldiers were evidently gaining ground and advancing more and more rapidly, while the boats of the Tunguses also were approaching the post station, the place of assembly for the exiles.

"Ivan, send a number of men up here," called Miller. "A hundred men will suffice to check the enemy here. Let the horses be driven into the ranks of the regulars to bring them into confusion. We have no use for the horses. They would only impede our embarkation. And then quickly down the hill to the station. The boats are already there waiting for us. It would be useless to attempt further resistance here. Ivan, be quick and return at once. We shall wait for you only to leave the place."

Ivan disappeared in the bushes. Once more Miller tried to persuade Vladimir to take up arms. Lanin shook his head. He would not fire at his brethren, he said. Ivan returned. A hundred men were ordered to remain with Miller; all the others were sent down to the river. They were to hold the station till all the exiles should be safe.

A quarter of an hour later Miller's detachment came down like an avalanche upon the station. Suddenly their leader uttered a desperate cry. He had now only seen the 20 Cossacks who had held the bank of the river. For the bed of the Angara lies deep between steep rocks; the post station itself is built against a rock, and hardly two men can pass between the rocky wall and the house. Thus the exiles could not rejoin their comrades on the other side of the house, nor could they from where they were reach the boats. The Cossacks barred the way.

"We must not be stopped here!" cried Miller furiously. "We must sell our lives as dear as possible. At them, children! It is a matter of life and death now!"

Despair doubled the strength of the exiles. Besides, they were 100 against but 20 Cossacks. They rushed down upon them and created boundless confusion. At first the Cossacks tried to defend themselves, but the exiles fell upon them in ever increasing numbers, as the regulars from town drove them down to the river. Before them they saw the boats and their allies, the Tunguses, and this increased their valor. The Cossacks fell one after the other, and at last the road was open.

In the meantime, however, the firing had also become more lively, and large numbers of fugitives came running down from the forest. Miller was near the station house and cried:

"Now quick into the boats. No fear! No confusion, men! We'll protect your rear and keep the enemy in check. Vladimir, get in! Farewell—perhaps we shall never meet again!"

"Do you think me a coward? I told you I could not fight with you, but that does not mean that I shall leave you!"

"Are you mad?"

"Enough, Miller! You will not make me think differently, and I will not leave you."

"Well, the times are not such that we should vie with each other in generosity. Do what you like."

Every station house contains ordinarily two rooms, which are separated from each other by a passage, about six feet wide. On the right hand is the office of the imperial post, on the left a room for travellers.

Miller opened the door to the passage; through the house it led down to the river.

"Ten men into the office!" Miller ordered, "and let them watch from the window the path down to the Angara."

"Ienar!" he then called, after tearing open the door.

"I am awaiting your orders!" answered the voice of the Tungus from below. "Make haste. I hear the balls whistle."

"At once!" replied Miller.

In close ranks the exiles pushed through the passage and jumped as soon as they reached the river into the boats.

"Death to every man who leaves the ranks," cried Miller. Then he wanted to enter the rooms of the travellers, but found it not only locked, but apparently barricaded from within.

"What does this mean, I wonder? Have we here also enemies? Listen!" he cried to the closed door. "We do not mean to hurt you if you leave us alone. If not you are lost. Ivan, hand me a musket and aim at the door."

In the meantime the crowd in the passage had grown thinner. A number of boats took the men, as their turn came, across the Angara. The balls of the regulars whistled overhead, but did no harm. The last detachment of exiles had left the hill and the victorious regulars pursued the fugitives. Several hundred of the exiles were already marching along the opposite bank in perfect safety, and the space between the forest and the station was almost abandoned. The last troop of the czar of the exiles surrounded their leader. The regulars appeared at the edge of the forest. Miller, Ivan and Vladimir were watching the fugitives, keeping in view, however, the door of the station room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

At the beginning of the conflict, or rather at the arrival of the coach with its escort of Cossacks a woman had left the house and looked curiously through the open window at the newcomers. This was the widow of the captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk. When the exiles had reached the house she had fled with the official and hid behind some rocks. Now, when she found that the rebels were too busy with their own escape she quietly left her hiding place, approached the house from the riverside and stopped below the window. Thus she could see everything that happened inside. She mustered the travellers, then laughed out aloud and ran as fast as she could to the little barn, in which a mass of oats and straw was stored away. She took them, bundle after bundle, and piled them up at the side of the house. While at work in this way she murmured scornfully to herself.

"I know this accursed woman. She surely brings his pardon. But the old witch, as she called me, shall have her revenge first?"

In a moment the whole big pile was on fire the black smoke rose in dense, dark clouds and the sparks flew all over the little structure. A cry of horror was heard in the travellers' room, into which the wind blew great masses of smoke.

"We must open the door and defend ourselves, or we shall be smothered by the smoke," said a voice.

"That shall be done at once!"

"No, I'll do it!"

"Pray let me attend to that business," said the first voice again. "I am least needed in this world. Consider, he who opens the door is almost sure to perish."

"Wait!"

Caroline jumped up on one of the blocks of stone to look into the room. When she saw how the smoke was gradually filling the room, she laughed aloud, although she could no longer recognize the travellers. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and Miller cried:

"Look out! We are in danger."

At the same time he fired at the door. It opened, and Miller, who had aimed his rifle again, saw a man, whose features he could not recognize, fall to the ground, with the words, "I die!"

Miller, Vladimir and Ivan at once rushed into the room, which the draft, created by the open door, had cleared pretty well of smoke. The other exiles all hurried through the passage down to the river in order to reach the boats and, in them, safety from the closely pursuing soldiers.

The exiles noticed how Caroline was continually feeding the flames. Several wanted to hurry past her down to the Angara, but the insane woman thought they wanted to put out the fire and put herself in their way. The desperate fugitives seized her and pushed her into the flames; the woman uttered a superhuman cry and fell down fainting.

The wind had now scattered the clouds of smoke entirely, and the bright sunlight once more illumined the blackened walls of the room. Vladimir had at once recognized in the persons who met him and his comrades his wife, his uncle and Gen. Moski. At the same moment he tore the gun from Miller's hands and pushed Ivan aside.

"The countess!" exclaimed Miller.

Count Lanin advanced.

"My nephew among a band of rebels!"

Vladimir interrupted him:

"Uncle look at me. I am unarmed! I flee, but I have taken no part in the conflict!"

Lanin pointed to the body that lay on the floor.

"You have committed murder! You have just now shot Dr. Haas!"

"God is my witness," cried Vladimir, "that I have shot no one!"

"That is my doing!" cried Miller; "I am a rebel and I boast of it!"

The last exiles had left by this time. Already the words of command of the officers of the regulars were distinctly heard, as they were standing before the house. Miller cast a look through the window. The fire kindled by Caroline had not been able to consume the house, and was going out gradually. The guns of the soldiers glistened in the bright sunlight.

"Make way there!" cried Miller, drawing a dagger from his bosom. "Vladimir, follow me!"

Lanin declined. "I surrender to Gen. Moski," he said.

Behind Vladimir Jana's form suddenly appeared.

"Mr. Miller, surrender also! I remind you of your promise! I need your evidence in order to save my husband!"

Miller hesitated a moment; then he cast aside the dagger and said:

"Since you make that demand, countess, I will stay. Ivan, flee quickly! Countess, you surely do not demand the death of this man also? God knows it would serve no purpose?"

"I demand no man's death!"

She pointed at the window. Quick as lightning Ivan was through it and hurried down the steep rocks. The balls struck the water, a body fell into the waves. From the ashes of the expiring fire a human shape, black all over, arose suddenly, uttering groans of pain. She was moving off when all at once a ball struck the wall, glanced off and hit her in her bosom. Caroline fell with a heavy sigh. Jana approached the doctor's body. Quite unarmed, as he now was, Miller followed her, and raised the head of the dead man. A ball whistled past between Miller and the countess. The soldiers were occupying the rocks on the bank of the river. Some exiles who had not been able to reach the boats were hiding behind protruding rocks from the Russian balls.

"You have not told me yet," said Gen. Lanin to Vladimir, "how you got mixed up with this band of rebels?"

"I fled from my pursuers. I had been sentenced to death by running the gauntlet!"

"What! You to run the gauntlet?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Now, I see it all!"

"General!" Jana called to him, while she and Miller were busily trying to move the dead body into a quiet corner, "could you not stop the fight?"

The passage was empty. The last exiles had reached the Angara. They saw that they could not possibly reach the boats of the Tunguses, and thus they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The regulars, on their side, did not dare advance, because they feared an ambush.

"General!" Jana repeated in a tone of imploring prayer, "can you not make an end to this unnecessary butchery?"

A soldier cast a cautious look into the room and made a sign to his comrades. The colonel and several of the officers entered the room of the travellers.

"The governor-general!" exclaimed the colonel, greatly surprised.

The soldiers presented arms, the officers bowed low.

"Stop the firing!" commanded Gen. Moski.

The governor enjoyed universal esteem in Siberia. The soldiers did not like to fight against the exiles. They were, therefore, delighted when they saw the general, and his first order was received with genuine enthusiasm. The colonel at once stepped to the door and shouted:

"Stop the firing!"

Here and there a single shot was still heard, but soon all was quiet. The Siberians in their boats on the Angara ceased rowing in amazement; several of the exiles jumped into the river to reach the opposite bank, and a few surrendered to the regulars, having no longer any hope of escape.

The officers came up to the station house in constantly increasing numbers, and all questioned the two generals, utterly disregarding for the moment military discipline, so great was the excitement. Jana had carried the doctor's body, with Miller's help, out of sight, and then Miller took his head and tenderly laid it on his knees.

"Gentlemen," said Jana, "is there, perhaps, a physician among you?"

One of the younger officers immediately hurried out to bring the surgeon who had accompanied the expedition. A heavy post coach, escorted by a detachment of Cossacks, approached the house slowly.

"The doctor will be here in a moment. The revisor is also coming."

"Countess!" declared the surgeon, after a short examination, "the ball has entered the body, close to the heart, so that the wounded man will certainly die without recovering consciousness."

"Thus I must always commit unnecessary crimes!" cried Miller, conscious struck.

Jana wept bitterly. As soon as Vladimir heard that the revisor was coming he drew close to the governor-general. The officers formed a circle around the two generals, and the soldiers formed in rank and file.

Through the open windows Schelm's voice was heard.

"Why do you not fire? Why? The exiles are actually fleeing, and no one hinders them? Fire! Fire, and let not one of them escape!"

A few of the soldiers fired their guns. The natives, frightened, rowed down the river. The soldiers, however, had aimed high, and wounded no one.

"Who has stopped the firing?" cried Schelm, furious. "The colonel will report to a court-martial! The enemies of the czar must be rooted up!"

Just then he noticed Vladimir, and at once shouted:

"There, we have at once made one good catch! Now I have gotten you, you arch-rebel! You have deserved worst punishment now, but we have not time now to make any ceremony about you. Hi, there! Take this rebel out and shoot him on the spot!"

Now only the governor-general of East Siberia came forth from the crowd of officers who had surrounded him.

"Mr. Schelm, you seem to give orders here in my presence."

Schelm drew back a step, pale and trembling.

"Count Moski!" he exclaimed, in a hardly audible voice.

A few more shots were heard outside. Count Moski turned to one of the officers, and in a stern voice said:

"I have ordered to stop that firing. Who dares act contrary to my orders?"

The officer hurried out, in the meantime Schelm's courage also had returned somewhat. As yet he had not seen Count Lanin among the officers. Jana and Miller, who were still busy about Haas, were completely masked by the crowd that filled the room.

"I ordered the pursuit of the rebels," said Schelm.

"By what right do you assume to give orders to his majesty's army?" asked the governor, casting a look of contempt at the revisor.

"By the right of an inspector-general, as I am—"

"You? Do you fancy perhaps—?"

"General, my powers."

The officers moved a little aside and thus allowed Count Lanin to be seen.

"Lanin! The czar's adjutant-general!" exclaimed Schelm, when he recognized him. "Treason! I am lost."

The house closely occupied by soldiers, the many dead bodies lying around, the bloody conflict but just ended, and the flight of the exiles—all this was not calculated to make people cheerful, and yet, when they heard this word "treason" from the lips of Schelm, it sounded so very ridiculous that they could not help laughing aloud!

Instantly, however, all were silent again, and an indistinct voice was heard to utter these words:

"I pardon him who has inflicted this fatal wound. Pardon you likewise! God has aided you! Thank him all of you!"

Haas expired. Miller tenderly laid the lifeless head down and approached Schelm.

"Well, did I have my revenge?" he asked, seizing him with his iron grasp. "Did I not foretell you that in the fortress already?"

Schelm trembled like a leaf in a high wind while his eyes erred about and around.

"And now ask on your knees pardon of those whom you have so mortally offended," continued the czar of the rebels, trying to force Schelm down on his knees.

Count Lanin, however, remembered the czar's orders, and as he knew that the emperor objected to any humiliation of a superior officer in the presence of inferiors, he interfered with authority.

"You forget that it is not for you to be judge in this matter! You are a rebel and my prisoner."

As soon as Schelm found out that he had some protection he drew himself up again. Gen. Lanin went on:

"It is not proper that you should attack an officer in the emperor's service. Stay quietly where you are!"

The officers had murmured, for much as they hated Schelm, they could not quietly see a rebel treat his former superior with indignity. Schelm understood this at once, and now fancied that he was out of danger. Vladimir, he hoped, was still in his power, and he would try at all hazard to keep him in his hands. He assumed a haughty carriage and said:

"Miller, you are, I fear, forgetting that you have been a spy, and that you are now a robber. General, I do not know how far your powers may go, but this man who is generally known by the name of 'Czar of the Exiles—'"

"Is included in the amnesty granted by his majesty," exclaimed Jana, holding out the document with the emperor's own handwriting and his seal. Here is the order issued by his majesty: 'All who have been sentenced in connection with the Ace-of-Clubs conspiracy, as well as Count Vladimir Lanin, receive complete amnesty and pardon.' Uncle, you will no doubt confirm what I say."

"Certainly, but here—"

"There is no but, general!" she added, turning to Gen. Moski. "Will you be kind enough to support me?"

"The czar has issued this amnesty, and it must be carried out!"

"But certainly we cannot pardon or overlook this rebellion—this armed resistance, this shedding of blood today?" said Schelm in opposition.

"My husband was at the head of this rebellion," said Jana, "and yet says the czar: No law of the empire shall touch Count Vladimir Lanin! Vladimir, do you not command these people?"

Lanin did not understand what his wife's intentions were, but, accustomed blindly to believe her words, he answered promptly:

"Yes, indeed!"

Miller had, as soon as he had dropped Schelm's arm, gradually drawn nearer and nearer to the window. With one bound, now, he was outside, and called aloud:

"No! He was not the leader! I was! I, who speak to you. I want no pardon and no amnesty! I have been the czar's enemy, and I shall be his enemy. I want nothing of you but my liberty, and that you cannot take from me. You, Schelm—mind, if the czar's justice does not reach you—you shall not escape my revenge."

He jumped upon a rock and thence into the river.

"Fire! Kill the man!" cried Schelm, beside himself. "You have heard what the rebel said."

No one obeyed the revisor. The universal surprise favored the flight and escape of the fugitive. No one pursued him.

"Mr. Schelm," said Gen. Lanin now, "his majesty the emperor has appointed me inspector in your place. You will have to give me an account of your administration. The soldiers can be marched back."

"First of all, however, this man must be seized," said Schelm.

"You will please leave the government of Eastern Siberia henceforth in my hands," replied the governor, drily. "You had better occupy yourself with your own affairs now."

Turning to the officers he next asked if they had made any prisoners. When they answered no, he continued: "So much the better. Then we have to inflict no punishment on any one. We'll return now to Irkutsk, Mr. Schelm, you will be kind enough to come with us. We have to discuss many questions with you."

"General!"

"I beg," whispered Gen. Lanin into his ear, "you will not compel me to arrest you here in the presence of all these people. I have his majesty's express orders to arrest you on two charges: Forgery of documents and malfeasance in office."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A great change had taken place in Jana's heart as in her mind. Her husband was free once more, and she felt sure that a man who was protected by the threefold power of the czar, Gov. Moski and Gen. Lanin had in Russia nothing more to fear. But now, as if this third journey had exhausted her health and her strength of mind alike, she began to suffer from a permanent sense of weariness and lassitude. The quiet and peace she could now enjoy at Irkutsk did her good. She lived over once more the trials and the fierce conflicts in which she had been engaged and she trembled at the memory of all she had been made to suffer and to endure. The dead forms of Popoff, of the captain of gendarmes, of Dr. Haas and of Helen rose before her mind's eye, and she said again and again to herself: "They have died for my sake!"

Her heart softened; it began to overflow with the love of the neighbor, and devoutly grateful for having herself accomplished the one great purpose of her life, she felt deeply anxious that no one else should suffer on her account. The noble woman knew no revenge. She was once more the woman, weak as her sex generally is, weaker even for at the slightest noise she started and trembled. She felt happy, and she knew that her happiness, under God, was her own work, but she trembled all the more at the thought that unexpectedly a cloud might rise on the bright sky of her happiness.

On the day of his return to Irkutsk Vladimir took possession again of his wife's house in the city; he had recovered all his rights and privileges. Lina, who had until now been kept in prison by Schelm, although he did not know that she was Helen's mother, was also set free, and returned to her mistress. She could not recover from the loss of her daughter, and indulged in melancholy apprehensions.

"They have murdered my son," she would say again and again. "My poor, dear Nicholas is dead; what do I now care for freedom or life?"

"Remember, I pray, that you have another child," said Jana on such occasions, having seen little Andrew in Petersburg.

Lina seemed almost to have forgotten that child, not having seen him for so long a time. The words of the countess would bring a faint smile to her lips, and at last she comprehended that there was really still a duty to perform on earth and that for all she knew there might be still some happiness in store for her. She was fortunately, moreover, kept very busy aiding the countess in making her preparations for the return to Russia. A longing for her second son began to spring up in her maternal bosom. Vladimir and the countess were almost daily guests at the governor's palace, where Gen. Lanin, the czar's all-powerful adjutant-general, was grandly entertained.

According to the czar's wishes Schelm had not been sent to prison, but during the investigation in his administration he was not at liberty to leave the government house. This remained, however, a secret. It was, of course, understood in the city that his administration was not approved in Petersburg, and hence no one was surprised at his being dismissed, but as his chief crimes were not publicly known, little attention was paid to him and his trial. The two generals had begged Jana to keep the matter to herself; telling her that the czar did not like the prestige of the higher authorities to be endangered by such notoriety. Jana had already forgiven Schelm, and soon Vladimir also did, and both went so far as to intercede in his behalf with the general. This was, however, in vain; Schelm's violence at the station house had made a very bad impression upon them, and they decided to proceed with the utmost severity against him. Palkin was purposely forgotten in his prison cell. He had taken leave of active life, and even Jana agreed that it would be best to pass him over in silence, and this was done.

In the meantime Schelm had sleepless nights in his sumptuous apartments, which were his prison. Three days had already passed since the skirmish on the banks of the Angara and he had not yet been summoned to appear before the judges. He was dying with anxiety. Judging all others by himself he thought his enemies were devising tortures by which to avenge themselves on him. In these three days of fearful suspense he had grown 10 years older.

On the fourth day after their return to Irkutsk, Vladimir, who had just returned from the governor's palace, entered Jana's room with the words:

"My dear Jana, I have just seen my uncle once more, and begged him urgently to let Schelm be tried at some other place, as he is sure to be hanged sooner or later. But we can do nothing; the answer is always the same. The czar has ordered the guilty to be punished, and in the course of the investigation I have gained the conviction that Schelm is very guilty. He must suffer just punishment."

"Do you wish him to be punished?"

"I? I never thought of it! I am free and happy, so that I have entirely forgotten that Schelm is still alive! May he go where he chooses, even to the D. if he prefers it."

"You see, Vladimir, when I think how many lives have been lost in order to secure our present happiness an inexpressible anxiety seizes my heart. The sacrifice of another human life appears to me a crime. I have remorse. We must by all means try to get Schelm pardoned."

"But that no longer depends on us!"

"Let me try, Vladimir. I'll go and see your uncle this evening at the governor's palace. He promised he would do everything to please me."

Jana, animated by this noble desire, hastened at once to the palace. But she found that both Gen. Moski and Count Lanin had come to the conclusion that Schelm had not merely abused his official position, but had evidently criminal intrigues on his conscience, which could not be overlooked. They had, therefore, decided to inflict the prescribed punishment in strict justice, and to make an example of him. The czar had invested his adjutant with unlimited power. But, in order to proceed with strict regard to legality, Gen. Moski had summoned Schelm to appear before him, thus giving him an opportunity to clear himself of these charges if he could.

Schelm had not seen the two generals since the sad event on the Mount of the Tunguses. In his solitude he was awaiting events. When summoned to appear before his judges he prepared skilfully his whole appearance. The relative liberty which had been granted him and the courteous consideration shown him so far had somewhat quieted his apprehensions. He did not guess, besides, how far his tricks and his intrigues had been found out, and he was full of hopes the sentence would be delayed; and with time on his side he felt he could do much, help himself through his friends, and perhaps even form new plans and new intrigues. He appeared, therefore, in the apartments of the governor-general, not at all like a man accused of crime, but more like a casual visitor.

"What do you wish of me?" he asked, boldly.

"You will please answer our questions with great modesty!" said Lanin, indignant at Schelm's insolence.

The trial began. When Schelm was asked about Popoff's arrest, and about his receipt for the 100,000 roubles, when he saw that the minister of the interior had forsaken him, and when he finally perceived that Count Lanin held that very receipt in his hands which the czar had given him, then he felt that there was no escape for him. He folded his hands and bowed so low that the judges feared he intended to kneel down.

"Your excellency, I am guilty! Have mercy on me; have mercy on me!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lanin. "Perhaps you have extenuating circumstances that you can mention to keep us from administering strict justice. What can you say in your own behalf?"

"I can plead my zeal in the czar's service, your excellency," he cried, turning to Count Lanin, "and we are both servants of our master the emperor. I wanted to make my way upward; I wanted to become one of those who enjoy the happiness of being near his majesty. I was ambitious and that was my ruin. I confess my guilt. But your excellency will consider that I was chief of a division, of the division for political affairs. I had the care for the personal safety of our emperor in my hands. The gendarmes continually took the butter off my bread. They always accused me, that I could discover nothing, that I knew nothing. The minister continually said the same, and you, also, general, told me so in the name of the czar. I feared I should lose my place, the place that gave me my daily bread. The gendarmes invented conspiracies to please the czar. They deceived the emperor, Count Orloff, you yourselves. I have seen it with my own eyes! I witnessed how they were rewarded and promoted, when I knew it was all fiction! You must admit that the monarch's favor may become a strong temptation."

Lanin was silent.

"It is true that I employed a man who was to fan the discontent of some conspirators, but this also I did to prove my zeal to serve the czar. I admit that I am not free from guilt, but I never exceeded my authority; I do not deserve reward, but have I incurred any punishment?"

Count Moski exclaimed, very indignant: "Certainly, and a very heavy one!"

"The conspiracy did actually exist. The conspirators fell into my trap as if they had lost their heads so that I could show the emperor who were his enemies; they were unmasked. Here, also, I did not exceed my authority. All whom I ordered to be arrested were conspirators."

"All. What a falsehood!" said Lanin, frowning. "My nephew—"

Schelm interrupted him most humbly:

"To be sure, your excellency! But you might be indulgent with the weakness and the heart of a man who does not claim that he is faultless. You yourself had announced to me the czar's displeasure and aroused my wrath. Your nephew had mortally insulted me. I was furious against all who bore your name. The count's name was mentioned and I was delighted to know that he was involved in this conspiracy. If, in my anger, I went too far you may punish me. The idea of distinguishing myself before the emperor's eyes had made me lose my head. I had the conspiracy in my hand, and it was surely but human to take advantage of it in order to avenge myself!"

"You defend yourself in a manner that is revolting to me," said Gen. Moski, contemptuously. "You make me think worse of you than I did before. Have you nothing else to say in your defence?"

"No! I can only repeat that I am guilty, but guilty to have too eagerly coveted the emperor's favor. I might have earned it in a better way if I had been Count Lanin. Since I was simple Mr. Schelm I was forced—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Gen. Moski. "You can return to your rooms!"

Schelm withdrew with low bows.

"I do not see," said Lanin, "that the man is so very guilty, but your wish to see him severely punished shall be gratified. Such men fill me with disgust. We need only report his defence to the czar and he would be instantly lost. I think the czar himself might be cruel in such a case. But I am not the czar, and I am not disinclined to make some excuse."

"What, Count Lanin?"

"His devotion to the emperor's person."

"Is pure hypocrisy!"

"Well, I submit to you! I am not quite clear"—

Just then the Countess Lanin was announced. Gen. Moski had become more and more attached to her, the more services he had rendered her.

"Pray, let her enter!" he called out.

"My dear companions in my journey," said Jana, shaking hands with the two generals. "I come to pray for Schelm's pardon."

"Never!" said Gen. Moski.

"As for me," said Count Lanin, "I am ready to obey every word you command."

"This 'never' sounds hardly very courteous in the ears of a lady," said Jana, smiling. "But I see I have an ally in my dear uncle."

"How should the rascal deserve such consideration?"

"I am so happy, so much happier than at any time! I pity all who have had to suffer for my sake; I wish harm to no one, and pardon every one of them!"

Schelm's cunning had well calculated the effect of his pretended devotion to the czar's person on Count Lanin. The latter now joined Jana in her prayer, and at last the general could no longer resist; he yielded so far that Schelm's punishment should consist in his banishment to Beresoff, on the western frontier of Siberia. Jana, however, was not quite satisfied. Her noble soul wanted Schelm to be entirely forgiven. She besought the general until he gave way, after long resisting her. He yielded to Jana as to a spoilt child. It was finally agreed that Schelm should lose his office and his salary, but should be allowed to return to Petersburg and to live there as a private citizen.

"Oh! You are so very good and kind, general," said Jana, when he at last had given his consent although very reluctantly. "Permit me to embrace you in return for your great kindness."

She fell around the old soldier's neck.

"And I! As your faithful ally, do I deserve nothing?" asked Lanin. She threatened him, smiling, with her finger, and said:

"You, my ally? Well, for an hour. And yet, I do not wish anybody to say that I had given him pain today!"

She hastened to kiss her husband's uncle, likewise, and, radiant with happiness, she returned home. Nothing now prevented their departure from Irkutsk. After so many severe trials the happy young people, once more united, thought of nothing now but the return home, there once more to resume the even tenor of their daily life.

On the following day they left the capital of Eastern Siberia and turned their faces towards Petersburg. Lina accompanied them, with a heart full of sadness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

One of those beautifully clear and silent nights which form one of the charms of Siberia had gradually sunk the forest into deep darkness. The moon illumined the valley, and the long shadows of the trees that lined the public road lay snug alongside of the great thoroughfare. A gentle breath of wind whispered mysteriously in the foliage of the birches and larches that were here intermingled. Beetles were humming drowsily in the rich grass; here and there the phosphorescent green light of a light worm shone in the close turf and vanished again in an instant. A mysterious humming noise pervaded the forest, a sign that it concealed animal life in abundance, and now and then broke out in louder, but still indistinct noises. Otherwise the night was silent. The highroad, which the eye could follow for miles and miles across the vast level plain, was deserted. At a distance only now and then was heard the tinkling of a little bell, the forerunner of a vehicle, of which as yet nothing could be seen.

The station house near which that bloody conflict had taken place, which had cost so many and so precious victims, stood, as has been mentioned, not far from the edge of the forest, perhaps some 30 versts from Irkutsk. Nothing was stirring in the little building, but the windows of the official's room shone brightly, and, at a distance, somebody was singing. At the door a postillion was smoking a short, stumpy pipe, leisurely watching the ringlets of smoke as they gracefully whirled on high. He heard, just then, the tinkling of the bells of post-horses and entered the house to give warning that travellers were approaching. At his summons three men, or, rather, three dark shadows appeared in the dark, silently walked around the house and stationed themselves upon a huge projecting rock.

"Horses! Quick, horses!" cried the traveller, jumping out of the carriage. "I have no time to lose!"

In an instant almost the foam-covered horses were taken out of harness and others brought from the stables. In the meantime the traveller went into the office to show his passport.

"I hope there are no reports of robbers about in this part of the province?" he asked the postmaster.

"Nothing since the last fight here; they have all crossed the river, and everything is quiet. Travellers have nothing at all to fear here now!" was the answer.

"How far is it from here to the ferry?"

"Three versts."

"I am told it is not quite safe to cross the forest. On the other side of the river, I believe, it is all cultivated land, and no forest there?"

"Yes; but I can assure you all the robbers and rebels who used to infest this district have gone away to Lake Baikal, so that everything is perfectly quiet and safe here."

The postmaster opened his book, examined the passport, and went to work almost to spell the entry which he made:

"Onuphrius Onesimowicz Schelm, councillor of state and senator, travels on private business. One carriage. Three horses."

"In half an hour it will all be ready for your excellency. Perhaps the senator will accept a glass of tea?"

"Thanks! I have no time to lose."

The official went out to give the necessary orders and said to Schelm:

"The travellers' room is on the right hand; it has been entirely ruined during the fight between the regulars and the rebels, but I have had it repaired as well as my means allowed. Will you have the kindness to go in there? As soon as the horses are put in I will let you know."

Schelm entered the room in which a few weeks ago his power had made such lamentable shipwreck. The walls still bore witness of the fight that had taken place here, and near the window, where Caroline had tried to set the house on fire, a pool had formed, over which beetles were busily swarming to and fro. At the sight of the room Schelm could not help comparing his former greatness with his actual position. He sat down on a chair that stood near the open window and looked down upon the quiet, peaceful waters of the Angara.

"I still have my freedom and my fortune; but they want me to close my life in strict retirement. The fools! A man such as I am never leaves his post, least of all after a defeat. They will hear from me yet, I warrant! Gen. Lanin has evidently exceeded his authority; he has let this band of robbers escape unpunished, although they had manifestly rebelled against the czar; and he has pardoned their leader, who publicly insulted the name of the czar. That is quite enough to give me a standing-point for my future measures! In Petersburg I shall find friends, patrons and money. No! I am not ruined yet! I am not conquered yet! They wonder at my acting badly, and yet it is they who force me to do such things. I was going to abandon all this game, and now they compel me to begin it once more, for I must, recover my lost position. The fools! They protect a man who was to be my last victim, they force me to injure them all! Gen. Moski and Count Lanin! You have scotched the snake, but you have not killed it! You shall hear its ominous hissing again, I warn you, and feel its venomous bite! I am to go into retirement! I am to play draughts at night, I suppose, and take my walk on the Prospect in the daytime? I! Schelm! Well, we'll see that! If I only were in Petersburg! This putting in the horses takes a long time here! and I want to be beyond the frontiers of Irkutsk!" At this moment he heard somebody taking hold of the door handle; then the door was cautiously opened.

"Why, here is the postmaster, at last," he thought to himself. He rose and buttoned his heavy overcoat. A man in the uniform of a postillion approached him. The ex-revisor thought it was the man who came to tell him that all was ready and he could continue his journey. However, he was startled at the man's strange conduct, who came very close to him. The moon was shining into the room, only the door lay in deep shadow, and Schelm could not make out the features of the new-comer.

"Are the horses ready?" he asked.

At the same moment the stranger seized his arm, and he saw that it was not the postillion he had expected.

"Schelm! Do you fancy I have forgiven you and felt pity for you, as the others seem to have done!"

Schelm was dumbfounded; he recognized Miller with terror. He was going to call for help, but he was not given time for it. Two men had, in the meantime, jumped through the window into the room, and in a moment he was fettered. Miller looked at him and laughed aloud. Before the door the postillions also were heard laughing, as they harnessed the horses.

Miller gave a sign, and instantly the bound man was lifted up, passed through the open window, and received on the outside by two other men stationed there. Miller, with his two companions, followed him in the same way, and quickly all of them hurried down to the bed of the Angara. Here, on the river bank, they found a saddled horse. The exiles tied Schelm securely to the saddle, without removing the handkerchief with which they had gagged him. Miller again silently watched the proceedings and laughed scornfully. When they were ready he leaped on his horse and said:

"Goodby, my friends."

The exiles spurred their horses, climbed the rocks and were soon out of sight. Miller alone pushed his horse into the river. The moon was peacefully silvering the waters of the quiet river; all around silence reigned, and only Miller's horse, bravely breasting the waves, snorted and splashed through the waters in an uncanny, gruesome way. Schelm's pale face, marked with the still blood-red marks of his punishment, was turned to heaven as his back touched the water. His eye met the glance of his adversary and he closed it.

"I almost think, dear Schelm," said Miller, "that since our schooldays you and I have never been quite so near to each other? We are alone now and can converse. What fate do you think, is awaiting you? You must bear in mind, dear colleague, that I have much to complain of in which you are concerned. You have injured many men, but they were weak or good-natured men, who forgave you or disdained to avenge themselves. When I heard that they were sending you home, unpunished, and that these people, intoxicated with the effect of their regained happiness, disdained revenge, then I said to myself: Not so! I shall punish you, as you deserve to be punished!"

Schelm was writhing like a worm in his fetters and tried desperately to tear the gag from his mouth, but in vain.

"Not yet! The time has not come yet! But you need not fear; you shall have time enough to cry! My ear shall revel in your cries of anguish. You need not be afraid of the water, Schelm! You may get a little wet, as we cannot let you sit upright in the saddle, Schelm, but you shall not drown. My horse swims as well as any fish. But, Brother Schelm, what have you made of me? I was to be sure, poor and unhappy when you knew me at school, but I was at peace with the world and cheerful. One day—you may remember it, Schelm—one day I asked you to lend me money. You refused. You said you would rather buy me. Perhaps you will tell me honest men do not make such bargains. But I do not pretend to be honest in that sense of the word, and I'll show you presently what I am. You will find out the difference between me and those good people who have forgiven you and refused to be avenged on you."

Miller bent lower over the prostrate prisoner and thus forced him to look at him.

"Look at me, dear Schelm; I must enjoy the sight. Do you know, dear Schelm, that for the moment I could almost love you? You afford me the same enjoyment which you felt when you left my cell in the fortress to go into Vladimir's cell to examine him. Ha, ha! Thus each one has his turn."

Schelm closed his eyes. He was near fainting.

"What does that mean? I cannot permit that. You will have to listen to the end. I'll make you come around."

With these words he passed his sharp dagger across Schelm's forehead. The sufferer uttered an indistinct groan.

"Do you hear me again? As I am sure you cannot tell out of school in this life I will confess my sins to you. Think of it—Miller confessing to Schelm! Would not the popes laugh if they could hear us? Do you know that I am at the head of a thousand armed men, and have a brilliant future before me—and yet I long for the misery which I had to endure in Petersburg, and the scant fare I could indulge in only when somebody gave me a rouble? Then, like a fool, I hoped—I saw every day a lucky turn, a bright change in my fate coming. It never came. But today every unforeseen event is a threat for me, and I can count upon myself alone. Schelm, you have made me what I am—a spy, a robber and a rebel. That is what you gave me when I came to you and begged you to help me!"

A sudden noise interrupted him. The postillions, with torches in their hands, were running up and down the banks of the Angara, and cried out:

"Where is the traveller? What can have become of him?"

They noticed at last the horse, with Miller and Schelm, in the middle of the river.

The torches were extinguished and the cries became more threatening. Miller cut the handkerchief which had stopped Schelm's mouth and said to him:

"Now you may cry, dear Schelm! Now I'll enjoy your sweet cries. Cry away!"

The unfortunate man drew a long breath and tried to fill his lungs with air. This motion made him again dip a little into the water; he clung with his fettered hands to the saddle and cried as loud as he could:

"Help! Murder!"

"They are coming to your assistance, dear Schelm. I'll soon let you go. Unfortunately the people have no boats at hand, and the Angara is nearly two versts wide. We are in the middle of the stream. You may cry, now, to your heart's content!"

"Miller, forgive me!"

"Do you think I am Vladimir Lanin? or are you mad? Why should I possibly forgive you?"

The water reached Schelm's face; it took away his breath and kept him from seeing what was going on. Full of despair he seized the horse's mane and raised his head a few inches above the water.

"Miller," he said, in broken accents, "I am rich. Perhaps you can make use of money. I possess nearly a million roubles. I will give it to you. You can escape to France and live comfortably there. Only set me free, take pity on me!"

The man from Courland bent down close to his face.

"What do you offer me?"

"My whole fortune!"

"Really? And will you be able to keep your promise?"

"I have large sums of money in my trunks—but what are you doing, Miller?"

"Never mind that. I cut your fetters, but that does not keep me from listening to you attentively."

Miller cut the straps with which Schelm had been bound to the saddle. The revisor sank half into the water, and felt at the same time a terrible pain in his hands, which now alone supported the whole weight of his body.

"Help! I am drowning! Have pity on me!"

"Not yet. What was that you were saying just now?"

"Take the whole of my fortune."

"Perhaps you are deceiving me once more."

"I swear it; I do not deceive you. Miller, have pity."

"Enough!" exclaimed Miller at last. "I have seen enough of your despair. There must be an end to all pleasure on earth!"

The right bank of the Angara became indistinctly visible in the nightly gloom. Miller stooped once more and cut the last bonds that held Schelm to the saddle. The scoundrel sank into the waves. The czar of the exiles gave the spur to his horse and it swam on snorting and splashing furiously. Schelm sank, but in a few seconds he reappeared on the surface.

"Miller, have pity on me! I repent my sins; take my million."

"I am coming to help you," replied Miller, "but it is in vain; the current is too strong."

Schelm's hands and feet were tied together; he could consequently make no effort to save his life by swimming. The people from the post station had in the meantime rowed in a boat up the river, while the left bank was pretty well lighted up by torches. Miller swam swiftly in the opposite direction, but looked around every moment, because he hoped he might see Schelm appear once more. And really, as his horse began to feel the sandy bed of the river under his hoofs, he perceived the pale, terror-stricken face of the drowning man once more. Schelm opened his mouth as if to summon help, but the water flowed into it and he vanished in the dark waters.

"Till next time, Schelm!" cried Miller.

When Schelm's inexorable enemy had reached the bank of the river he mounted a fresh horse which Ivan had prepared for him there, for fortunately he and several other exiles had on the fatal day of the skirmish escaped the enemy's balls. They turned round once more to see what was going on at the station. Everything there seemed in a state of great excitement. On the river, also, a number of boats were searching evidently for Schelm. He never reappeared.

"There is nothing more to do for us here!" said Miller to his companions; and absorbed in profound meditation he made his way in the direction of the Chinese frontier.

EPILOGUE.

Two young men were engaged in lively conversation in the beautiful gardens of the Conversations Haus at Baden-Baden. It was in the year 1860, when the whole elegant world used to meet here, more for the sake of pleasure than to restore ruined health. A famous artist had given a grand concert, which was just now ended amid enthusiastic applause. The audience scattered slowly in all directions; some went to the rooms where play was going on, others to the terraces. The young men were so deeply interested in their conversation that they did not notice the crowd by which they were surrounded. One of them was a French officer, the other a colonel in the Russian lifeguards. They had become acquainted under the walls of Sebastopol, and there formed an intimate friendship. Since then they had, strangely enough, never met till this very day, and their mutual delight was great.

At the same moment a gentleman passed them accompanied by a lady of astonishing beauty. A few steps from the two friends he suddenly stopped.

"I should like to go for a moment into the saal. You have no objection, Jana?"

"Oh, certainly not. Besides, I have just noticed Rita, and I should like to speak to her and settle matters about our excursion tomorrow."

She left him. Vladimir looked leisurely around, and his eye fell on the French officer, who bowed to him politely. The Frenchman followed Jana with his eyes.

"What a splendid figure!" he said to his friend.

"Certainly! She is a countrywoman of mine."

"What is her name?"

"The Countess Jana Lanin."

The French officer started in surprise.

"Is she perhaps the wife of Count Vladimir Lanin?"

"Yes."

"That is a most fortunate meeting! I have looked for her now for three years, and always in vain. You do not object to presenting me to the count?"

"With pleasure. Here he is coming towards us."

"Count Lanin," said the French officer, after having been duly introduced, "it is now three years that a letter was handed to me for you, and under such very peculiar circumstances that I have ever since been most anxious to make your acquaintance. It was in Shanghai, and the Taepings were besieging the city. The French government had sent me, in special mission, to China. The siege was not very oppressive, and every now and then there was a truce. During these times we were at liberty to walk about in the vicinity of the fortress in our European uniforms. One day I was observing the camp of the Taepings from a distance, when three men came out of it, towards me, and waved a white flag. They did not seem to harbor any hostile intentions, and I waited for them. They were Europeans, but wore Chinese uniforms. Their light hair and their features induced me to think they were countrymen of yours. One, who seemed to be the leader, made a peculiarly strong impression upon me, on account of his lofty stature, and because of his brilliant eyes."

"That was Miller!" exclaimed Vladimir. "Pray, give me that letter. Hearty thanks! He is one of my oldest friends, of whom I often think."

"I do not know his name. He said to me: 'You are a Frenchman and will probably soon return to Europe—I hope I shall!—There is peace all over Europe now, and you may by good luck at some time or other meet a dear friend of mine, a Russian, who was going to France, a Count Vladimir Lanin. You will easily recognize him and his wife, if you should ever meet them; he is a man of large fortune and great influence in the highest circles, and she an extraordinary beauty. Please hand them this letter.'

"At first I did not like to take the letter. Who knew whether I should ever meet you in this life? 'I doubt not you will meet him some time or other; be so kind as to take the letter.' I was going to ask for more details, but I had no sooner taken the letter than he was summoned to return to camp. And here, count, is this letter, which I have carried about with me nearly four years now."

Vladimir was rejoiced to receive the letter.

"My best thanks. Pardon me if I do not at once satisfy your well founded curiosity; I must go aside to read my friend's letter at ease. I hope you will not decline my invitation to dine with me tomorrow, and then I shall take pleasure to make you acquainted with the history of this remarkable man."

"I accept your invitation with pleasure."

"And you," said Lanin to the Russian officer, "will of course accompany your friend?"

"With pleasure, count."

"Then—till tomorrow, gentlemen," said Vladimir, leaving them. He sat down on a bench in the garden, and read as follows:

"At last I am really a great chieftain; they negotiate with me on a footing of equality, both the Son of Heaven and his rival, Taeping-waig. An odd name is it not? And yet these people are powerful and influential and lead the same life as we do. Here I have attained importance and power. My name, which no one in the West would recognize in its present garb, has a good sound from the Gobi desert to the mouth of the Pei-ho. More than once the fate of one of the greatest realms on earth has rested in my hand. The Emperor of China fears me, Gien-te trembles before me. I am respected by Kirghis and Mantchoo; I am beloved by my subjects and my companions in arms. The czar hears my name every now and then, when I invade his empire.

"You think, perhaps, I have reached the goal of my wishes? I write you these lines, dear Vladimir, to confess to you that I suffer from bitter nostalgia in my heart. I long for the misery even I suffered in Europe; I long for the days when I knocked, a beggar, at the portals of your palace in Petersburg, even for the sleepless nights which promised me a better, a glorious future. And yet, I dare not return. Here all kiss my hand, the hand which perhaps, no one will ever shake in Europe. Here, I am a great chieftan and a cunning diplomat—there, a robber, a spy and a murderer. Even our conscience acknowledges a different law here and in Russia.

"And yet I am sad and almost a victim of despair whenever I think of Europe. If I ever should return—and it is very probable that I shall do so some time or other—tell me, Vladimir, will you then take my hand in yours?

"I kiss the hem of thy wife's robe.

"MILLER."

Vladimir gave the letter to Jana, who passed him on her return to their hotel. She read it in silence, and took a seat by his side. Both fell into deep meditation. The charming place at which they were staying, the merry mingling of all races and nations, the glorious beauties of the famous gardens, the matchless music that came to them from afar, the splendid sunset which impresses even the most turbulent scenes of our life with the feeling of peace and repose—all this formed such a terrible contrast with their former history, of which Miller's letter had reminded them, that the whole past rose before the mind's eye, the imprisonment and banishment, Irkutsk, the lake Baikal, the Angara the wretchedness, the fears and hopes, the sorrows and sufferings in Siberia. Suddenly a military step approached. They turned round eagerly; before them stood the gray-haired governor-general of East Siberia, who was also staying at Baden Baden.

"What occupies your thoughts to such a degree that you do not recognize your old friends?"

Vladimir told him, and handed him Miller's letter.

"Indeed," he said a moment later, "if I remember that persecution that drove me to the very end of Siberia I cannot comprehend by what wondrous good fortune I have escaped such unspeakable misery and am now here, a free man and a happy man."

"You ungrateful man," exclaimed Count M., reverently seizing Jana's hand, "no one need wonder who has such a guardian angel at his side, and can rely on such a noble heart!"

[THE END.]

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER

Queer Marriage Contract of a Mature California Couple.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A queer document in the marriage contract line was filed in the recorder's office yesterday. It is as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 30, 1890.

Recognizing the eternal laws of nature and that marriage is the right relation of the sexes; recognizing also the natural equality of woman, and believing that her advent upon the planet was the same as that of man, not as recorded in the Christian Bible, and believing in neither the Christian nor other gods:

We, by these presents make known to all whom it may concern, we hereby assume the relationship of husband and wife, and mutually agree to love and cherish each other through life if we possibly can.

In acknowledgment whereof we have hereunto appended our signatures. H. F. EBERS. NELLIE J. LENONT.

GRACE L. MACDONALD, GEORGE F. MACDONALD, } Witnesses.

April 30, 1890.

Acknowledged, May 1, before W. F. Swasey, Notary Public.

Neither of the persons named in the instrument as principals is a resident of this city. Ebers' residence is unknown, but Nellie J. Lenont is a native of England and lives at Northfield, Minn. Both state their ages to be 50 years.

In conversation with a recorder's deputy Ebers said that he had considerable difficulty in finding a notary public who was willing to acknowledge the contract. In one office he was told that "any man who would get up a contract like that was crazy."

Typewriters in Demand for Wives.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"It seems to be easier for a good-looking typewriter to get married than any other woman who has to earn her own living," said an employer. "There are country merchants and country professional men, and some city ones, too, who haunt the corridors of hotels where there are typewriters, get acquainted with them and marry them. And I haven't heard of a case yet that resulted unhappily.

"I know a woman who has machines in all of the leading hotels of the city, and in some of them she has two and three. She tells me that she is constantly on the alert for good-looking girls to manipulate the machines, for the reason that they marry before they are long at work, and they marry well. She says she likes to help these girls into homes. Out of 11 typewriters whom she has employed in the past 12 months eight have married, and each one has done well. Not long ago I was in the corridor of a prominent hotel. I saw the machine, and upon examining it I found a card tied to it, on which was written:

TYPEWRITER MARRIED AND HAPPY.

NEXT!

"The average woman typewriter seems to be a pretty level-headed sort of creature, and that is why she marries well. If I was going to start a matrimonial bureau for women I should have no one who was not a typewriter."

Should Call Them Found Children.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

The police gathered in 206 lost children in Chicago last Sunday.

Boston Weekly Globe.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

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Agents ought to take advantage of this offer, and receive as many ten-cent subscribers as they can. There is no better way to secure a yearly subscriber, and to make him a subscriber, year after year, than to allow him to test the merits of THE WEEKLY GLOBE by receiving several successive issues. It will pay agents to form large clubs on this offer, in order to secure their renewals in the Fall. The majority will renew. THE GLOBE pays the largest commission to agents. Send for agents' rates.

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"He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."—[Emerson.

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS.

In the New York World of Monday last appears an exhaustive statement by WILLIAM SHAW BOWEN on the history, methods of operation, and resources of the farm mortgage concerns. Curiously enough the people of New Hampshire, who are conspicuous for selling out and deserting their own farms, are equally conspicuous as investors in Western farm mortgages. This is not because individuals have so invested under the seduction of high rates, but is due to the action of savings bank directors, who are not content with the lower interest paid on national and State bonds. Of $792,295 in deposits held by the 69 savings banks of that State, only $265,500 are invested in United States and State bonds.

If Mr. BOWEN'S statements are correct a very considerable proportion of the securities upon which the Granite State savings banks are investing the hard-earned dollars of their depositors are not such as would be sanctioned by the Massachusetts law. Not only this, but the questions sent to these farm mortgage investment concerns by the New Hampshire bank commissioners touching their stability and character, as shown by their own report, have in many cases been either evaded or not answered at all.

When it is remembered that many millions are invested in these farm mortgage companies in New England, and that according to their own returns, a large proportion of the securities of these concerns are only covered by second mortgages, Mr. BOWEN'S array of facts become very serious; especially his showing of the large amounts of overdue interest and principal in many companies. And all these millions are being devoted to Western farm investments, while New England farms are being neglected and deserted.

We have no desire to discredit these companies. But when, out of 98 appealed to by the New Hampshire bank commissioners to furnish information as to their character and standing, only 56 responded, it is their fault if their own side of the case does not get a fair hearing. This whole matter is one of great seriousness and importance to the future of New England, which consideration alone prompts us to refer to it at all.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY READER.

If you read the announcement in the first column, and are not already a subscriber, you can send 10 cents and receive THE WEEKLY GLOBE regularly and free from postage for two months.

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An investment of only 10 cents will do all this.

Send 10 cents, and try THE WEEKLY GLOBE two months, and you will not part with it for any money.

THE VETERANS' DAY.

Memorial day is in some sense the very best of our great national anniversaries. The Fourth of July, the Twenty-second of February appeal to the sentiment of patriotism and inspire love of country, but Memorial day does all that and more; it appeals to the heart; it calls up tender memories of the dead who died in a great cause; it makes better and purer the heart of the man or woman who observes its solemn rites. And yet the observance must be in a right spirit, or the good becomes perverted into evil. To strew the graves of the soldiers with flowers, as will be done tomorrow, and to remember these heroes with sorrow for their fate, as victims of a struggle for human liberty, that is good; but if this is permitted to arouse again passions and hatreds that ought to perish, then it cannot be regarded as a good thing either morally or politically. Happily, the day is now seldom or never used as an occasion for reopening old wounds, and is all but universally regarded as a day for forgetting and forgiving injuries, while remembering self-sacrifice. The veterans at Vicksburg the other day, where the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South met fraternally, set the right example. The war is ended; let all its enmities be ended too.

"UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS."

Nature's Spring Flower Show is over in this latitude and today, June 1, marks her grand Summer Opening.

Yet, however she may surpass it in splendor, we know she cannot, for a twelvemonth at least, duplicate her recent performance. And the man, woman or child who, through neglect or necessity, has missed it, is to be pitied.

Thanks to the florists and to fashion we have numerous branch exhibitions—side-shows, so to speak—here in the city, where even the poorest may get a gratuitous peep.

But while these are good as far as they go, they can't compare with the great country show.

And, of all the phases of this grand outdoor exhibit, what one is fairer than the fruit trees in flower?

Even the born Yankee, to whom economy is second nature, and utility the sole *raison d'etre*, might find it in his heart to forgive himself for gloating over the mere beauty of his orchards in May—since no happier union of the beautiful and the useful *in prospectu* could be found upon the planet.

Apple or cherry or plum, peach or quince or pear—each has its own individual and word-defying charm.

Yet all must yield to the apple!

True, he who has shaken the dew from a plum thicket at "sun-up" on a Western prairie, and been not only drenched but made well nigh drunken with the sweet shower dashed down from its clustered cups, while the blackbirds, mad with melody, all but broke their hearts for joy of their own singing—he, it must be owned, may be forgiven if he hesitate to "give in" to this dictum.

But though the plum tree with its transparent cups brimming with spicy perfume, the peach with its pinky blooms and bittersweet breath, the cherry with its dreamlike flowers and subtle-sweet scent, the quince with its tender-tinted bowls bearing the odors of the East, are each and all lovely, the dear old apple is loveliest still.

A Japanese might, mayhap, and legitimately, make issue upon the cherry tree, which flowers so profusely in Japanese art, permeates Japanese literature and scents all its love songs.

But though the cherry blossom of the Mikado's dominions is larger and far more beautiful than our home product, and though the latter is no mean rival, we must abide by our belief that the apple blossom is, and should be, first in the New England heart.

Of all our fruit trees, none is so patrician as the pear. Yet, with all its symmetry of shape—leaf and fruit and tree following the same graceful outlines—with all its soft lustre of leaf and fair perfection of form, somehow it never seems to touch our hearts.

We admire it—as we would admire some beautiful princess in her robes of state—but we love the apple tree, homely and untidy, not to say scraggy, though it ofttimes is.

While our favorite is far from being plebeian, there is an air of quiet domesticity about it that is lacking in its more soaring sisters.

Doubtless the original habitat of all our fruit trees was in the East, and it is probable that their forbears first flowered in Paradise. But, however that may be, it were rank heresy to doubt that the apple came from Eden.

And in spite, or, possibly, because of Eve's unfortunate experience, both fruit and flower have ever since maintained—as they must continue to maintain—a lasting hold upon humanity.

Everybody should have an apple tree in sight, if only as a reminder. And who that has lain in the lush grass, under a May sky, while bending boughs drifted their rosy snows above him, and a blue bird sang from her covert mid the green, but has inclined to the opinion that some portion of Paradise—a little private corner, a more or less undivided fraction—has been recreated for his or her especial benefit?

Nor should it seem any the less paradisiac now that no flower petal is left to fall. The fruit has "set," and in lieu of the vanished loveliness we may feed our souls with marvelling over the ever-present miracle of evolution as we watch the baby apples lying in their leafy cradle, rocked by the breezes and tended, with alternate smiles and tears, by loving Mother Nature.

And while admitting that the curculio may have something to say on his side of the question, we can, with the best grace in the world, join the farmer in his prayers for not only a "good crop," but a "crop that pays."

MARY NORTON BRADFORD.

WHAT THE COMMUNISTIC IDEA MEANS.

The forms of communism, of which I spoke in a former article, exhibit three essential features. They originate in a public opinion or judgment, formally expressed; they are sustained and perpetuated by physical force, and the results are enjoyed upon the basis of equality of the right of enjoyment. Whatever of success has been attained by States and by subordinate political organizations has been due to the quality or facts of force, inasmuch as there are many persons who would not contribute voluntarily to the support of schools, roads, bridges and police.

Every member of a business corporation assumes an obligation which the State may enforce. Outside of the organizations which are located by authority, and which are perpetuated by force, there are many varieties which are voluntary in their origin and in which there is no enforced membership. Indeed, the opposite is more often true, as the excluded far exceed in numbers those who are included. Of these trusts and labor organizations are especially worthy of notice. Trusts are organized to control the products of labor, and labor organizations seek to control the prices of labor. In the nature of things these classes of organizations are opposed to each other. It is the object of the trusts to stifle competition in the sale of the products of labor and to concentrate the demand for labor in a particular branch of industry in a single organization. It is the object of labor organizations to place the control of the price of labor in a few hands and to fix the price by an arbitrary rule.

Of trusts it may be predicted that they are to have a brief career only. Aside from rights created by the patent and copyright laws and those for brief periods of time only, there can be no monopoly in any branch of business, and so great are the accumulations of wealth and so active is the spirit of enterprise that any unreasonable advance in the price of a product will be followed by additional investments, by competition and possibly by ruin to the original combination. Moreover, a trust is organized upon the understanding that the least prosperous member is to share equally in the end with the most diligent and capable. Against such inequality and injustice the diligent and capable members of the trust will protest in brief periods of time.

Therefore trusts are already foredoomed, even if the law and the courts should not effect their destruction. While it is difficult to offer any good reason for the existence of trusts, there is not, on the other hand, any adequate reason for the apprehensions that are entertained so generally.

Labor leagues and unions must find their justification in the fact that the individual laborer is too weak to assert and secure his own rights as a wage earner. There is a wide difference between capital and labor in one very important particular. Capital, whether in money, lands or goods, will have a value tomorrow, even though it lie idle today, but the capacity for labor, if not used at the moment, involves a loss of so much time and the possible earnings thereof.

Labor organizations insure each other and the individual members of each against starvation and distress whenever in the opinion of those who guide the affairs of particular associations or special classes of workmen, it is expedient to reject the terms offered by employers. These combinations tend to keep the price at the highest point which the employers can afford to pay, and they tend also to advance the cost of the articles which the laborers and the families of laborers are compelled to consume.

There is inherent in labor organizations an element of weakness similar in kind to that which exists in trusts. In these organizations the most skilful workmen become guarantors for the subsistence of the least skilful. It may be assumed that it is impossible under any circumstances to fix a uniform rate of wages for all of a particular trade above the rate which the best workers in that trade could command if there were no guilds, unions nor leagues. Again, in seasons of depression, when there is an excess of laborers, only the most competent can find employment, and these must contribute of their earnings for the support of those who may be living in enforced idleness.

It is, therefore, doubtful whether these societies, as now organized, could survive such periods of depression as the country xperienced previous to the year 1860. In one respect the labor organizations possess a signal advantage over trusts. In trusts the net earnings or profits are divided upon a rule which does not rest upon the fact that particular members have or have not contributed to the profits; while in the labor organizations each man receives his own earnings, subject to the condition that he is to contribute to the funds of the society.

It is clearly within the province of laborers to organize for the mutual protection of their interests, including the right to fix the rate of wages for the members of the respective organizations; and good faith on the part of members requires the observance of the rules and rates as long as they continued in the organizations. It is also equally clear that labor organizations have no right to interfere between employers and laborers who are not connected with labor organizations. The exercise of such a power is a form of tyranny to which no citizen or subject would willingly submit at the hand of any government.

Again, it is the right of every person to select the kind of employment that he will pursue, and especially is this the right of young men and women who are about to enter upon the active business of life. Hence every vocation and trade should be alike and always open to all. If guilds and professions exist examinations may be made and rules may be established, but, subject to such examinations and rules, the guilds and professions should be accessible to every one.

It may be affirmed of every successful application of the communistic idea that the main element of success is to be found in the concentration of the exercise of power in the hands of a few persons. The most notable instances of such success are to be found in some of the religious orders of the Catholic church. On the other hand, all the organizations which have acted upon the notion that each member might work as he pleased and share in the general good have proved failures.

It is not possible to assign limits to the practical development of the communistic idea, but it is safe to assert that men generally will not labor continuously and faithfully unless they are animated by the hope of personal and individual benefit. The alternative is absolute despotism, and an analysis of BELLAMY'S scheme shows that the exercise of unlimited despotic power, in some unseen hand, is the basis on which it rests.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

PUPIL VS. TEACHER.

How is the antagonism of the pupil towards the teacher to be explained? The average scholar looks upon his instructor as his natural enemy. Is this feeling the growth of time, or was it innate with the first boy who ever sat at the feet of a master? What are the causes of this sentiment today? These are the questions that vex every teacher of inquisitive mind.

To the first question the answer is, perhaps, "yes" to both counts. School, study, teaching, imply restraint, whatever the form they may take, and restraint is, ever has been, and ever will be, antagonistic to the youthful human being. Then, with equal naturalness, the antagonism is transferred, not to the parents who send the child to school, nor to the State that insists upon attendance, but to the tyrant who imparts the knowledge for which so much freedom and enjoyment are sacrificed. The first little naked pagan who ever took a lesson probably called his teacher the equivalent of "mean old thing."

If the teacher stands "in loco parentis," why is he not regarded as a parent by the scholar? Simply because he has not the opportunities of the parent; because he is "in loco" parentis—a substitute—and not the parent. The child has been under the care and authority of his father and mother from his earliest moments. He does not know what it is to be without them. The authority of the teacher comes at a later date, and the older he grows the more he realizes that the restraints are not those imposed by nature; until he grows old enough to welcome a master of intellect, instead of fighting against the arbiter of his time and inclinations.

Then the parents themselves are not always discreet in their attitude towards the teacher. They send the child to school, and not infrequently expect the teacher to do in five hours, what they cannot accomplish in the remaining 19. Besides imparting knowledge, he is expected to lay the foundations for all good habits, to break up bad predilections, and to inculcate precepts of good manners and morality that often have no support, and sometimes even meet direct opposition at home. "Doesn't your teacher tell you not to slam the door?" complains a mother; and just before paterfamilias has gone out, making the rafters ring.

Sometimes parents, not correctly informing themselves of facts, interfere in cases of discipline. As a general thing the teacher is the best judge of what is good for a child in the schoolroom, and the interference of the parent has a tendency to shake the master's influence with the pupil.

Parents do not often tell their children of tricks that they used to play on their fathers and mothers in their young days. It would be too dangerous. If they would be a little more particular in their reminiscences of their school days, the lives of some teachers would be made more easy. Youth is only too prone to imitate.

It is a curious fact, but one as true as curious, that, outside of the lowest classes, the better the social standing of the scholar, the lower his ideas of schoolroom ethics seem to be. A teacher of long experience once said that boys from the "best" homes of a city not far from Boston seemed to have no respect for age or sex. They were positively brutal in their attitude towards their teachers. In cases like that it is indeed difficult to tell where the root of the trouble lies.

"Did you ever see your father do that?" queried a teacher, apropos of some misdemeanor.

"Of course not," indignantly.

"Do you ever do it at home?"

"No, indeed."

"Then why do you do it here?"

"Oh, it's different!" And no more logical argument could be obtained.

The strength of numbers has some influence on this feeling of antagonism. The boy or girl who will talk with you politely and intelligently out of school hours, will show a spirit in the class that suggests the nursery and bed as the most suitable correctives.

It is possible that the manner of the teacher, that indefinable, magisterial air, may have something to do with the matter. But it is difficult to treat as an equal the boy or girl whose every effort seems to be to go just as far in every kind of misdemeanor as the teacher will permit; and to regard as ladies and gentlemen scholars who are ready to break every rule of the school as soon as the eye of authority is turned away, and who do not wait for that time to break the simplest rules of courtesy.

The case has been put strongly, but the teacher whose experience has not included instances like the above is exceptional.

The trouble may be much lessened by hearty co-operation of parent and master, and to the home the teacher looks for active help in smoothing the inequalities between floor and platform.

MABEL S. CLARKE.

A COMMON ENEMY.

[Somerville Journal.]

I.
We know him well,
We hate him all,
We brand him as our common foe.
No tongue can tell,
His awful gall,
The man who says, "I told you so!"

II.
When things go wrong,
And troubles come,
He comes to help us bear the blow.
His face grows long,
And sad and glum—
"You know," says he, "I told you so!"

III.
We know he lies,
But that's not why
His sympathy augments our woe;
Though sad his eyes,
They're alway's dry
When he declares: "I told you so!"

IV.
We know him well,
Confound his gall!
We brand him as our common foe.
To dungeon cell
We'd doom him all,
The man who says: "I told you so!"

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

REDFERN CROQUET COSTUMES.

The material of the first is a pale rose-colored albatross, whose narrow, plaited front is framed in bands of dark green cloth, braided with silver. The yoke and cuffs are decorated in the same way, while the fulness of the shirred bodice is confined by a wide, pointed girdle, with a triangle of silver braiding on its front.

Albatross Croquet Costume.

The large leghorn hat is trimmed with a wreath of wild dogroses and wide bows of dark green surah ribbon, the effect being very pleasing and picturesque.

Another Croquet Costume.

This is made of white Isle of Wight serge or of veiling, with a plaited side panel of pale blue crepe de chene, finished by a fall of deep blue and white fringe. The yoke and wide cuffs are of the white wool material, while the rest of the bodice and the sleeves are blue.

A becoming little hat of the "Olivia" shape is provided for wear with this gown. It has a brim of white fancy straw and full soft crown of blue crepe de chene, surmounted by a spray of summer flowers on the right side.

DIVIDED SKIRTS.

A Drummer Tried to Sell Them, and Was Sold.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. Freeman, commercial traveller from New York: In my line of samples I carry some of the new-fangled divided skirts. Of course there is no curiosity about these among city folk. But it is quite amusing to try them on the country towns. Not long ago I made a stop in a sprightly little city on the Illinois Central. I got my samples arranged and went out to solicit an inspection.

At the close of my first day's work I was waited upon by several merchants who asked me if I had any objection to their wives coming over to inspect the new-fangled skirts. Of course I had not. It was right into my hand. The ladies came and stopped in the parlor. I gave them one of the samples and they closed and locked the door. But their troubles had just commenced, and after repeated endeavors to grapple with the combination according to my instructions, one lady became so hopelessly involved that I had to send posthaste for a modiste to extricate her.

But I didn't sell any divided skirts that time. The next day was Saturday. I went to one of the merchants—the one whose wife had got mixed up in the affair the night before—and told him if his wife would accept the skirts and wear them the next day I would make her a present of them. I was afraid that she would tell her experience with them and spoil my future efforts. She was agreeable, and out to her home the skirts went with my compliments. I went around town quietly and gave it away that Mrs. — would wear the new divided skirts to church on the morrow.

Wait till I tell you.

The next day that church was jammed to the sidewalk. The poor preacher couldn't imagine what was up. He thought it was a surprise party. He happened to be a new man in town, and I suppose he thought everybody had turned out to hear him on that account.

But the joke was on the people and me. Mrs. — did not appear. I was waiting on the outside of the church for her and her husband to come. Her husband came. He said she had got the blamed things mixed again and couldn't get down in time. Said she was sorry but that she would practice on them during the week.

Well, I had to pay the bill, of course. But I didn't mind that, for I had a carload of fun out of the whole affair.

New Poston Music.

From White, Smith Publishing Company—Piano, "Angel of Love," Emil Waldteufel; "Polka," Spindler; "Charm of Spring," Reynald; "Jean et Jeannette Gavotte," Gustav Lange; "Fantasie Impromptu," Chopin; "Masquerade Ball," Carl Bohm. Vocal—"God bless the friends we love," Charles Blamphin; "Evening Song," Ambrose Davenport; "Children's Sunday," C. C. Stearns.

From Oliver Ditson Company: Vocal—"Apart," Beardsley Vande Water; "Heart to Heart," Courtney Throp; "When the Lights are Low," Gerald M. Lane; "Sea Bells," J. L. Malloy; "Venetian Barcarolle," Miss Eleanor W. Everest. Piano—"Chink of Gold Galop," T. H. Rollinson; "Edelweiss," F. E. Vanderbeck; "Danse Ecossais," Fred T. Baker. Mandolin—"Elfin Dance," Annie Moore.

A Pointer.

[New York Sun.]

"I find it a good plan to lay my poem aside for a month or so. When I have almost forgotten what I wrote I take them up, criticise them carefully, and rewrite the parts that seem weak."

"I know that is a good plan, but I never can keep from reading my poems all the time while I have them about me."

"Well, why don't you send them away to some magazine and then criticise and fix them up when you have them returned?"

Beefsteak Suasion for the Canary.

To the Editor of The Globe:

If the lady having the "depraved canary" will give her a small piece of tender beefsteak every day during her breeding season (and occasionally afterwards if she plucks her own feathers), she will have no further trouble with her picking feathers from her young, as it is the blood she craves, and if her appetite is not satisfied she will eventually kill her chicks. She should also have hard boiled egg minced with cracker dust every day. W.

An Old Hoax, Old Stamps Are Only Worth Their Weight.

To the Editor of The Globe:

It is said that a person collecting 1,000,000 old United States postage stamps can send them to the government office at Washington and receive a premium of $100. I know of several elderly ladies who are getting such a collection for the purpose of gaining admittance to some institution offering them a home on the payment of $100. For this purpose I would ask if government has ever paid anything for such a collection, and if so, to what use the cancelled stamps are afterward put. C. B. S.

What They Get in Denver.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Upon making inquiries in Denver, Col., on behalf of "Massachusetts Girl" I find that house girls receive from $3 to $6 per week; girls who can cook, $30 to $50 per month; clerks and typewriters are not in so good a demand. Would suggest that "Massachusetts Girl" should learn cooking, then she can secure a good position on leaving home. B.

"Who Done It?"

To the Editor of The Globe:

The "Odd Items from Everywhere," in THE GLOBE of Wednesday, May 21, contains the statement that "the people of the United States during 1889 smoked 3,955,955,773,722 cigars." As the population of our country is, in round figures, 60,000,000 this is an allowance of 65,932 cigars each for every man, woman and child. Now, I am an inveterate smoker myself, but as I only "got away" with 65,000 cigars during the year 1889, I rise to inquire what man, woman or child collared my extra 932 weeds? Anxiously yours. C. L.

Lives from Husband.

DEAR SIR—Left my husband nine months ago. Can I get separate maintenance? He earns $13.50 per week.

If you are living away from him for good cause you can claim separate maintenance.

Calendar Months are Meant.

I am working for a man since March 6; my time expires June 6. I am paid $20 a month. Is he supposed to pay me for 13 weeks, or the three months? CONSTANT READER.

Would Run a Risk.

I have been unsuccessful in business; am somewhat in debt. I have no property left but a gold watch and chain and a diamond stud and ring. Can I give a bill of sale of the property to a person that I am owing, and with their consent carry the property without being troubled by any one else I owe. J. K.

I do not know what the laws of Vermont are on this subject, but should say, on general principles, that you would run considerale risk in so doing.

Coleridge Wrote It.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In reply to the question, "Who wrote 'em," I would state that the lines are from an unpublished poem by Coleridge, the English author, of which I have a copy. The lines should be:

To meet, to know, to love, and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.

D. H. G.

AN AFFABLE JUDGE.

He Gives a Bunco Steerer an Important Piece of Information.

[New York Star.]

Chief Justice Beasley of New Jersey, who prides himself on the novel character of his dress and appearance, while on a visit to this city the other day was, during the later hours of the afternoon, standing on the steps of an uptown hotel, when he was accosted by a perfect stranger, whom he at once sized up as a confidence operator.

"It has been a long time since we met," said the newcomer, in an affable manner.

"Yes," said the chief justice, musingly, "quite a long time."

"Are you enjoying yourself as usual?" asked the man, evidently feeling for an opportunity to run in his little game.

"Yes, as usual," answered the chief justice, with a sunny smile.

"Still in the same old business, eh?"

"Yes, still in the same old business."

"What business is it? It's been so long since I've seen you that I declare I've quite forgotten."

The chief justice's eyes sparkled merrily as he replied, with an assumption of innocence which would have done credit to a first-class actor:

"Sending rogues to jail."

The confidence man stared at him and then suddenly shot down the street, while the chief justice looked after him with all the innocence and benevolence of a Jersey farmer totally ignorant of city wiles and delusions.

THE FIGURE CRANK.

He Tells Some Funny Things About the Number 7.

[New York World.]

"Did you ever consider how prominent a part the figure 7 plays in the history of the world? I dare say you have not." The speaker was a well-known insurance man, who is known as a "crank on figures," and he was addressing a World reporter. "It is remarkable," he continued, "and if you will jot down what I tell you about the numeral I dare say you will find it very interesting. In the first place, when God made the world He rested on the seventh day. The are 7 days in the week; there are 7 letters in the name of Jehovah. We all know of the 7 fat and 7 lean kine; the 7 years of plenty and the 7 years of famine; the 7 fruitful ears of corn and the 7 barren ears. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, was cheated with Leah, and waited 7 years more for his reward. Laban, his father-in-law, followed Jacob for 7 days, and when Jacob died Joseph lamented 7 days. At the siege of Jericho 7 priests with 7 trumpets went around the city, and at the seventh blast the walls fell. Seven times 10 Hebrew scholars translated the Old Testament into Greek for the Alexandrian library. When Peter asked: "Lord how many times must I forgive my brother: is it enough 7 times?" Jesus replied: 'I say unto you not 7 but 70 times 7.'

"'A just man falls 7 times and riseth up again, says the proverb. There are 7 attributes of the Almighty, 7 gifts of the Holy Ghost, 7 psalms of penance, 7 supplications in the Lord's prayer; the Catholic church has 7 sacraments; there were 7 wounds on Christ on the cross. In Revelations there are 7 angels, with 7 chalices filled with divine wrath; also 7 lamps with 7 flames and 7 horns. Rome is built on 7 hills as are also Constantinople, Nuremburg, Hamburg, and Lisbon. We all know of the '7 sleepers,' the 7 youthful Christian martyrs, who escaped to a cave near Ephesus, fell asleep and slumbered for two centuries.

"There are 7 wonders of the world, 7 wise men of Greece; Mohammed had 7 heavens in his paradise; during the 7 years' war under Frederick II. history mentions 7 very important battles; the war in Spain between the Carlists and Christinos lasted 7 years, the Franco-Prussian war lasted 7 months and the 7th Regiment was the first to distinguish itself, and here in New York the 7th Regiment is the crack militia body. Ancient Thebes, also Athens, Bagdad and Morocco each had 7 gates; 7 cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace; there were 7 steps to the tomb of Darius the Persian king, and 7 steps to the throne of Solomon.

"The human head has 7 openings, the River Nile 7 mouths, there are 7 Canary islands, 7 Ionian islands, 7 colors in the rainbow, 7 tones to a musical scale, 7 precious metals, 7 stars in the constellation of Pleiades; there are 7 cardinal virtues, the entrance to the celebrated dome at Cologne has 7 pillars set up on 7 pedestals, surmounted by 7 statues.

"You don't get a point at whist until you have 7 tricks. John L. Sullivan won the pugilistic championship from Paddy Ryan on the 7th day of February, and left New Orleans for his fight with Kilram on the 7th of July, and 7-11-77 was the death signal of the Montana Vigilants. That is all I can think of at present, but I think it will show that 7 is the most prominent of all the numerals."

Disappointing.

[New York Weekly.]

Little Nell—Mamma, where are we goin' this summer?

Mamma—We are going to a very pretty resort in Rhode Island.

Little Nell—Rhode Island? Oh, dear! I wanted to go somewhere where there'd be room to run.

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GOSSIP ABOUT GARTERS.

What the Chicago Girls Wear, According to a Club Man.

[Chicago Mail.]

'The order of the garter is something I'm not informed about. But garters in general are right on my list, you see. I sell 'em, and know what's what. The lady I spoke of gives me the society tips, and I'm always right in line on the latest fad. Am I not right?"

"Certainly; but what about them?"

"Well, simply this. Garters are of varied and various kinds. Of course I refer to the sorts in use by the gentler sex. We men all wear one kind or none. We can go without, but we can't vary the general form of our stocking supporters for anatomical reasons, and because our stockings are too short. But the ladies aren't handicapped that way, and they go into the realms of art, fancy and superstition for garter designs.

"Did you know that superstition has a great influence on the garter of the society girl of the period?"

"No; in what way?"

"Well, it has and the idea is a growing one. Every society girl nowadays who is entirely an fait wears garters of elegant design, with oxidized silver or jewelled buckles. They are made on the general old style of the round garter, but are not worn for any purpose of utility. The modern advance of hygienic measures in feminine dress has decreed that round garters are not only unhealthy but deleterious to the best interests of the feminine figure. So the society girl now supports her opera hose by suspenders, the suspenders are hung from a band around the waist.

"But the fancy round garters are worn just the same. They aren't worn for use, they're too loose for that; and I really don't know why the dear girls do stick to them. They can't exhibit their beauties save to fancy friends, or in case of accident. All girls wear them, though and some of the buckles are real works of art of silver or gold in odd design and set in diamonds, emeralds or pearls. The band is always of the finest silk elastic web, and they are clasped around the silken hose just above the knee.

"But about the superstition in garters. Many of the prettiest and swellest girls in the city now wear garters of motley hue, as a sort of peace offering to a pet superstition. I don't know what it is, whether they do it to woo general good luck or to encompass an early and desirable marriage. But they do do it, though.

'The superstitious maiden wears one yellow garter always. It may be worn with a mate of any other color in the chromatic range, but it must be worn upon the left le—limb always, and must never be taken off, even during the bath. These yellow 'luck' garters are gotten up in indestructible and impervious-to-moisture elastics, for, according to the superstition, they must be worn steadily for a year. They are, of course, loosely adjusted. No girl is going to spoil her figure for luck or anything else."

THE NUMBER THREE.

Reasons Which Make It Regarded with No Little Superstition.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

There is much superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus an article may be twice lost and recovered, but the third time that it is lost it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety, but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity; thus we might mention the trident of Neptune, three-forked lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions.

In mythology also we find three Fates, three Furies and three Graces; and coming nearer to our own times Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with "Three Cups," "Three Jolly Sailors" "Three Bells," "Three Feathers"—in fact, that number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown; and if we look back to the days of our childhood most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham, who took a sea voyage in a bowl not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken thrice daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three; but although they may have no words to express higher numbers perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

At Yale.

[Life.]

Smithers (who has been selected to row on the University eight)—I am sorry, captain, but I don't think I will row this year, I am going to study, and study hard.

Captain of the crew—Indeed! Well, I want you to stop this —— fooling and get into that boat?

Smithers gets.

Altogether Unsuited to the Place.

[Harper's Young People.]

Mamma had found it necessary to discipline Georgie for being naughty, one day, and the usually forgiving nature of the child was held in check until his father came home, when the little boy ran to him and said:

"Papa, I want you to do sumpfin for me; I want you to discharge mamma."

Another Victory for Lovely Woman.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Miss Jones—Prof. Griddle, do you dare to look me in the face and then say that I originally sprang from a monkey?

Prof. Griddle (a little taken aback, but equal to the occasion)—Well, really, it must have been a very charming monkey.

Recipe for a Cynosure.

[Epoch.]

A valuable suggestion—Rev. Longnecker—Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.

Little Tommy—Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.

More Truth Than Poetry Here.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Fair woman doesn't hate the men, oh no;
That scarcely chimes in with her plan.
But had she her way there wouldn't be
In all the world a single man.

Coolness on Both Sides.

[Transcript.]

Aunt Kate—What has become of that Mr. Sooter? Is it all up between him and you, Hettie?

Hettie—Well, aunt, I'll own that at one time I did think him kind o' nice; but one really can't respect a man after one has caught him searching the family register in the big Bible.

Had Tried Everything at Least Once.

[Boston Times.]

Miss Devont (at Sunday dinner)—Have you been to church, Mr. Hardened?

Mr. Hardened—Why, yes, indeed!

"Where was the text?"

"Well, I'm afraid I've forgotten, but probably you may remember; it was the time Lincoln was shot."

Should Have Spoken Earlier.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Tramp—Madam, I'm weary and discouraged; can I go out in the barn and die?

Lady of the house—Poor man! I'm sorry for you. But you'll have to come some other time. We're going to have a dance out there to-night.

One Resource.

[Petit Journal Pour Rire.]

Old Richfellow (desperately)—If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do?

Sweet girl—Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him and then went out and hung himself.

No Sugar Needed.

[Drake's Magazine.]

Little Johnnie—You ought to have seen Mr. Merritt and sister make lemonade.

Mrs. Brown—How did they do it?

Little Johnnie—Cora held the lemon while Mr. Merritt squeezed Cora.

Nine People Out of Ten Don't.

[Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

In a Pittsburg shoe store a show card bears this inscription: "Bring your feet with you and have them fitted to a pair of our shoes." We would prefer to have shoes fitted to our feet.

The Man Was Valuable.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Judge—I shall fine you $50 for pounding this man.

Prisoner—Yes; but isn't $50 a pound rather a heavy duty?

A Genuine Test.

[Somerville Journal.]

He (passionately)—I would do anything, my darling, to make you happier.

She—Then never speak to me of love again.

Only One, But How He Uses It.

[Atchison Globe.]

Man is generous when it comes to dividing the alphabet: he gives his neighbor 25 letters, and keeps one, the letter I, for himself.

Besides Having Lots of Fun.

[Washington Post.]

From store to store she hastens,
And she laughs a blithesome laugh,
And perhaps she'll save $2,
Or $2½.

Why, Samuel!

[Rev. Sam Jones.]

Dancing girls look like tadpoles, and fashionable girls look no more like God's women than a Chinaman looks like a salt mine.

Especially if He is Talking to His Wife.

[Terre Haute Express.]

To deny being a great flirt takes more courage than the average married man possesses, be he ever so innocent.

Especially in Point of Salary.

[Whiteside Herald.]

Talk about word painting! Where do you find the poet or novelist who can compare with the sign writer?

Don't Waste Time Worrying.

[Atchison Globe.]

How can a man enjoy himself in heaven, since he will have nothing to look forward to?

Like the Color of This Joke.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Sixty per cent. off—the ballet girl's costume.

Like the Owner's Experience.

[Transcript.]

A heart that has been often tendered is tough.

Don't Talk About It Afterward, Either.

[Adam.]

Don't talk of what you are going to do. Do it.

To Those Who Look On.

[Van Dorn's Magazine.]

Work is happiness.

Quick Time Around the World.

[Cincinnati Post.]

Next summer, when the new Canadian Pacific railway's steamships are on the Pacific, a passenger may go around the world by way of that line and the Suez canal in 53 days, if he makes reasonably close connections at Hong Kong and Quebec for New York. The time would be as follows:

London to Hong Kong, via Brindisi	28 days
Hong Kong to Vancouver, via Yokohama	15 days
Across the continent by special express train run in close connection with the steamships	4 days
Quebec or New York to London	6 days

But when, in the course of a few years, the new trans-Russian railroad is completed this will be the schedule time of a trip around the globe:

London to Yokohama	21 days
Yokohama to Vladivostock	3 days
Vladivostock to St. Petersburg	11 days
St. Petersburg to London	3 days
Total	38 days

To Remove Spots from Books.

Grease spots, if old, may be removed from books by applying a solution of varying strength of caustic potash upon the back of the leaf, says the American Bookmaker. The printing which looks somewhat faded after the removal of the spot, may be freshened by the application of a mixture of one part of muriatic acid and 25 parts of water. In a case of fresh grease spots, carbonate of potash (one part to 30 parts of water), chloroform, ether or benzine renders good service. Wax disappears if, after saturating with benzine or turpentine, it is covered with folded blotting paper and a hot flat iron put upon it. Paraffine is removed by boiling water or hot spirits. Ink spots or rust yield to oxalic acid in combination with hot water; chloride o gold or silver spots to a weak solution of corrosive sublimate or cyanide of potassium. Sealing-wax is dissolved by hot spirits and then rubbed off with cossaepiae.

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CAMPAIGN TROTTERS.

Horses that Improve with Age and Hard Work.

Notable Trotters that Have a Great Past and Promising Future.

ood Size and Gilt Edge Breeding are the Necessary Things.

What is the right size for a campaigner? The question is one that gives great scope for diversity of opinion.

There have been race horses of all sizes, and there seems no golden rule to follow.

Among the great trotters whose names have become almost household words are a number that by wonderful endurance and speed have won the distinction of being the great campaigners. In this list are 91 that have made 50 heats or more inside the 2.30 line. Dividing them into eight classes it is found that they are arranged as follows: Under 15 hands, 2; 15 hands, 3; 15¼ hands, 3; 15½ hands, 38; 15¾ hands, 21; 16 hands, 9; 16¼ hands, 1; 16½ hands, 2.

The lesson in this seems plain enough. The trotters that have measured 15.2 and 15.3 hands have had all the best of the fast work. There are 78 of the total 91 whose height is given, and of the lot 58 are of the medium height. It would thus seem as if the trotters that stood half way between the 15 and 16 hand limits were the best to bring down the line for every day work.

At the head of the list is the great mare, Goldsmith Maid. She was one of the small ones, standing 15.1. She was the greatest trotter that ever wore a harness, considering the circumstances under which she made her performances. She obtained a record of 2.14, and during her career trotted 332 heats in 2.30 or better. Next is the horse of unknown pedigree on the side of his sire—Harus. He got a record of 2.13¾, and trotted 185 heats in better than 2.30. He was a big fellow, standing 16 hands. Driver, the great son of Volunteer, has as his fastest mark 2.13½, but he trotted 167 heats inside of the standard limit. Harry Wilkes has, up to the present date, a score of 160 heats in 2.30, and his record is only half a second behind that of Harus. Though 18 years old, he can still

Trot in the Best of Company

and he earned his keep in the grand line last season. Deck Wright, who is described by Wallace as having no known cross to any great trotting family, got a record of 2.19¾ and trotted 151 heats in 2.30. Of these Driver was 15.2 hands, Harry Wilkes was a half hand smaller and Deck Wright was the same height. Of the other horses that are credited with over 100 heats in 2.30, there are the following with their height: Jewett, 15.2; American Girl, 16; Hopeful, 15.2; Phyllis, 16.1; Joe Davis, 15.3; Edwin Thorne, 16; Westmont, 15.2; Lady Thorn, 16.2; Judge Fullerton and Charley Ford each 15.3.

One of the notable small ones was the great Flora Temple. She only stood 14.3 and in spite of the fact that she belonged to no prominent family she acquired a record of 2.19¾, and trotted 99 heats in 2.30 or better, a wonderful record for such a pony, with the crude appliances in which she made her records.

Jewett, Westmont and Johnston are 16-hand horses and they have made wonderful records in their lives. To the latter a mile in 2.20 is but the lightest of work and before he is retired he will have a long list of heats in 2.30 to his credit. Another horse that will have a big list after his name is the trotter Gene Smith. He has at present 61 to his credit and his 12 years sit very lightly on him. He will be a faster horse than ever this season, and will pile up the heats in 2.30. Lady Thorn was the fastest big trotter of the lot, standing 16.2 and trotting 106 heats in 2.30. Phyllis was 16.1, and trotted in 2.15½, with a record of 130 heats in 2.30.

The heights of the horses are those given by a contributor to Wallace, and are not vouched for as absolutely correct, but approximately so. It would seem that the good-sized horse is the best to campaign, and though there are notable cases where the little ones showed wonderful endurance and speed, the fact remains in trotting, as in all kinds of sport, that the good big one is better than the good little one, all things else being even.

The table is an important one, as showing how the breeders are succeeding in getting horses that will stand the wear and tear of years. The trotter as the horse of commerce, is drifting further away every year from the runner in this particular. It is easily seen that a horse that retains his usefulness for 12 or 15 years is a more valuable one than that which

Crowds the Performances of His Life

into a few short seasons on the turf. Goldsmith Maid made the record of her life when she was 17 years old, and had not lost her speed three years later.

When retired from the track the trotter serves another purpose, and is taken as great care of when he is used on the road by the lovers of a fast horse. Arab, 2.15, is now 12 years of age, and in his track career has trotted 94 heats in 2.30 or better. He is this year in the hands of James Golden and, if he is all right, will be a hard horse to beat in any company. Take even the case of Little Brown Jug. He has the three fastest heats ever credited to any horse. He is now 15 years of age and, for the last seven years he has not been tracked. For the last year and a half he has been used on the road and driven for the most of the time by a lady. He can go out now and show a 2.20 clip with but little preparation, and can show three heats in good shape. Had he been kept to work he would have over 50 heats in 2.30 to his credit, and, at the age of 15, he is found sound in every limb and able to undergo a veterinary examination.

The horse that stands the wear and tear of trotting down the line of the Grand ring generally is well sized and is valuable when his career on the track is ended. In the case of the runner this is not so, and "V," a contributor to the Monthly, instances the case of Dewdrop, the 3-year-old mare that sold for $29,500, the highest price ever given for a running mare in America, and who was raced to death that same season. In contrast to this is mentioned the fact that Maud S. sold for $350 as a 2-year-old, for $21,000 at 4 years and $40,000 at 10 years.

Size and breeding sell the trotter.

ALLEN LOWE.

SURPRISED SOCIALISTS.

The Dress of Their Leader Cost a Small Fortune.

[Philadelphia Times.]

A short time ago in Leipsic two workingmen sat in a horse car opposite a lady whose beautiful dress excited their lively displeasure. After viewing her for some time from tip to toe, one of them vented his anger by turning to the lady with these words: "That dress certainly cost 200 marks."

"Three hundred marks," replied the lady proudly, without a change in her countenance, whereupon the workingman then said: "Things will be different when our turn comes. Now we the working people, must pay for everything."

The lady, not knowing what to answer, was silent, and having arrived at her destination she left the car. The conductor assisted her off the car, saying: "Adieu, Frau Liebknecht."

The occupants of the car were greatly surprised, for this was the socialist leader Liebknecht's wife.

A Big Tower in Chicago Proposed.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A number of well-known Chicagoans and Eastern capitalists are making arrangements to establish in this city (at a cost of $2,000,000) an attraction that will put the Eiffel tower in the shade. Although the scheme is to make it a feature of the world's fair it will not end with the big show. The attraction will be a permanent one and will draw people to Chicago after the exposition of 1893 shall have passed into history.

The men who are at the head of the enterprise have formed an application to Springfield for a license to organize a company to build a "Chicago Columbus Tower." Their plan is particularly novel in one respect—they do not seek aid from the world's fair people or anybody else. They will furnish the necessary cash themselves. One of the incorporators is M. E. Bailey, a contractor and builder of 25 years' standing.

The tower will be 1500 feet high with a diameter at the base of 480 feet, the skeleton to be constructed on the same plan as that of the London tower—of steel-framed lattice-work, on 16 hyperbolic curved legs, with horizontal and diagonal struts, braces, ties, etc. The strength of the steel should not be more than 12,500 pounds, or six and one-half tons on the square inch, with a maximum wind pressure of not less than 60 pounds per square foot.

The architecture will be different from that of the London tower, because its proportions will be brighter and its ornamental designs more elaborate.

The main entrance will be 80 feet wide, and the ornamentations of the portals will reach to nearly a height of 200 feet from the base.

The four main entrance pavilion porticos will lead through a large public lobby, 25 feet wide, to a large dome or cupola in the centre of the tower, 237 feet in diameter by about 230 feet high.

The dome will rest on 16 compound columns, arched over for three large galleries, the lobby and dome to be richly decorated and ornamented in oriental style. This dome may be utilized as a concert or music hall—the greatest in the world. It may also be made to serve for big State and national gatherings. It will have a floor space, including the open lobby and galleries, for more than 30,000 people.

There will be room in the immense structure for the largest hotel in the world. A hotel with 4000 rooms is contemplated; besides, inside and outside it is also proposed to offer a portion of the space to the Chicago Public Library, memorial organizations of the Grand Army and to other public institutions, either on liberal terms or gratis.

There are to be eight elevators for the first 100 feet, four to 200 feet, four to 400 feet and two to the top of the tower. The floors will be 33 feet apart.

GIRLS ON ALL FOURS.

They Would go Upstairs in that Way if Unseen.

The other day I accidentally ran across a member of the new school of physical culture for women, whom I take to be the same women who recently made a man rich by letting him prescribe hot water by the quart three times a day as the great catholicon and beautifier, says Chatter.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that there are ladies who will walk around and around their rooms on their hands and knees—"

"Hands and feet," she said, interrupting me; "on their four palms."

"There really are such persons?"

"I am one," said she.

"And are there ladies who lie on their backs and gesticulate with all their limbs, like an overturned beetle endeavoring to right himself?"

"Yes, yes," she said, "and it's most beneficial. You do not know how beneficial it is."

"Will you kindly tell me where your sense of humor is when you are engaged in these most peculiar performances?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "I think it must be wherever it belongs. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, picturing in silence to myself the utter impossibility of my locking my chamber door and transforming myself into a circus of such dimensions. Breaking the silence, I asked: "And do you go up and down stairs on all fours, as some do?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a sigh, "it is impossible for most persons to do that. One must be alone in a house to make it possible. It is a pity, for it would be very beneficial. As we can't do that we are ordered to take carriage rides over the roughest roads in town."

WORSE THAN HANK MONK.

A Senator's Wild Ride on a Western Fast Mail Train.

Said the Omaha Herald, a few days ago, Senator Stanford and party boarded their gilded palace coach in the far West, and by the grace of the Union Pacific officials the senator's coach was attached to the fast mail. Over hills and through valleys the fast mail rushed. Between stations a good rate of 65 miles an hour was kept up.

Never did a senatorial party get at such speed, outside the banquet halls at Washington. It was great sport for the trainmen, but it was death on the digestive apparatus of the Stanford party. One of the number, who had retired early, unaccustomed to the rapid travel, was pitched from his berth and violently dropped to the floor.

Mile after mile was covered, while the senator and his party held their breath. The palace coach rocked to and fro as it flew along the track, and each rock and toss of the gilded vehicle was accompanied by exclamations of alarm from the ladies, while the senator went off in secluded corner so say something not intended for refined ears. The speed of the train seemed to increase. Word was sent to the trainmen to slack up a little, but the reply came that Uncle Sam was mightier than one of Uncle Sam's senators. This was Uncle Sam's train and it must be run on Uncle Sam's time.

"Then put us off," was the word the senator sent back.

"Where shall we sidetrack you?" came the question in reply.

"Anywhere; right there; but for heaven's sake sidetrack our car!" When we want to go by telegraph we will let you know."

These were the final instructions of the great Californian, and so when the train rushed into Laramie the Stanford car was uncoupled, and sent upon the sidetrack, where the party waited for a train to come along which was operated on living time. It is not known what became of the senator's car, but it is a well-established fact that the fast mail will not be honored by him again.

'LECTION CAKE.

Yew kin talk about yer dainties—
Yer "May Rangs" an' "Charlotte Roose"—
Fer them fornin kind o' kickshaws
I ain't got no sort o' use;
Yew kin blow about yer French cooks—
The hul blin' couldn't bake
A "bong boosh" to hold a candle
To old-fashioned 'lection cake!

Tell ye what, thar's nuthin' like it!
Land o' Goshen! I'd give odds
That the nekter an' ambrosher
Uv them high old heathen gods—
When their jamborees an' high-jinks
All the welkin used to wake—
Wa'n't a circumstance, compared to
Currant wine an' 'lection cake!

I'm a Demycrat from Wayback;
But I drowned my politics
If the lucky Whigs they licked us
(An', oh, they wuz up to tricks!)
Oh my politics I drowned 'em
In the red wine's ruby lake,
An' the Guv'nor's health I drunk it
With my hunk o' 'lection cake!

Sakes alive! Yew talk o' Progress—
Say we're evolutin' fast—
But that's one pint what the Present's
Jist a notch behind the past;
To my notion, it's a mighty
Fallin' off, an' no mistake,
When folks try to 'lect a Guv'nor
Thout a loaf o' 'lection cake!

'Lection week an' Gen'ral Trainin'—
Them's the times that brought a grist
O' good feelin'! Folks born nowdays
Never'll know what fun they've missed.
An' good land! The play o' Hamlet
Without Hamlet ain't a shake,
To the notion of a 'lection
That leaves out the 'lection cake! M. N. B.

All a Matter of Adipose.

[T. Thomas Fortune in the Sun.]

I am convinced that a peaceable solution of the unnatural relations of the races of the South depends upon one of two contingencies: Either the white man must grow fatter and more good natured and tolerant, or the blacks must continue to grow fatter and more forbearing. If they should begin to grow lean and restless and touchy, then there will be greater friction and explosion. I don't think the whites can grow fat. It is a climatic impossibility. Fat white men who go there and live grow lean. I notice that the educated colored and black people are generally not so fat and good-natured as the more ignorant. As they become educated and affluent I think they will run more and more to bone and sinew and nerve than to fatty accumulation and self-satisfaction. When this becomes the rule and not the exception, as the re-ult and outcome and existence; when the lean and restless black and colored man confronts the lean and restless white man, what then? The solution of the race problem at the South hinges here.

Happy Men.

[Youth's Companion.]

The old Persians, who had many authors of singular penetration, gave the world the following proverb:

"There are two men in the world who are perfectly happy; two men whose minds may be at rest. The first is the wholly ignorant man, who is happy because he thinks that he knows everything.

"The second is the really learned man who is happy because he knows that there will always be something for him to learn."

This proverb suggests certain maxims which were the favorites of a Massachusetts clergyman, now dead, and which are as follows:

When a man knows not that he knows not, he is a fool: shun h m.

When a man knows not, and knows that he knows not, he is simple; teach him.

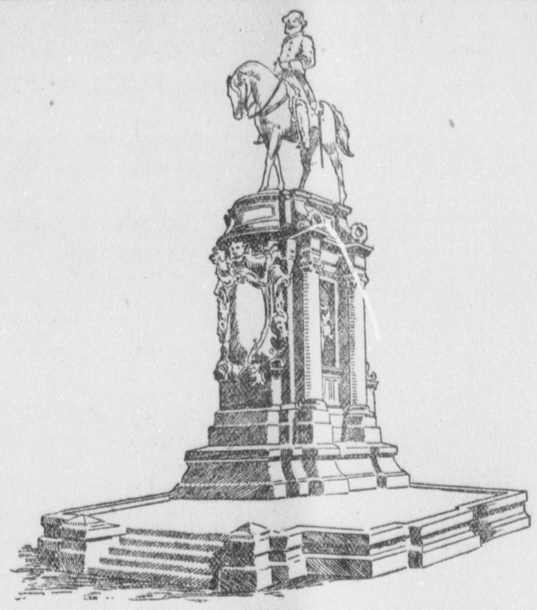
When a man knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep: wake him.

When a man knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise; follow him.

Six Anxious Men.

[Syracuse Journal.]

There are now five men beside Kemmler in this State who are interested in the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the new law on capital punishment. They are Jugizo, a Japanese, who killed a fellow countryman in New York; McIlvaine, who stabbed Grocer Luce to death in Brooklyn; Slocum, who killed his wife with a base ball club; Wood, a colored man, who killed a fellow laborer named Charles Ruffin, on the aqueduct in New York last year, and Frank Fish, who was sentenced by Judge Adams at Canandaigua last Saturday morning to die some time during the week beginning Saturday, July 12, 1890.



THE LEE STATUE.

AS IF REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

Face of Lee in Marius Mercie's Great Masterpiece.

Marius Jean Antoine Mercie, who is associated with Monsieur Falguiere in the monument to Lafayette, is the sculptor of the Lee monument to be unveiled at Richmond.

The statue, as can be seen by the portrait, represents the general astride his horse.

He is girt with a sash and wears the sword of a commander of cavalry. No epaulets appear, but the coat sleeve bears on the forearm an ornament in broad braid. He holds his hat in his right hand which is swinging by his side, and the left hand holds the reins. The feet are tipped into the stirrups, the right being pushed a little forward.

The face of the general is stamped with calmness and de ermination. He seems to be reviewing troops, and we may suppose that the moment chosen is that in which he examined the army of Northern Virginia, before pressing onward to his fate at Gettysburg.

The pedestal proper is a classical composition, uniting the gracefulness of the Grecian style of architecture with the solidity of modern requirements. The lion's head is intended to portray the dauntless courage of the man; the oak typifies his great endurance, and the laurel proclaims his right to be crowned as one of the world's heroes.

The idea of the plaque, which is fastened on each face of the pedestal, is to immortalize the name Lee. This is upon a raised disk surrounded by a wreath of immortelles, such as was used by the Greeks in crowning the heroes of the Olympic games. The name is supported by a marshal's truncheon.

The plaque is very large; in fact, the Bonnard Bronze Company say it is the largest single piece they ever made, and the most successful. To prevent it from warping by the alternate expansion and contraction due to changes in temperature it was important to fasten it securely at three points where possible. The stars merely cover up the boltheads, so as to make the job look artistic. There is nothing symbolical in their number. The engineer was compelled to use 10 in order to bolt it securely.

The masonry of the monument is 40 feet 5½ inches above the surface of the ground.

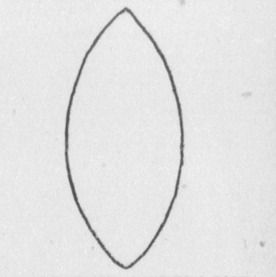
From the crown of the rider's head to the bottom of the plinth (base of bronze work) is 2? feet 4 inches, making a total height of 61 feet 9½ inches.

The total cost of the Lee monument is $65,000, while the Washington monument, with its equestrian group and 12 other pieces of statuary, cost $259,000.

HOW BASE BALLS ARE MADE.

Evolution of the Ever-Popular Leather Sphere.

The accompanying cut shows the shape of one of the quarters of the primitive ball cover, and expert ball manufacturers declare that it was first suggested by the quartering of an orange.



OLD-STYLE COVER—FOUR TO A BALL.

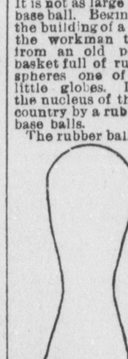
Finally came the pattern of today, with curving edges so gracefully rounded that when firmly sewed it seldom tears loose.

The building of a league ball is a most careful and skilful job, and it requires a nice judgment to follow accurately the league rules as to the measure and weight while the ball is in process of building.

It must weigh exactly five ounces and measure nine inches in circumference—no more and no less.

Let us step inside, and watch a workman build a league ball. He is a quick, nervous American, one of many who stand beside the windows at a funny, little apparatus, which does duty as a work bench. It is an upright standard of hard wood, waist high to the workman, and about six inches square at the top.

In the top of the standard is a cup like the half of a sphere. It is not as large as a base ball. Beginning the building of a ball, the workman takes from an old peach basket full of rubber spheres one of the little globes. It is the nucleus of the ball. It is made in this country by a rubber company expressly for base balls.



THREE PIECES TO A BALL.

The rubber balls are run into moulds, like old-time musket balls, and, as with them, a rim is left around the ball by the failure of the sides of the mould to exactly fit together.

Taking the rubber ball in his left hand the workman holds it at the ends of his fingers and taking an end of blue woollen yarn he winds it on the ball with a motion of his right hand so rapid that you can not follow it while with the left hand, as the ball grows larger, he turns it so slowly one way and another that the ball can scarcely be seen to revolve.

LEAGUE COVER—TWO TO A BALL.

As it grows larger it is worked down from the finger tips into the hollow of the hand.

The yarn is the old-fashioned blue stocking yarn, and the players will have blue yarn or they kick. Why they insist on its being blue no one knows, for the natural wool is white. It is bought by the manufacturer in lots of 2000 or 3000 pounds.

Now, the workman shows the use of the standard with its cup-shaped hollow. Every minute, or sometimes every few seconds, he puts the growing ball on the standard and with a wooden mallet, flat and rather wide and short, he beats the ball, turning it about in every way, as he hammers it. To make the ball more solid the yarn is dampened.

The ball is approaching eight inches in circumference, and he knows by long practice when he has wound enough yarn to give it this circumference. The ball must be eight inches in circumference, including a horse hide cover. The horse hides are bought in sides and in lots of 200 or 500. The four quarters of the sides, however, are cut off before purchase, as the skin is too heavy for use in base balls.

POUNDING INTO SHAPE.

For league balls the finest parts of the side of leather are selected. It is tanned especially for the making of base balls in a way to make the leather tough, so that the stitches will not break out. The cutting is not done by hand. It is done with a steel die, and boys work at nothing else all day but with a die and a mallet over a bench and leather. When the builder of the ball begins his work he throws 40 or 50 stamped pieces of leather into a tub of water. The leather must be wet through, so that when it dries it will be as tight as the bark to a tree and as hard as iron.

The workman takes two of the curious shaped pieces, fits them together over the ball so that the edges meet, and with a three-cornered needle, similar to that used by clowns, and threaded with thick linen thread, he begins anywhere on the seam and sews rapidly around until he has made the circuit of the sphere.

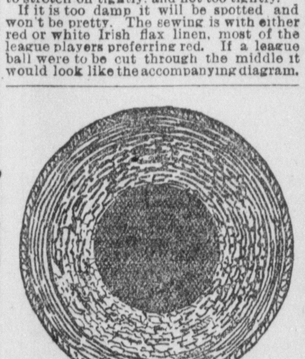
The chunk is laid away to dry. The best makers let them lie weeks to dry, but the workmen will take up one of the dry chunks and finish a ball for us. He winds the horsehide covered ball with blue yarn until it approaches the regulation size. Then comes the last winding with camel's hair thread, imported for the purpose.

The thread is dampened, and it winds far more tightly around the ball than the finest silk. The pounding of the ball is continued until it is supposed to be heavy enough and large enough. To make sure that the rules are being observed the workman from time to time puts the ball into a scale, something like a scale for weighing letters.

SEWING ON THE COVER.

The final process of building is putting on the last cover. It is necessary that the cover shall be dampened, and about the process of dampening the workmen say there is a secret, and you mustn't ask him how it is done. The cover must be dampened, so as to stretch on tightly, and not too tightly.

If it is too damp it will be spotted and won't be pretty. The sewing is with either red or white Irish flax linen, most of the league players preferring red. If a league ball were to be cut through the middle it would look like the accompanying diagram.



CROSS SECTION OF BASE BALL.

After sewing on the cover there remains only the wrapping of the ball in tissue paper and afterward in the foil, and finally the packing of it in a stout paper which it comfortably fits.

A league ball costs to jobbers $1.50 at retail. The manufacturers sell them at $12.50 a dozen.—[N. Y. Sun.

The Cost of Newspapers.

[Eugene M. Camp in June Century.]

"What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news—namely, the publishers—of the entire news product of the United States? An answer to this question would be of interest, but it has never been answered. For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate. Publishers have uniformly extended me every courtesy; nevertheless I find it an exceedingly difficult quantity to arrive at, and for my figures I do not claim absolute accuracy. Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press despatches	$1,820,000
For special despatches	2,250,000
For local news	12,500,000
	$16,570,000

"The business of the Associated Press, a mutual concern which pays nothing for its news and which serves its patrons at approximate cost, amounts to $1,250 000 per annum; and that of the United Press, a stock corporation, is $450,000 per annum. The former aims to provide news about all important events, in which work $120,000 in telegraph tolls is expended, while the latter endeavors above all else, to provide accounts of events occurring in the vicinity of the respective papers served."

To Keep Furs in the Summer.

[Dry Goods Chronicle.]

When you are ready to put away furs and woollens, and want to guard against the depredations of moths, pack them securely in paper flour sacks and tie them up well. This is better than camphor or tobacco or snuff scattered among them in chests or drawers. Before putting your muffs away for the summer twirl them by the cords at the ends, so that every hair will be straight. Put them in their boxes and paste a strip of paper where the lid fits on.

He Courted Danger.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mr. Seaside—It is very dangerous to go on the water in a boat.

Mrs. Seaside—Yes, all kinds of distressing accidents are liable to occur. Old Moneybags went out on the lake in a boat with the Widow Gitthar, and when they got back they were engaged.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, June 2.

BUTTER.—The butter market seems to be on the verge of demoralization, and only the really choice grades are in demand. Anything else is dull and concessions have to be made in order to effect sales. Prices on oleo are steady.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, ..@17c ℔; do, Western, extra, ..@16c; do, extra 1st, 13@14c; do, 1st, 11@12c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 16@17; do, Dairy, extra, 15@16; Vermont Dairy, extra, ..@15; do, N. Y., extra, 15@..; N. Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 18@14c; do do 1st, 11@12c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 11@12; do, 1st, 9@10; Western imitation creamery, extra, ..@12; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, 9@10; do, 1st, 6@8. Trunk butter, ¼ ℔ or ½ ℔ prints, extra, 15@..; extra 1st, 16@17c ℔ ℔.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ℔ ℔; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c ℔ ℔; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Prints 14c ℔ ℔.

CHEESE.—The market is rather dull on cheese and there is an easier tendency. The new cheese now coming forward is in poor condition. The demand is only fair.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, ℔ ℔, 8½@9; do 1st, 7@8c; do, 2ds, 5@6c; Vermont extra, 8½@9c; do, 1st, 7@8c; do, 2ds, 5@6c; Sage, ..; part skims, 5@7c; Skims, 2@5c; Ohio extra, 8½c; Ohio 1sts, 7@8c.

Liverpool quotations, white, 48s.

EGGS.—Receipts of eggs have been moderate and the market is firm. The demand is steady, and receipts are pretty well cleaned up.

We quote: Eastern extra, 16c; do, first, 16c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 16c; Michigan, extra, 15½c; Western, firsts, 15c; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 1st.. ..@15c ℔ doz; P. E. Island, 1st., 15c per doz.

BEANS.—The market has been quiet on beans and prices are steady. Demand continues fair and receipts are moderate.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.10@2.20 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, small, $2.10@2.15 ℔ bush; do marrow, $2.10@2.15 ℔ bush; do, screened, $1.75@1.85; do 2ds, $1.65@1.75; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.00@..; do, screened, $1.70@1.80; Yellow Eyes, extra, $3.25@3.50; do, 2ds, $2.75@3.00; Red Kidneys, $3.50@4.00.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—There is a fair demand for russet apples, of which there is a fair supply. The market on evaporated apple is rather quiet, but prices remain firm. Strawberries are plentiful, as are also pineapples.

We quote: Apples, cooking, $3.50@4.50 ℔ bbl.; Eating apples, $4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, 8@10c; do, fancy, 11@13c; sundried, sliced and quartered, @6.

Cranberries, Cape Cod, ℔ barrel, $6.00@12.00; do, ℔ crate, $2.50@3.00.

Strawberries, 8@12c ℔ qt.

Pineapples, 6@12c.

VEGETABLES—The supply of good old potatoes is getting reduced. New potatoes are rather heavy. Sweets are dull. Other vegetables and truck in fair seasonable demand.

We quote: Potatoes—Native, $2.25@2.75; Eastern, 75c@$1.00; Scotch Magnus, $1.50@1.75.

New potatoes, Southern, $3.00@3.50.

Sweet potatoes—Florida, $3.00@3.50.

Lettuce ℔ doz, 40@50c. Cabbage, new, ℔ barrel, $2.75@3.25. Cucumbers, Fla., ℔ crate, $1.00@2.00. Spinach, native, 20@25c ℔ bush. Onions, Bermuda, ℔ crate, $2.00@2.15. Squash, Hubbard, $3.00@3.50 ℔ bbl; do Summer, ℔ crate, 50@75c. Turnips, Russia, $1.50 ℔ bbl. Radish, ℔ doz, 25@30c. Dandelions, 20@25c ℔ bush. Native Rhubarb, 1½@2c ℔ lb. Asparagus, $1.00@1.25 ℔ doz. Green Peas, Fla., ℔ crate, $1.75@2.00. String beans, green, $1.00@1.25; do Wax, $1.75@2.25. Tomatoes, Fla., ℔ crate, $3.00@3.50.

HAY AND STRAW—The hay market is not much changed from our last report. Choice grades of hay are in good request at full prices and the receipts are limited. Rye straw is in moderate demand and receipts are becoming more liberal.

We quote: Fancy, $16.00@17.00; Choice, $..@..; do, $15.00@16.00; No. 1 Fine, $10.00@13.00; Swale, $9.00@10.00; Poor to ordinary, $8.00@11.00. Rye straw, $18.00@20.00; do do Machine, $9.00@10.00. Oat straw, $7.50@8.00 ℔ ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The coffee quotations are as follows: Java, medium brown, 24½@24¾c; do do fancy brown, ..@25c; do Timor, ...@23c; do Buitenzorg, 23@23½c; do Malang, 22½@23c; do Tacala, 22½@23c; do Ankola, 26½@27c; do Holland bags, 23¼@23¾c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bandies, 26¾@27c; Mocha, 24¾@25c; Rios, prime, 20¾c; do fair, 20¼c; do ordinary, 18¾c; low ordinary, 18½c; Maracaibo, 20@22c; Caracas, 22@23c; Laguayra, 20@21c; Costa Rica, 20@22½c; Jamaica, 20@22c; Guatemala, 22@24c; Mexican, 23@24c; Havti, 20@22c; Manilla, 23c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 12@16. Eleme, 6½; Valencia, new, 7¾@8; do, Ondara, new, 7@8. Currants, $6.50@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 18@20. Dates—Persian, new, 5@6½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 11@16; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 11@15; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, bag, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Messina, $2.50@5.50; do Palermo, $2.50@5.50. Oranges—Florida, $6.00@7.00; Palermo, $4.50@6.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50; 8 hands, $1.10; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 15@16c; Castinas, 9@11c; Pecans, 10@15c; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 15@16; Peanuts, hand-picked, 8@8½; do, Fancy, @6c.

REFINED SUGAR.—We quote: Cut-loaf, 7¼c; crushed, 7¼c; pulverized, 6¾c; cubes, 6¾c; powdered, 6¾c; granulated, 6½@6¼c; Confectioners' A, 6¾c; Standard A, 6¾c; Extra C, 5 1-16c; C, 4⅞@5c; Yellow, 5 1-16@5 5-16c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine Flour, $2.60@2.85; Superfine, $2.85@3.35; Common extras, $3.30@4.00; Choice extras, $4.35@4.85; Minnesota bakers, $3.95@4.35; patents, $..@..; Michigan, roller, $..@4.00; New York roller, $4.60@4.90; Ohio and Indiana, $4.70@4.90; do, do, strait, $4.90@5.30; do, do, patent, $5.00@5.20; St Louis and Ill, clear, $4.90@5.00; do, do, straight, $5.00@5.20; do, do, patent, $5.20@5.75; Spring wheat patents, $5.40@5.75 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 45½@..c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 45½c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 45c ℔ bush; mixed, 44½c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 39½@..c ℔ bush; standard, do, 39c; No 2, do, 38c; No 3, do, 37c ℔ bush; retected white, 36c ℔ bush; No. 2 mixed, 35½@36c; rejected mixed, 34c ℔ bush.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—No 1, shore, $22.00@23.00; No. 1 Bay, $21.50@23.00; No 1, large, $21.00; No.

MARK BURTON, THE SQUATTER

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

It was the 24th of December, and one of the coldest days that had been known for years. A deep snow lay on the ground, and though the sky was clear, the sun gave forth no warmth, but hung in the heavens like a great frozen ball.

The north wind blew a regular gale, sweeping fiercely across the great wide etch of Kansas prairie, and filling the air with flying fragments of snow. The few scattering soc houses, the homes of the poor pioneers, lay buried in snowdrifts, and the whole plain presented the appearance of perfect desolation.

At the little store at the Cross Roads a roaring fire burned in the stove, and five or six of the nearest settlers had collected to spend the day and enjoy the warmth and comfort of the fire.

"My gracious, Joel," exclaimed old man Harder, the storekeeper, "but this is tough on the poor settlers who are not prepared for it, aint it?"

Joel recruited the fire, and stirred it up until the stove fairly danced with heat, then bringing out the board they settled down to a game.

"Wonder what's became of Mark Burton?" Ike Parks said, as they formed around the table.

"I don't know," the storekeeper replied. "He hasn't been here for two or three days. Guess maybe he's left the country.

"Hope he has," said Joel, for then we'd be saved the trouble of running him out. The easier we can get rid of such men as Mark the better, and the quicker we get rid of them the better.

"He has no right to that claim. This township belongs to the league, and no outsider has any business settling on it."

"Yes, I know that," said the storekeeper, "but he don't see it that way. He thinks he has as good right here as us."

"Well, if he hasn't already found out, it will be our business to teach him. As soon as this storm is over we'll go over that way and see if he's gone, and if he ain't we'll see if we can't help him to start."

The settlers in a certain section of Kansas had organized themselves into a league, the purpose of which was to hold all the unclaimed land in their township for friends who were coming on from the East. It was contrary to law, but might often governs, and so far they had held their point. Two or three efforts had been made to enter the land, but the parties were promptly ordered off, and rather than to have trouble they went.

Then one day Mark Burton, a great, tall, strapping Missourian, came along, and squatted on one of the best claims in the reserve. He was promptly served with a notice to move on, but he gave it little attention, and at the time of the commencement of the storm was known to be still on the claim.

Ike was a sort of leader among the settlers, and when he decided that they would visit the claim after the storm and see that it was vacated, the other men at the store agreed to it, and so the matter was dropped and the game of chess went on.

While the men at the Cross Roads were thus engaged, a lone horseman was riding across the prairie at a sweeping gait, beating against the cutting blasts, and now and then beating his arms against his body to keep his blood in circulation. On he galloped through the storm and the snow until he arrived at the store, and hastily dismounting, entered.

"Here, storekeeper!" he commanded, "I want a sack of flour, some meat and groceries, quick! They're for the Widow Artman and her children. Hustle the things up, for the poor children are starving. They haven't a thing to eat, and havn't had since the storm set in."

The merchant hesitated a moment, then began:

"But I don't know you, sir, and the widow owes me now—"

"Here, skinflint, I've got no time to talk. Do you know that ten-dollar bill? Reckon that don't owe you anything. Hustle out those goods, and don't fool about it. Nice time to mouth about owing, ain't it, and she's one of your league, too?"

Without waiting for any further parley the storekeeper got the goods together in one large bag, which the man threw across his horse, and springing behind it galloped away in the direction he had come.

"Look here, Harder," said old Ike, when the stranger had disappeared in the storm, "do you know who that is?"

"No, I don't. His voice sounded a little bit familiar, but his head and face was so bundled up that I couldn't see who he was."

"Well, if I'm not terribly mistaken, its Lish Allen.

"What? It's queer that Lish would come here and not speak to you fellows, and not even make himself known."

"It is queer, sure. But if it ain't him, who can it be? There's no one else out in that section."

"That's so. I reckon it must have been Lish but I don't understand why he acted so curious."

"I reckon he was excited, and maybe a little out of humor. The fact is, boys, we ought to have done something for the widow and her children before now."

"Yes, we ought," agreed Joel Nokes; but I didn't think about them being so bad off. I knew they were in close circumstances, but I thought maybe they'd get along."

"I was thinking of going over that way when the storm came on," said Ike, "but it turned so cold that I thought I'd expect we'd better go down tomorrow and see how they're coming on. You know that one of the principles of the league is to look out for the needy, and help those who need assistance, and Joe Artman was one of our best members when he was alive, and it ain't right to let his widow and children suffer. We'll meet here at 10 tomorrow and go over, and while we're about it we'd as well go by and look after Mark Burton, for the claim he's on joins the widow's."

"Then we'd better get together as many of the men as we can," said Joel, "and go armed, for Mark may not be gone."

"Yes, we want to go prepared. Tell all the men you can, and bring your guns."

"And it's my opinion you'll need 'em," old man Harder remarked, "for if I ain't badly mistaken you'll find Mark Burton a tough customer to deal with."

About sunset the wind lay, and the next morning, though intensely cold, was far less disagreeable than the preceding day. The men met at the Cross-Roads store, as per agreement, 12 all told, and they came armed.

In a little while they remounted and started off for the Widow Artman's place, which they reached about noon. Halting at the gate, Ike "hallooed" two or three times, but receiving no response, he got down and went to the house. Pushing open the door, he peered in, only to find the room vacated.

"Boys, they're gone," he said, coming back to the fence.

"Gone!" they repeated.

"Yes, gone."

"Humph!" said Joel, "that's queer. Where do you suppose they have gone to?"

"That's more than I can tell," Ike replied. "They're gone some where, though."

"Reckon they have, if they ain't froze to death in there. Better look good, Ike, and make sure that they're not in the cabin."

"Ah, they're not there, Joel. I expect Lish Allen must have took them to his house."

"Why, yes, of course. I don't see why we never thought of that before. Lish is a member of the league, and of course he's taking care of them."

"Well, we'll go by and see them, anyhow, boys. Lish'll take good enough care of them, but by going over we'll make the widow think that we've not forgotten her."

So they rode over to Lish's, and soon roused him out from a warm fire.

"We heard yesterday that the widow Artman was in need of help," said Ike, "and so we came down today to see what we could do for her. You have her and the children here, I suppose."

"Why, no, I haven't," replied Lish. "I didn't know they needed anything."

"Wasn't on up to the store yesterday to get things for 'em to eat?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, somebody was, and we didn't know who else it could be. Where do you suppose they have gone?"

"I don't know, sure."

The men held a short consultation, and deciding that there was no chance to help the widow, resolved to go by and see if Mark was still in the country.

It was but a little way to his house, a plain, cheap box structure, and they soon came in sight of it.

"By jux, boys," Ike cried, "he's there. Look at the smoke coming from his stovepipe."

"Yes, he's there," said Joel, "sure enough."

"Well, we've got to do away with him, and we'd as well do it now and have it over. Get your guns ready and let's surround him."

They scattered out over the prairie and soon had the house completely surrounded. Then drawing in from all sides, they cautiously drew near the yard fence.

"Say," said Joel, "listen to the laughing and singing in there, will you?"

"They appear to be having good times, don't they," replied Ike.

"I didn't know Mark had a family, did you?"

"Never heard of it."

"Well, there's children in there, certain, and I reckon they must be his."

"You wait here, boys," said Ike, "and I'll slip up to the window and peep in and see what this means."

Ike crept stealthily to the window, and after lingering a short time came back.

"Boys," he said, "we're a set of blamed fools, and the quicker we get away from here the better."

"Why, what's up?" Joel asked.

"What's up? Why, I'm blessed if that Mark Burton ain't got the widow Artman and all her children there, and they're having a regular Christmas time of it, and while I was standing there I heard her say that the children would have frozen to death and starved if it hadn't been for him, and that he froze himself nearly stiff trying to help them. But come, let's get away from here before they see us."

They rode back to the store, and dismounting, went in to decide what they should do.

"Boys," said Joel, "there ain't but one thing, as I can see, for us to do. We've made fools of ourselves, and allowed that scoundrel to freeze himself to death caring for one of our people, while we set humped up here about the stove plotting against him. And now, if we're one-half as good men as he is, the least we can do is to go down there and apologize to him, and acknowledge that we were wrong, and that he can stay on that claim as long as he pleases. For my part, I'm in for that, and I say now that I'm with the squatter, and will stand by him as against the whole league."

"And I'm with you on that, Joel," exclaimed Ike.

"And me, too," said another.

"You can put us all down on that proposition," cried several together.

And from that day Mark became the most prominent and highly respected man in the settlement, and he never lacked for friends.

SHE WON THE BET.

A Smart Aleck Who Was Fooled by a Young Widow—He Will Know Better After This.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

In one of St. Paul's palatial apartment houses lives a young widow—one of those willowy blondes, with brown eyes warranted to kill at 100 yards. The next time she has occasion to appear in full dress she will probably wear a pair of gloves which she won from a well-known gentleman who has apartments on the same floor. This is how it happened:

The gentleman came home one afternoon and as he passed along the hall to his rooms he saw through the half-opened door of the fair one's room a sight that caused him to stop and exclaim, "What on earth are you doing?" The lady stepped to the door and explained that a new dress had just been sent home and that she had placed her mirror down on the floor so that she could see how the dress looked as she walked past.

"Looks all right," said he.

"That's all you know about it," said the widow. "In the first place, it doesn't hang well behind; there is a certain satisfaction and peace of mind to a woman that knows that her dress hangs well behind that the comforts of religion do not give. But the greatest fault with it is that it is so short that I am almost ashamed to wear it."

"That's so, it is awfully short," he said, looking down at the widow's graceful ankles as she moved around behind a chair. "But I always did admire those embroidered lisle thread—"

"You don't know what you're talking about; they're not lisle thread, and you have nothing to base an opinion on except your too fertile imagination."

"Well, I never worked in a dry goods store, but I'll bet you a pair of gloves that I am right and that they are lisle thread."

"And you won't ever tell a living soul if I show you that you are wrong?"

"Never! upon my honor."

"Well come in and close the door, but remember that I trust you to be honorable in this and never breathe a word of it. And if I satisfy you that you are wrong I am to have a pair of eight-button white gloves."

"Yes, yes, that's all right," he answered impatiently, thinking it would be a good bet if he lost.

Walking demurely to a dressing case, she opened the upper drawer and said:

"I bought three pairs yesterday; here are the other two and you see they are silk, not lisle thread, and they have just a little line up the side instead of embroidery."

"But I thought you were going to—"

"Sir! This is one of the subjects upon which you have no right to think. Never mind what you thought," she continued, as she held the door open for her caller's exit. "Just utilize your thinker to remembering that you owe me a pair of gloves."

TERMS AND TITLES.

The Curious Derivations of a Number of Words in Popular Use.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

"Varlet" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal."

Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from the Latin "senior" through the French.

"Dandelion," dent de lion (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once vin aigre (sour wine).

A "villain," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

"Biscuit" keeps alive the Latin bis coctus (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vere dictum (a true saying).

An earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while pope is the same as "papa," and czar and kaiser are both "Cæsars."

Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early signification exists in "queen," used now only in bad senses.

"Jiminny" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

Redingote is "riding-coat," borrowed by the French from our own language and returned to us in true guise with the dressmaker's stamp of approval.

"Slop" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from Icelandic slopper, a coat.

Lord is the Anglo-Saxon halford (loaf distributor). The Latin term for "lord" (dominus) has given us "dominie," the old term for preacher, and the same root is found in "dame."

"Roamers" are people who go to Rome to see the Pope, and "saunterers" was the appellation bestowed on the religious enthusiasts who made the pilgrimage to the saints terre—the Holy Land.

She Knew the Man.

[Detroit Free Press.]

She stood at the writing desk in the post office corridor with a sheet of paper and an envelope before her, and as a man approached with a postal card she queried:

"Might I ask you to write a few line for me to my husband?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, date it, begin: 'My dear husband,' and then I'll tell you what to say."

"All right, go ahead, ma'am."

"Now say: Wood is out—flour is out—meat is out—money is out and rent is due, and I want $20 p. d. q."

"Exactly. You know what the letters stand for, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"And—and aren't they a little strong?"

"No, sir—not for my old man. I've lived with him for 25 years and know him like a book."

"All right—you know best."

"And you may add, 'if it don't come by Saturday I'll raise—!'"

"Certainly."

"Now I'll sign 'Your Dear Mary,' and it will be all ready to go, and I bet you five to one I get the twenty inside of three days. Strong Why, man, I can't even get him to bring home a bit of butter or a package of sugar without threatening to knock his—head off if he forgets it. Thanks, you have done me a great favor."

Not So Bad as He Expected.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Two soft, white arms go stealing around his neck, and a fair, peachlike cheek is rubbed caressingly against his own. Faintly whispered "Dear papa," and "Darling old boy," and "Don't you love your own caramel?" reach his startled ears as he vainly attempts to pull himself together and avoid the loving, sugar-coated attack which he well knows is coming.

"Well, daughter mine," he finally asks, "what is it? Not another new dress, surelyy?"

"Oh, no, papa darling."

"H—m—m, that's good. And it can't be the milliner again?"

"No, papa love."

"H—m—m, better still. It isn't the florist?"

"No, you dearest papa."

"H—m—m, great Scott! You don't want a trip to Europe, do you?"

"No, you lovely old dear."

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want, my little girl?"

"Darling papa mine, I don't want anything—ah—that is—Jack wants me."

Insulted the Wrong Man.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"You say the brother of the young lady pulled your nose?" inquired Cholly. 'What did you do? Did you resent it?"

"Wesent it?" said Fweddy, the veins in his forehead swelling with indignation. "Didn't I? Bah Jove, I told him if he evah did it again, bah Jove, I'd have him ahwested!"

Defrauding the Mails.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Gaggam—Are you going to post that letter, Pat?"

Pat—Yis.

Gaggam—Well, why don't you put a stamp on it?

Pat—Whist! O'im goin' teh thry teh slip it in the post office widout any one seein' me.

A ZUNI FOOT RACE.

Odd Religious Ceremonies Connected with the Event.

Endurance, Speed and Skill at Kicking the Stick Requisite for Success.

Vivid Picture of Running Indians on the Track—A Lively Finish.

[Washington Star.]

The following interesting description of the Zuni foot race was read by F. Webb Hodge of the bureau of ethnology before the Anthropological Society Tuesday evening.

When the sun priest announces the arrival of planting time and the herald proclaims from the house tops that the planting has been done the seasons for foot racing in Zuni are at hand.

The first races of the year, while interesting ceremonially, are by no means as exciting as those which follow later in the season when the planting is finished. These preliminary races are over a short course and are participated in by a representative of each of the six estufas. Six prayer-plumes and an equal number of race sticks are made by the priests of the bow, the latter of which are placed in the trail about two miles from the starting point.

When the time for the race has been decided upon which may not be until three or four days after the race sticks have been deposited by the priests, the six representatives of the estufas run to the point where they are, and each man finds and kicks one of the sticks in a small circle homeward. This race is a contest between the six individuals comprising the racing party, and no betting is engaged in.

The great races of Zuni and those in which the chief interest is centred occur after the planting—the time when nearly all the men are at leisure. In selecting the participants in these races the swiftest-footed of the young men of the northern half of the pueblo are matched against those of the southern, or of the western half against the eastern. The number of racers on a side varies from three to six, and the degree of interest taken in the contest depends upon the reputation of those engaged in it, and particularly upon the extent to which betting has been indulged in.

As soon as the choice of sides has been made the wagering begins, and increases with good-natured earnestness until the time for the foot race arrives. Every available hide and belt is brought to light from beneath the piles of stores secreted in the back rooms and cellars, to be converted into cash or gorgeously colored calico, and the demand upon the trader for goods is unequalled, except when a great dance is approaching. Money, silver belts, bracelets and rings, shell necklaces, turquoises, horses sheep, blankets—in fact, anything and everything of value to the Indian—are offered by a resident of one side of the pueblo in support of his favorites against something of equal value held by a champion of the opposing side.

On the evening of the day before a long race takes place the participants repair to a secluded spot in one of the mesas some miles from the village, where a hole a foot or two in depth is excavated, in which is deposited, with due ceremony, a quantity of sacred meal and two cigarettes, each side places across his foot at the base of the toes a rounded stick measured by the size of the middle finger. Just before the signal is given to proceed a mounted priest goes ahead sprinkling the trail with sacred meal. At the signal each of the two leaders kicks his stick as far ahead as possible, while the racer of his side who happens to be nearest its place of falling immediately rushes for and again kicks it, his companions running ahead in order to be in readiness to send the stick on its further flight. This operation is continued throughout the entire course, the racers regaining each time running in advance as rapidly as possible that they may kick the stick as often as their companions.

Not infrequently the first kicking of the sticks sends them flying over the heads of the second and even the third racers in advance and fall near each other. The excitement at this occurrence is very great for none of the dozen young men spare themselves in scrambling over and pushing one another in order to secure the stick and send it on its course. No difficulty is experienced by a racer in recognizing the stick of his party, that belonging to one side having a band of red paint around the centre, the other an additional, though narrower, stripe around both ends.

Considering the extreme lightness of the race stick the distance which it is sent by a single kick, or rather toss, with the hand is remarkable. Very often a stick is raised aloft in this manner about 30 feet, and falls at least a hundred feet from the point at which it was thus lifted. Nor is the distance which the kick is sent the only requisite of success. Sometimes a narrow, sandy trail, bordered by weeds is to be traversed, and a careless kick will probably result in sending the stick in the brush or into an arroya, where great difficulty may be experienced in regaining it, since a racer is never allowed to touch a stick with his hands until he reaches the goal. Therefore, throughout the rough race trail pursued, the character of the land surface varies greatly, and long stretches of deep sand alternate with rocky passes arroyas and hills clothed with scrub timber or sage brush, but indeed, smooth ground is seldom met with over this entire course of 25 miles.

Accompanying the participants may always be seen 200 or 300 equestrians, those who, more than any others, are interested in the outcome of the race by reason of the extent of their prospective gains or losses. When one side follows closely in the track of its opponent the horsemen all ride together, but when, by reason of accident or inferiority in speed, a party falls considerably in the rear the horsemen separate to accompany their respective favorites. If the season is dry the dust made by the long horses is blinding; but the racers continue, apparently as unmindful of the mud-coating that accumulates on their almost nude, perspiring bodies as if they were within but a few steps of victory.

On they go from the point of starting over the southern hills, thence eastward to Thunder mountain along the western base of which they proceed to the basaltic rocks through which the Zuni river runs. Keeping close to the mesas that form the northern boundary of the valley the racers cross the river on their return at a point about two miles west of the pueblo, from whence they continue to the western end of the southern hills first crossed. These having been skirted they pass over the low sandy cornfields to the goal, followed by the yelling horsemen, who wave yards of brilliant calico as they dash forward with the final spurt of the racers. When the goal is reached the first racer of the winning side takes the stick into his hands for the first time since starting. With renewed energy the individual members of the successful party put forth every remaining effort to be the first to arrive at the central plaza of the pueblo. He who gains it first is considered the superior racer of all, and the honor is indeed well earned. Running as rapidly as possible once around the heap of stores, at the same time breathing from his hand the "breath of life," the victor, stick in hand, continues at a running pace to his home.

Curiosity prompted me to note the time occupied in performing this feat, which was found to be exactly two hours.

Like almost every undertaking of the Zuni the foot race has more or less of a religious significance, as will be seen from the initiatory ceremonies. The opposing racers, who await the signal to give the stick its first toss, place turquoises or shell beads beneath the stick that they may be sacrificed at the first lifting of the foot.

In the belief of the Zuni the stick has a tendency to draw the racers on, and as long as it can be kept in advance their success is, of course, assured. The cause thus follows the effect in the same manner as it does when, in Zuniland, the summer comes because the butterflies appear, and it departs because the birds take their flight.

Training for a Zuni foot race begins at childhood. At almost any time a naked youngster of 4 or 5 years may be seen playing at kicking-the-stick outside the door of his home, or, if a year or two older, coming from the cornfield, where he has been dutifully engaged in frightening off the crows, tossing the stick as far as his little feet will allow him.

FOOR SHOW FOR THE NINTH.

Reasons for Early Rising in a Family of Boys of Uniform Size, Whose Wardrobe was Not Extensive.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

A very popular member of the department of public safety is noted for the great variety of his wardrobe, especially in the matter of hats and neckties, and it has been a source of wonder to his friends how he managed to follow so successfully in the lines laid down by Berry Wall, more especially as his salary, while good, is not extravagant, and he is known to have a horror of running bills, especially tailors' bills.

Last evening he dropped into Central station with a particularly lurid necktie that put to shame the electric light and made the glittering brass railing in front of the captain's desk look sombre by comparison. He was asked where he got the object lesson in primary colors, and in a burst of confidence told the following story:

"You see, it's not altogether my fault I'm wearing this necktie. I am of a retiring disposition, and it makes me nervous when I pass a young lady on the street to have her look at this necktie and then stop and listen for thunder. But this is the way it is. There are nine of us boys all live at home. There is little difference in our size, and the same hat, collar, or shirt will fit each and every one of us. Now see how it works.

"The first one up in the morning has the choice of nine outfits. From what is comparatively an infinite variety of clothing he can select that which suits him best, and he generally does it. It is a warm, sunshiny day, and he glances through the clothing clearing house and picks out a light suit, patent leather shoes, a straw hat and a fancy necktie, probably leaving in their place heavy winter wear, all splashed with mud.

"The next one to get up has his choice of the remainder of the clothing, and so on down the list, until the ninth and last gets up. He has no choice. He simply takes what is left. If he has exceptionally good luck he may find a complete suit, but it is as exceptional as winning the capital prize in a lottery. The probabilities are that each garment represents a different suit of widely separated eras of construction, all more or less in need of repair. We are philosophical and the last one to arise usually takes an inventory and then goes into dry dock for repairs, or, in other words, goes back to bed while buttons are sewn on and rents are closed.

"After telling you all this it is hardly necessary for me to say that I was the last one of the family to get up this morning. The result is I am wearing base ball shoes, black dress pants, a white vest, lawn tennis shirt, pea jacket and a straw hat. The necktie is all right. I would have overslept myself this morning, but it was so loud it woke me up."

ANGEL OR DEVIL?

Contrasting Opinions About Women by Men of All Ages.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

Heine: "Every man who marries is like the doge who weds the Adriatic sea: he knows not what he may find therein—treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms."

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And I as rich in having such a jewel,
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Pardoned his infirmity;
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She—What do you think of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata?"

He (vaguely)—Well—er—I haven't made up my mind fully. What do you think of it?

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Modern Society.

[Life.]

He (making a party call)—I think party calls are great bores, don't you?

She (receiving)—Yes, indeed.

THE COMBINATION WOMAN

Half Siren and Half Shrewdness, Wholly Sweet.

She Is Eminently Self-Conscious and She Makes Men Conscious, Too.

Men Like Her, of Course, but Loving Her is Quite a Different Thing.

[Fannie Aymar Mathews in Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Who, and what is, or can be the "combination woman!" I hear some one exclaiming, in accents pointed with a more or less vivid curiosity.

Firstly, I can answer that she is essentially, and, I think, exclusively, a product of the present century, and that, in a certain sense, she is one of the most interesting social studies—if, indeed, she is not a charming social problem—of the day.

The "combination woman," as I venture to call her, is that singularly, and, it would almost seem at first thought, horribly incongruous creature which is half siren and half shrewdness; she is a business woman and a society woman, a happy mixture of the absolutely mercantile and the mercurial pleasurable; a felicitous and not inharmonious duet of "pecuniary consideration" and artistic aspiration; and with her it becomes possible for a trade mark to go hand-in-hand with a state of exaltation; for a rhapsody not to be interfered with by the solid fact that it can be reduced to "copy" at short notice, or that the dramatic climaxes in even her own career can be turned to (bank) account by way of a romantic fiction for the magazines and weekly papers.

She is eminently self-conscious, this combination woman; indeed, what woman is not, in our era? And she is, moreover, quite capable of turning even this factor to advantage in her manipulation of a MS.

She is at once a utilitarian of the deepest dye, and a sentimentalist of the profoundest hue; she is, in a measure, a riddle not to be unravelled, and no one enjoys her more than she enjoys herself.

In more senses of the term than the one in ususual acceptance she is generally a self-supporting institution, and glories in the state of the case; she finds little if any occasion for "clinging" to anything or anybody; she has no what are called "old-fashioned" ideas; she is eminently new fashioned, modern, of today, and in no manner whatever of yesterday.

She is very frequently a literary, or, at least, a journalistic woman, and the agreeable way in which she infuses the tea of sentiment with the hot water of strictly business" is something quite wonderful to behold.

Do men like her?

I think they do; emphatically.

She is precisely the woman whom men do like immensely.

Do men love her?

Ah, voila! that is quite another and a different thing.

I do not believe that a real man, a manly true man, can love any woman who perpetrates an encroachment on his prerogatives.

And this is just what the combination woman does.

There is an old verse which says:

Love is of man's life, a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Now, maybe it is not quite her whole existence; maybe it isn't in the least a "thing apart" in his life, but, upon the whole, in the combination woman's scheme of being, if love enter at all at the door he must have a lottery. The probabilities are that each garment represents a different suit of widely separated eras of construction, all more or less in need of repair. We are philosophical and the last one to arise usually takes an inventory and then goes into dry dock for repairs, or, in other words, goes back to bed while buttons are sewn on and rents are closed.

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and out man, or at least a combination woman.

They who lead their lives in a perpetual bustle and skurry, and rush from one thing to another, are not envied by me, and I cannot quite comprehend the fascination that evidently exists for a great proportion of my sex in this system of violent contrastive effects, consisting in a plunge from salary to salon, from lucre to love!

That there is to every high-strung woman a certain sensitive charm in the ability, and, correspondingly, the opportunity, to, with a turn of her head and a smile on her lips, transform a dramatic climax into a commonplace situation—say at the unexpected entrance of a third person—there is no doubt; but when it comes to developing this instinct into the breadth and length of the proportions it assumes in the combination woman's schedule, it becomes gross, not infrequently repulsive, and, I contend, unwomanly.

A woman can be literary, journalistic, even a woman of business, if compulsion forces her that way, and still retain and contain herself a wholly womanly, and, if you will have the word, I think, effeminate woman.

Why should a woman not be effeminate?

Why should she be struggling and striving all the time to be something and somebody for whose duties, work and position nature has primarily unfitted her? And why should she not be content within the confines—heaven knows they are wide enough—of a woman's actual and absolute sphere?

I suppose I am not "up with the times," or I should not be propounding these queries. But when I see the numbers of combination women striving, battling, fighting, pushing this way and that, all about me, I cannot choose but wonder why they do not pause and consider for a few moments whether the game of a dearly-bought notoriety is worth the candle that lights the way to love, home, truth and quiet.

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR.

She is Kind and Neighborly, and We Love Her an Awful Lot—But We Sometimes Wish She Wouldn't, Just the Same.

[Toronto Globe.]

What shall be done with the Woman Next Door who borrows our servants?

This neighborly person, with a turn for economy, does not keep a domestic. Why should she do so?

If she has occasion to go out shopping in the morning, she simply orders the parcels sent to the next door neighbor's address, and holds herself free for calling in the afternoon. The servant next door answers the delivery boy's ring and takes in the goods. When the Woman Next Door returns, the neighbor's servant answers the door bell and hands out the goods with a springing step and a heart grateful to Providence for the many opportunities of usefulness placed within her reach.

The butcher boy is instructed to leave the steak next door. The baker leaves the bread next door. The grocer leaves the kitchen supplies next door.

The Woman Next Door has occasion to go down town, and leaves instructions next door to take in her husband until her return.

The Woman Next Door goes down town again, and leaves the baby next door until she gets back.

The Woman Next Door instructs her callers to wait next door in case she is out. And one day the neighbor's servant coldly notifies the mistress that she intends to leave at the end of the month, and she tells other people that she has grown weary of doing the work of two families for one wage, and that she was in hourly fear that the Woman Next Door would invite her in to wash the baby and help with the dishes, or have the soiled clothes sent over on washing days.

The Woman Next Door hears with regret that the servant next door has escaped, but her step does not falter nor her heart soften; she goes mercilessly on her way, and the neighbor engages two servants, one for herself and one for the Woman Next Door, or moves, or dies, and the Woman Next Door makes scrape for the funeral and has the parcel delivered at the house of mourning.

The Woman Next Door must go.

A FAR-OFF STAR.

It Would Take a Cannon Ball 100,000,000 Years to Hit It.

[Chambers' Journal.]

It is difficult to conceive that the beautiful dog star is a globe much larger than our sun, yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own. This splendid star, which, even in our most powerful telescopes, appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat, that were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirius shining with far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the "fixed" stars; but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitude, though it is probable that Sirius is about fourth on the list in order of distance. For though there are about 15 or 20 stars whose distances have been conjectured, the astronomer knows that in reality all of them, save three or four, lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present.

Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest star at 22,000,000,000,000 miles, and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times; so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirius at about 100,000,000,000,000 of miles. What a vast distance is this that separates us from that bright star; words and figures themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances: It is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong 100-pounder quits the gun with the speed of about 400 yards per second. Now, if this velocity could be kept up it would require no fewer than 100,000,000 years before the ball could reach Sirius.

The Girl in the Cance.

[New York Letter to Savannah News.]

To the girl who has an ambition to row I would say: Why not rather paddle your own canoe? To sit in a rowboat and splash about with the oars, while all the time you are backing up blindly against the scenery is not to be compared with the pleasure experienced when you feel the laugh of each little wave as it breathes almost against your side and wield the shining paddle beautiful enough to be set up as an ornament in a drawing-room. It is surprising how expert a woman becomes as a canoeist. The exercise may seem more difficult at first trial than rowing, but it soon becomes easier and can be continued without fatigue for a much longer time. It is infinitely more graceful, and, what should be of importance in this age of feminine athletics, develops the chest amazingly. An outfit of canoe suitable for a woman's use—paddle, cushions and suit—costs more than a boating or tennis rig; but on small rivers and inland waters like the Adirondack lakes, where decked canoes are unnecessary the expense is not burdensome. A light

ART IN DRESS.

Selection and Combination of Materials.

Important Factors to the Woman Who Would Dress Well.

Fabrics, Their Variety and Adaptability—Millinery.

[Copyright, 1890.]

Fig. 1, an English dress, is an excellent model for the wools that do not crush and have self-weight enough to hang well in unbroken lines. The materials employed in the model are gray-faced cloth and gray plaid. The trimming is an intricate design braided, done in fine silk and wool cord braid. The front of the basque of the plain gray is close fitting, and the pointed collar shown in the cut is extended to form a full lapped trimming in surplice style, held in place by a long curved buckle of cut steel.

The front of the skirt is of plaid, draped slightly from the waist-line where, it curves deeply, and is laid in a few plaits on each side of the middle fold, falling in a square draped tablier or apron. The draperies in this design are hung upon the foundation skirt direct, the latter being faced seven inches deep with the dress goods, doing away with a separate drop-skirt.

On the other hand soft wools of light weight are not adapted to straight plain garments; yet how often one sees them made into coat-like polonaises hanging limp without a vestige of grace, or in the severe tailor dress that by right calls always for a firm cloth like tweed, with considerable body to it.

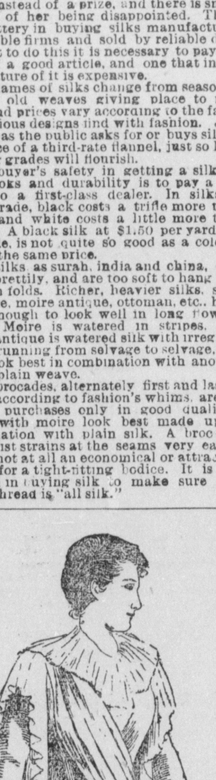


FIG. 1.—ENGLISH TAILOR-MADE DRESS.

The very graceful design in fig. 2 shows the bodice and sash on a French reception dress. Wiry or heavy materials are wholly untit for such a design, but in sheer wools, the clinging crepes soft silks, etc., the effect is exceedingly pretty. The dress itself is a princess gown, with a watteau drapery from the shoulders at the back, which in the imported model for a young bride is of grayish pink wool crepe.

The only draperies on the front of the skirt are made by the full scarf draperies carried from the shoulder, crossed and confined under the wide silk sash of apricot pink crepe de chene. The wide collar, sleeve draperies and simulated undersleeves are of the same material as the sash, laid in accordion plaits. An extremely lovely gown, yet not an expensive one if made at home, and not at all a difficult one to make.

It has been said that "silk-buying is all a lottery. If you draw a prize, well and good; if not, ill and bad: but there is no way of knowing beforehand whether you are to get a prize or a blank." This is all nonsense. Silks are expensive materials. They not only cost $2 a yard where wool costs $1, but they are less than half as wide.

Whenever, as a matter of course, any one sets out to buy a silk dress, for little or no more money than she would pay for a wool dress, she may confidently expect to draw a blank instead of a prize, and there is small chance of her being disappointed. There is no lottery in buying silks manufactured by reliable firms and sold by reliable dealers; but to do this it is necessary to pay the price of a good article, and one that in the very nature of it is expensive.

The names of silks change from season to season, old weaves giving place to new ones, and prices vary according to the favor the various designs find with fashion. Just as long as the public asks for or buys silk at the price of a third-rate flannel, just so long inferior grades will flourish.

The buyer's safety in getting a silk for good looks and durability is to pay a fair price to a first-class dealer. In silks of equal grade, black costs a trifle more than colors, and white costs a little more than either. A black silk at $1.50 per yard, for example, is not quite so good as a colored silk at the same price.

Soft silks, as surah, india and china, etc., drape prettily, and are too soft to hang well in plain folds. Richer, heavier silks, such as moire, moire antique, ottoman, etc., have body enough to look well in long flowing lines. Moire is watered in stripes, and moire antique is watered silk with irregular waves running from selvage to selvage, and both look best in combination with another silk in plain weave.

Silk brocades, alternately first and last in favor, according to fashion's whims, are desirable purchases only in good qualities, and as with moire look best made up in combination with plain silk. A brocaded silk waist strains at the seams very easily, and is not at all an economical or attractive choice for a tight-fitting bodice. It is not enough in buying silk to make sure that every thread is "all silk."

FIG. II—BODICE OF RECEPTION DRESS.

The cheapest silks are often of pure silk, but they are made of short odds and ends, and have but little durability. Again, silks at "unheard-of bargains" are not infrequently light colored silks, shop-soiled that have been redyed into fashionable colors, a trick of the trade that the unthinking purchaser has never heard of, it may be. For lace lining, etc., these redyed silks answers very well, but they are not durable for the outside of dresses that are to see hard or long wear, and at all times are worth just about the lowest price for which they are sold, and are in no sense a wonderful bargain.

Wool goods are often redyed in this way, when they have become soiled or are no longer of a fashionable color, and buyers should remember these facts in their unheard-of-bargain hunting.

It is with velvets as with silk; they are expensive fabrics, and in poor qualities are neither useful nor ornamental. Fancy velvets are often held at nctitious prices while in vogue, and when the fashion is over they drop to their normal value, forming the nucleus of a "tremendous mark-down sale."

If one can afford them when they are fashionable, these fancy novelties are all very well but they are not such wonderful bargains when marked down, since they are not reduced in price until the demand for them is over, and they are going out of fashion. A $2 grade of velvet in fancy design sold at $4 during the season and then marked down to $2, is a sample of the bargains that draw big crowds to the shops that advertise them. Now, if among these goods that have already been picked over and over, one finds something that is in good taste and suited to her needs, very well; but let her remember she is then paying every cent the goods are worth. This is true of all classes of goods.

There are actual "mark-downs," such as just described, and often of short lengths, or of broken lots, from whith the most taking patterns have been sold, etc., and if among them one finds what she needs, they are sensible purchases, but the average shopper is so "urried with the notion of getting "a $4 velvet for $2," that she never stops to ask whether everything is gold that glitters, or whether some of it may not be tinsel.

FIG. III., CAPE FOR LITTLE GIRL.

A practical experience of a few months in a dry goods house would open women's eyes to the way they are hoodwinked by dealers who have come to believe their subterfuges not so dishonest after all, since buyers, or a good many of them, persist in wanting goods for less than actual cost.

A little reasoning would lead to women being better dressed than now at the same, or even smaller, outlay, since they would not make such ridiculous purchases, and dealers would not be induced to pretend to sell goods on impossible and undesirable terms, justly enough men manufacture and sell dry goods to make money, and when they agree to give things to the public with no profit at all, and perhaps at some loss, the public may reasonably enough stop to ask just how honest these remarkable offers are.

For trimmings, such as vest and collar, velvet of medium grade answers very well, butwherever there is much of it in evidence, as in full sleeves, a poor quality is very plainly to be distinguished. When cloth draperies disclose a velvet petticoat arrange them to protect the skirt, so far as possible, from the wear of chairs, etc.

A little rich velvet looks handsomer than a quantity of a poor quality, and good grades cost a good deal; there is no disguising this fact. Velvetina and velveteen imitate velvet as closely, no doubt, as cheap materials can be made to imitate an expensive one. They are cotton, however, and cannot be said to look elegant, and besides all that, yet are far inferior in appearance to a nice wool that costs but half as much, since it is as wide again as either of the cotton velvets.

There is a certain stanch durability about these imitation velvets, but either one is eclipsed in that respect by cravenette, that must always have a well-defined, if narrow, sphere of usefulness on this account. For boys and girls' "toss-and-tug" suits, for men and women's mountain climbing dresses, and for general roughing it, corduroy is excellent.

It demands scant courtesy at the hand of fashion, moreover, since frills, draperies and furbelows of all kinds are eminently out of place upon this rugged, plain and yet attractive textile.

From silks and velvets to cottons seems a far throw, but in these days when the fine grades of ginghams and simulated undersleeves are of the same material as the sash, laid in accordion plaits. An extremely lovely gown, yet not an expensive one if made at home, and not at all a difficult one to make.

From the ugly little checks in crude colors, for kitchen aprons, to the beautiful French and Scotch cashmeres, there is a wide range of these useful goods. The finest ginghams, together with satines, are made up in the same decorative styles as India silks, and must be sent to the professional cleaner's when soiled, since they are quite too fine for the laundry jurisdiction.

These higher priced cottons do not make cheap dresses, and for ordinary use the less fancy but still very pretty ginghams that can be washed and ironed are to be preferred as more serviceable. Gingham wears better than any other colored cotton, and is the best choice for the summer dresses for women and girls' every-day wear. It has quite taken the place previously occupied by colored cambrics.

The latter in small designs are largely used for boys' plaited street waists for summer wear. Ruches are no longer made up for girls, but in the fine corded patterns are largely used for kilt suits and also for little summer coats for boys. Hamburgs, that have gone quite out of use upon fine white cambrics and for infants wear, are suited to the heavier piques.

Batistes are thicker than muslin and thinner than cambrics. They are printed in fine colored designs upon white grounds, the general effect being very light. They make pretty, fine wash dresses, and are employed now in making night-dresses as well, when they are trimmed with very fine torchons, and made in full Mother Hubbard styles.

The cross-barred and lace nainsooks and muslins make pretty white wash dresses, and in fine qualities as well as the soft, plain muslins and cambrics, are selected for infants' wear. Upon these first dresses of babies' humiliated starch are lavished only the softest lace edgings, or even no trimming but hemstitching, appearing.

In buying any fabrics the width must be considered in counting the cost. The wider the cloth the less waste in cutting. A few cents more per yard frequently will mean only better material, but also several inches more in width. The cheaper the cloth the narrower the range of shades, hence while it is often possible to get a very good white wool at 50 cents a yard, if a certain delicate new tint is required it often costs 10 or 12½ cents more per yard for the same quality.

Cheap dress goods not infrequently answer a very good purpose, if arranged in combination with some other fabric in such a way that they are not exposed to the brunt of hard wear, but cheap cleakings are usually a poor bargain. Being plainer in design than a dress, unprotected from sun and dust, etc., they show defects more quickly. Moreover a cloak or outer garment is not renewed so often as a gown, and more is demanded of it. The stylish little cape shown in Fig. 3 for little girls is of brown ladies' cloth, trimmed with silk cord and lined with brown silk.

For a lace dress slip cheap silk, and for a business dress coarser lady's cloth would answer very well; but for this little garment, that will outlast any season's normal wear, it will pay to get nice cloth and a good quality of lining. Short-ends at a remnant sale would come in very well for such a wrap.

A word about ready-made garments. In England the custom is very general of selling the skirts of dresses ready made in good styles, with the material for the bodice, at very reasonable prices, but on this side ready-made dresses have not arrived at a very decided state of perfection. Children's dresses are made up in considerable variety, and are sold at fair prices compared with dressmaking rates.

Ladies' ready-made dresses are very high in proportion to the materials and workmanship employed, and, on the whole, most unsatisfactory. The trade in ready-made dresses is growing, and if it ever reaches the dimensions of the ready-made garment business may be in part as satisfactory. At the present time, if one has any regard for appearances and desire to economize, she will not buy ready-made dresses for ladies, since they can be made cheaper and better to order. Ready-made outer garments, on the other hand, are sold cheaper and better than they can be made to order in the same quality. Cloakmaking is a trade distinct from dressmaking, and whereas there is a dressmaker of one kind or another in every block, custom cloakmakers are fewer.

Competition and the large trade in outer garments have brought prices down to the lowest notch. But buyers must shoulder the responsibility, as in buying cheap ready-made under-clothing, of helping to starve the sewing women for the, and not the shopkeepers, are the ones who are driving down prices. Fifty cents more on a jacket does not mean much to the buyer, but it means a great deal to the tailoress who does the work.

In buying millinery goods there is economy in getting good materials. Cheap feathers are a delusion and a snare. Good feathers may cost three times the price of those that will not last a season through, but they will look well four times as long. But feathers, like velvet and lace, do not belong on work-a-day attire.

They are for Saturday-go-to-concert hats, and for every-day wear the wise woman buys something that a damp day cannot uncurl. Phœbe's sensible and pretty hats are never wet and ruined by a chance shower, because she, provident soul, buys for a quarter and carries rolled up in her pocket a gossamer hat-cover to protect her chapeau when a shower surprises her minus an umbrella.

Next week the all-important question of "Style in Dress" will be considered.

DINAH STURGIS.

MRS. HARRISON'S SKILL.

How She Manages Affairs at the White House.

No Fault of Hers that There is a Scarcity of Silver Spoons.

President Arthur One of the Best of Housekeepers.

[Copyrighted, 1890.]

WASHINGTON, May 30.—I propose to tell you how our President's wife keeps house. She has a definite idea of her position, Said she to me today:

"The President's wife is, as far as the White House is concerned, the steward of the people, and there are certain duties she should never delegate to even the trustiest servant."

Every one knows that Mrs. Harrison has been the ideal housekeeper during her 14 months' stay in the White House, and her definition of her position will touch the heart of every good housewife in the land. The best of it is that, in spite of countless other duties, she has taken time to put her theories into practice, and the executive mansion today is as clean as a ribbon from attic to cellar. There have been ridiculous stories about her spending half the day in the kitchen directing the maids and overseeing the getting of each day's meals, but I doubt if any woman understands better what a servant can do and what a mistress should do.

First of all, she treats her servants well and they will do anything for her. It is funny to see them as they meet her. No matter who she is with they look up confidently for a nod, and they always get it. Old Uncle Jerry, who has been in the White House for a quarter of a century, always gets a kindly "Good morning, Jerry," from Mrs. Harrison, no matter if he sees her half a dozen times a day. After breakfast, which always takes place exactly at 8.30, Mrs. Harrison sees the steward, McKim, and gives him the orders for the day.

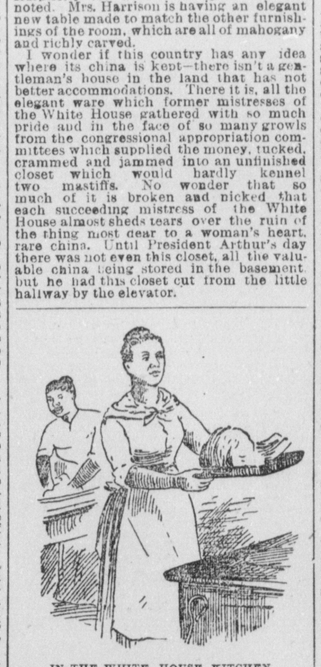
THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY DINING.

She has introduced numberless changes which give a home-like air to the private dining-room. One of these is to have the table for breakfast and luncheon spread with napkins instead of with one large cloth. It gives the table, which is a large round affair of very light oak, a dainty effect. Every dish has a pretty doyley and in the centre there is always a bowl of fresh flowers. There are six or eight covers laid as a rule for these two meals, although for luncheon this number is often extended to 10 or 12, the President bringing in any one with whom he wishes to talk beyond the hour set for luncheon. Those who usually sit down are the President and Mrs. Harrison, Dr. Scott, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Russell Harrison and Mrs. Dimick, Mrs. Harrison's widowed niece. A high chair is always on hand for Master Benjamin McKee.

The table has a little history. It was meant by President Polk that it to be used temporarily take the place of the cumbersome one which had been in use during the Hayes administration, and which was a magnificent affair, lacking in only one particular. One could sit down at it, but not to it, for it was so heavily carved that the one who sat at the corner could easily have bestrided a bucking horse. President Arthur claimed that a dining table should be round, so that people could sit near each other, no sharp points and angles intervening. Out of patience with the superb affair then in use, he had this round table put in as a makeshift until something more elegant could be made. The other he ordered cut up into side tables to hold the silver and china, for which there was no room on the sideboards.

There are two of these sideboards put in by Mrs. Hayes and richly carved. They are the handsomest pieces in the private dining-room, although there are two unique sideboards there which date back to Jefferson's day, and do not in the least suggest the simplicity with which that president was noted. Mrs. Harrison is having an elegant new table made to match the other furnishings of the room, which are all of mahogany and richly carved.

I wonder if this country has any idea where its china is kept—there isn't a gentleman's house in the land that has not better accommodations. There it is, all the elegant ware which former mistresses of the White House gathered with so much pride and in the face of so many growls from the congressional appropriation committees which supplied the money, tucked, crammed and jammed into an unfinished closet which would hardly kennel two mastiffs. No wonder that so much of it is broken and nicked that each succeeding mistress of the White House almost sheds tears over the ruin of the thing most dear to a woman's heart, rare china. Until President Arthur's day there was not even this closet, all the valuable china being stored in the basement, but he had this closet cut from the little hallway by the elevator.



IN THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN.

Mrs. Harrison says that of the one thousand pieces made at so great an expense in the Hayes administration there are not more than 400 left. And who would dream that the White House would not have enough knives and forks to go around, and yet it is true.

There is one set of knives and forks in the sideboard which has a history, for it cost a president his re-election. These are the gold knives and forks which Van Buren added, and when the people learned that the public moneys were being taken to put gold spoons in presidents' mouths they promptly defeated him. Now, the truth of the matter is that they are not gold at all; they are solid silver washed with gold, and it was only a few years ago, in President Arthur's day, that they began to wear off and disclose the hoax. He had them replated and they are still used on state occasions.

The busiest place in the whole Executive Mansion is the two rooms in the basement over which Dolly Johnson, the colored cook presides. Dolly is a tall, fine-looking woman, light of color, and probably not much over 30. President Harrison secured her a short time ago from Kentucky, and from all accounts Dolly knows how to suit a presidential appetite much better than the former cook, Mme. Peloüard, whose fanciful French cooking was not to all of the plain American taste. Dolly is immensely proud of the fact that she belongs to old Kamtuck, and she always answers when anyone asks her the place of her birth, "Louisville, Ky.," with a haughty emphasis on the "Louisville." She never fails to add, "Mary Robinson, she is from Virginny," in such a tone that one can see that she does not consider Mary Robinson at all her equal in the matter of nativity.

Mary makes the pies, bakes the bread and fries the crullers and is the assistant of Mistress Dolly Johnson, who confines her ambitions to brewing soups and basting meats. The two of them can get up a dinner that would put Philippini, Nicolini and all the other $10,000 chefs to the test.

There are two kitchens in which Dolly Johnson can carry out her dream of cookery, one under the private dining-room and of the same size, and the other under the serving room and butler's pantry. The first is used when a state dinner is under way, and in the second the preparations for each day are made. The kitchens are as neat as a pair of pins, but they haven't the appointments of the kitchens that are now added to $6000 houses, and one cannot help wishing that the people who do so adore the quaint, historic White House would get a peep into these dark illy-furnished rooms. They are damp, for the walls are so thick that the hot sun of a Washington summer can hardly dry them, and the floors are of planks that creak and crumble in a way to frighten even the cheerful second cook.

The upper floors of the quaint historic White House are bad enough, but the basement would be condemned by even a modern building inspector. Mrs. Harrison has done what she could to make the quarters where a dozen human beings spend their days, cheery, and among other things she has had three rooms furnished brightly for the two cooks and the two chambermaids who sleep in the house, instead of going out to sleep as has been the custom before.

GOOD MAWNIN', MRS. HARRISON.

In going through the White House one is impressed with the number of improvements that President Arthur had made, and it looks as though he was the best housekeeper the executive mansion had until Mrs. Harrison's day. No one will deny her the right to the name if she succeeds in getting the improvements make which are so dear to her heart and which include the comfort of her servants as well as of the President's family. MISS GRUNDY, JR.

ADDRESS TO COLLEGIANS.

Speech of S. V. White of New York Before the Literary Societies of Livingstone College.

Following is an abstract from the address of Hon. S. V. White of New York, delivered before the literary societies of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., last evening:

"Mr. President, Members of the Faculty and Literary Societies of Livingstone College:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have come to you from my home in a distant State in response to an invitation from your literary societies, to deliver an address at the anniversary of your young and promising school of letters and of art.

"I have come to the State of my birth, with a North Carolinian's love of Carolina—a love which no son of hers ever could eradicate if he would, or ever would eradicate if he could.

"As a matter of sentiment I recall what no Carolinian can ever forget—that the first English settlement in America was made in North Carolina.

"But the purpose of my address does not permit me to dwell upon incidents of North Carolina history. Nor will time or the purpose of this address permit me to dwell upon the grand and historic names of North Carolina.

"My fellow-citizens, the proper solution of the relations of the dual races in this our country is a difficult task. I shall only incidentally mention or discuss slavery. It is a dead barbarism, and the only wonder is that it lived so long.

"If you colored people believe me when I say to you that I abhorred slavery because I loved freedom, and that I am ever ready for justice to your race because it is your due, you will. I trust, strive with me to be just to the men who were your masters, or your fathers' masters. I may say something which will sound strange from the same lips which have just denounced slavery as a gigantic barbarism.

"And first I emphasize this proposition: that those who before the war were the slave-owners were, in probably a full average proportion, as just and honorable men, from the standpoint of their sense of right, as the men in other portions of the country were and their heirs.

"Let us divest ourselves of prejudice in this matter, and be just to slaveholders and white men, as I shall try to influence white men to be just to you.

"That leads me to the next step in doing justice to the white men, viz., to all of the rebellion was precipitated by the leaders, not by the people. The whole South at once became the theatre of war. After four years the cruel strife ended, and the remnant of the population returned to the pursuits of peace, their lands were devastated, their houses were burned, their cattle had been taken as forage, their slaves were freed, their brothers and sons were slain, and they themselves were maimed and broken in health by camp exposure. Is it to be wondered at that they were sullen and, though conquered, sore and that they were not convinced? They looked upon their late slaves as property of which they had been robbed, and hated the robbers and the spoils.

"Let us look at the next step in this great history and trace its results. The whole land was covered for a second time by the united band of States, and with almost one accord it was finally agreed that there should be universal amnesty and universal suffrage going hand in hand, and good men everywhere hoped that it would solve the difficulty.

"If there was probably never such a reversal of fortune in the history of any people. But even then and under those abnormal conditions, if the government by the negroes had been under the leadership of honest men, all parties would have soon probably acquiesced, and time and votes to correct wrongs, if they were found to exist.

"It is not strange that you were disappointed and sorrowful and sullen; but in your disappointment and sorrow and wrath you ought to have seen things that you did not see.

"And now, what word can I speak of counsel or of warning to you young men and women, and to all my fellow-citizens of Carolina and the South, upon this Southern question?

"To you, the president, faculty and students of Livingstone College, I have this to say: Press forward in your good work. Spread intelligence, quicken industry, frugality and thrift among your people, raise their standards of virtue; teach them to respect themselves, and thus command the respect of others. Be a living embodiment of the immortal words attributed to Cato's son:

'Tis not in nature to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

"'And having done all, stand.' Stand in an unfaltering faith in God, who, as the world's history attests, has never left nor forsaken those who put their trust in Him. Cultivate patience.

"Oh, let me urge you, my kinsmen, to throw aside prejudice and strive to lift up, not to trample down, these poor among you. Live today so that the muse of history, when she recounts your achievements, shall never, in the light of advanced civilization, have reason to blush over the continuance of wrongs against humanity, against your country and against yourselves."

ELASTICITY OF PRICES.

Rubber Goods Will Come High in Future Say the Manufacturers.

NEW YORK, May 27.—At a meeting of the manufacturers of mechanical rubber goods, held at the Astor House today, it was resolved to advance the price of belting, packing hose and mechanical rubber goods generally, from 10 to 25 per cent. to meet the recent advance of 25 to 75 cents in rubber. A committee was appointed to formulate a plan for a permanent organization.

Representatives were present from many of the largest concerns in the rubber industries, noticeably the New York Rubber Company, Gutta Percha Rubber Manufacturing Company, New York Belting and Packing Company, Boston Rubber Company, Revere Rubber Company, Star Rubber Company, Cleveland Rubber Company, Akron Rubber Works, Trenton Rubber Company, New Jersey Car Spring & Rubber Company, Boston Woven Hose Company and the National India Rubber Company.

Better This Than Ice.

NEW YORK, May 27.—The sales agents of the six great coal producing companies met today, and decided to advance the prices of stove and chestnut 25 cents per ton, and egg 15 cents. Broken remains unchanged. It was also decided to restrict the production for the month of June to 2,750,000 tons.

Cholly's Idea.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"Cholly had an idea yesterday."

"What did he do with it?"

"Lost it. He had his cane in his mouth at the time it occurred to him, and before he could get it out he had forgotten the idea."

New Words.

[Murray's Magazine.]

In the last month a notable attempt has been made to add to the resources of the English language. Lord Bury, as chairman of the Electric Traction Company, wrote to the Times to ask for a short word—if possible of one syllable—to express the idea of being conveyed by electric power. As might have been expected, letter after letter poured in, full of strange and wonderful suggestions. The following are only a few of the cacophonous verbs which scientific and unscientific writers alike submitted for consideration: To "ohm," to "volt," to "mote," to "electrine," to "conlomb," to "squirm," to "shock," to "franklin," to "scint, to "elk," to "tric-trac," to "faradate," to "weber." There is clearly no lack of choice; perhaps America will help us, as it did with the verb to "wire."

BELLE BOYD AND DICK LONG.

Flirtation That Led to a Noted Spy's Capture.

To the Editor of The Globe:

"The executive committee of the national encampment of the G. A. R. has received a communication from Belle Boyd of Virginia."

So reports THE GLOBE.

I think I can give you a few facts regarding the arrest of this famous female spy that have not before come to the knowledge of the public. It was after the Cedar mountain fight, and in Culpepper, that Belle Boyd was arrested by officers of the United States secret service, and it came about in this way:

Following the battle came the usual interruptions to regulations and discipline, and especially in regard to rations, there was liberty to look out for one's self. Maj. Dick Long of the 7th Ohio was particularly fortunate in finding a good table in the house of one of Culpepper's first families—people who were willing to make an honest dollar by feeding the shoul er-strapped boys in blue. No common soldier was permitted.

Maj. Dick was a born flirt. Of medium stature, dark, almost black, hair and eyes, a killing set of whiskers, a good dresser, he was a general favorite with all, male and female. Belle Boyd was making her head quarters at this house, working right and left to secure information which would be of interest to the Southern army.

Dick Long was a marker for her, and, as her time was short and delays were dangerous, she went for the major warmly. Dick was willing, didn't hold back for a cent, but scooped the darling instanter. Like many of his kind, Maj. Long liked to boast of his conquests and you may be sure Dick lost no time in telling of the lovely dark-eyed beauty who was so killing.

It is hard to predict what might have been the result under other circumstances. Belle might have got the best of Dick, or Dick might have won the rosy-cheeked rogue; but it was not left to develop that way. When one talked in times like this, he did not know but his listener might be a secret agent of the government. Maj. Long's description of his lovely fellow-boarder was all that was needed, and Belle Boyd was arrested.

For many a day the boys had the laugh on Maj. Dick, for it was plain to be seen that the sly miss was not after the major's heart.

WALL STREET TIPSTERS.

Class of Men who Live by Their Wits and on Human Credulity.

The evolution of the Wall st. tip has been curious and interesting. Starting years ago, in a little speck known as "private information," it has developed into a system. The system is headed by boss tipsters and footed by journeymen tipsters.

There are tipsters who have made immense fortunes. They don't call themselves tipsters. Neither does anybody else but the irreverent ones. But they are tipsters or they have been.

And there are tipsters who are worse off now financially—and morally, too—than when they began.

It is not a profession that can be mastered by books. Experience only brings mastery. There is a certain est about it, a sort of fascinating uncertainty, such as the gambler feels when he places a stack of checks on the ace and awaits a decision. The young man who has been given some private information regarding the future of, say, Hohokus third preferred. He remembers that a certain man once told him that it ne ever happened to near of anything good to let him know.

Perhaps nobody ever told him that, and perhaps it makes no mind to go to a stranger. Before he goes he probably sits down and figures on the possible profits. The pleasures of hope are his for a few moments. Then, a little bit rattled and uneasy, he starts for the lair of the capitalist. This operation is not emphatic; it is not encouraging. The bloated bondholder merely nods at him and grunts.

"I think, sir," says the young man, "that I have some very good information regarding Hohokus thirds."

"You have, hey?" growls the man with rocks. "Well, what is it, and where did you get it?"

"Hohokus is good for an eight-point rise," answers the callow tipster with much confidence.

"Oh, it is, is it? Where did you find that out?"

The tipster asks of the capitalist a promise of secrecy, and the capitalist snorts haughtily. Then he tells how a friend of his is a clerk in the office of the president of the Hohokus railroad, and this friend has happened to mention to him that "the old man and his friends have been buying Hohokus thirds on every little slump, and he has overheard the old man advising its purchase."

The capital st grunts and says h'm a good many times. He observes that he doesn't take much stock in that kind of information, but the tipster has already planted now is a student of human nature, and has discovered as time has passed that this capitalist isn't such a pre-eminent individual after all, and he has become so absolutely certain that Hohokus is going up that he begins to feel independent.

"All right," he says; "I only wish I had money enough to buy it myself. But I guess I can get Billy Blobbs to buy me some."

The capitalist hates Blobbs, and as the tipster is about to leave he calls him back.

"Well," he says, "if you're so sure I'll buy a few hundred on your account."

He does buy it and Hohokus does advance. Thereafter the tipster is a welcome guest, and he continues as such so long as his tips are right.

A few years ago, when business was brisk, when the brokers were buying yachts, and when they hired cabs to go across the street, two or three bright young men started a bureau for the distribut on of tips at so much per tip. They proposed to give accurate predictions as to the way stocks were going twice every day, say at 1.15 and 3.15. One of the high rolling habitues of a certain big broker's office became a subscriber.

His broker told him with some indignation that he was paying his money for a worthless article. He was told to watch the railroad earnings, the condition of the money market, and the course of the foreign markets. But he insisted that he had just as much faith in the guesses of the bureau as he had in statistics—a good deal more, in fact. So the broker actually had to recognize the bureau to the extent that his clerks had to receive the bureau's advices and hand them to the customer. And, stranze to say, the customer made money for a time.

He Knew What Was Wanted.

[Detroit Free Press.]

An old sergeant belonging to the colored troops stationed at Fort Bryan, N. M., and who is detailed as head gardener, was directed to furnish the quartermaster with a list of garden tools wanted for the coming season. On the following day the list was handed in and taken up by the quartermaster, who was somewhat puzzled over an item of six testimonials." Never having heard of such a tool the old sergeant was sent for to explain. Pointing to the item the quartermaster asked what it was.

"Dem am testimonials," the sergeant replied.

"But there is no such tool," the quartermaster said.

"Oh, yes," replied the sergeant. "Dat's de name what de catalogue specerfies."

"Bring me the catalogue."

A few moments later the sergeant returned, a big twinkle of satisfaction lighting up his coal-black countenance. With a step full of confidence he walked up to the quartermaster's desk, opened the catalogue, placed his finger on the illustration of the tool in question and said: "Da's de tool," and turning over to the next page, "da's de name—testimonial."

The quartermaster "caught on." The illustration represented a newly patented weed hoer, and immediately following, on the opposite page, came several testimonials as to its usefulness, etc.; the word testimonial, heading each paragraph, being in large type, which the sergeant naturally concluded was the name of the tool illustrated on the other page.

Of course the quartermaster, being convinced, informed the sergeant that he should have the testimonials, and the old man departed highly pleased with himself and his knowledge of garden tools.

On His Dignity.

[Puck.]

Dick Strapt—I can't see, Mose, why you call this little place a "tonsorial emporium." Why, you have only one chair!

Prof. Harecott—Yeah, sah; but doesn't dat show dat I do er high-toned 'n' exclusive business? All my patrons am shaved by de boss.

A Little Mistake.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Editor—See here, Mr. Penne, this won't do. I can't accept a verse rhyming "walk" with "cork."

Poet—Excuse me, but I have made a mistake, and handed you the wrong poem. The one you have there is intended for a Boston paper.

ODDITIES

Clinton, Ia., claims to have the largest saw mill in the world.

The Chicago police gathered in 206 lost children on a recent Sunday.

A Big Rapids (Mich.) firm advertises a special drive in collins and a cut in the price to $18.

The water supply in Tokio, instead of being taken directly into the house, is led into wells, which, as a rule, are only on one side of the street.

Phantom nations became phantomnations, and the great standards of the English language were enriched with a "new word!"—The Critic.

Trees and lightning—A German scientist has discovered that trees, the trunks of which are covered with moss or lichen, are the most liable to lightning strokes.

A Christianized Chinaman is preaching through Georgia towns in an imposing suit of native vestments.

The cathedral at Strasburg is to be lighted with electricity. It is the first church in Germany to be thus illuminated.

London now boasts of a "Society for the Promotion of Relaxation from Business Care, and Enjoyment During Luncheon Hours."

A barber in Wellington, Kan., has put out his sign as follows: "We are here to stay. No favoritism shown; clean towels used on every customer."

A pair of robins have built a nest on a shelf in a schoolroom at Boscastle, England. The shelf is only four feet from the ground and in full view of the pupils.

A Sumter county, Ga., man recently killed seven wild turkeys in three shots. Three birds were killed at the first shot and two at the second and third shots.

The census takers receive 2 cents a name, except for the names of soldiers or soldiers' widows, for which they are entitled to 5 cents. The work of taking the census will begin on June 2.

A Chicago girl procured two marriage licenses Tuesday. She married one of the young men and will be a sister to the other.

The largest greenback extant is worth $10,000, and there is only one such note in existence. Of $5000 notes there are seven.

Quill toothpicks, as a rule, are imported from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where 20,000,000 are annually produced.

The latest researches show that in Rome's most flourishing period the city had 1,300,000 inhabitants; in 335 A. D., it had 300,000; in 1377, only 17,000; under Leo X., 40,000; in 1537, about 33,000; in 1871, it rose to 244,000; in 1881, 300,000, and in 1889 more than 410,000.

The great cantilever bridge at the Needles, Cal., is finished, in its construction 40,000,000 pounds of steel and iron were used, and the centre span—360 feet—is the longest in the world. Three men were killed and 25 injured during the work of building.

The British Museum received one day last week a Chinese bank note issued from the imperial mint 300 years before the first use of paper money in England.

A useful attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water and set it on the centre of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and place the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close, so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice.

A girl of only 12 was committed as "a confirmed drunkard" to an industrial school in San Francisco a few days ago.

Henry Villard, the eminent financier, is writing his autobiography for the use of his children alone. He was born in Germany, and the story of his early years is written in German, while having been educated in France, his schooldays are described in French. His business and social life in America will be recorded in English.

The people of this country consume, it is said, 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

Miss Bessie Bole of San Francisco is 20, and a beautiful little blonde with dark brown eyes and a pretty figure. She is a practical horseshoer, and owns a shop were it not for the opposition of her family. She learned horseshoeing in an industrial school.

A Marcellus (Mich.) man wrote the following self-explanatory note to a school teacher there the other day: "My boy 6 is 90 when my boy are staing away from School I have Work For them: and when They are dare you Teach them, and when They are to home, that is non of your Busnes you hant rening My Snanty Not by a dem Side, at, my home."

The net profits of the Louisiana lottery have been about $5,000,000 per year. And yet men supposed to be endowed with common sense send money to that gigantic swindle monthly with the expectation of capturing a fortune.

The word "honeymoon" is derived from the Teutonic, and has its significance from the fact that the Germans formerly drank mead—a sweet liquid made of honey—for 30 days after the wedding.

Industrious and patient thieves lugged off two bushels of oats from a store in Marine City, Mich., the other night.

Red lights on the rear of trains were adopted at the suggestion of a woman who had narrowly escaped a rear-end accident.

The shifting sandhills which for years have bothered the city and citizens of Grand Haven, Mich., by steadily encroaching on streets, lots, houses, lawns, and even the harbor, are just now attracting more attention than usual, and the city council proposes to try the experiment of planting 2000 trees to keep them stationary.

A codfish weighing 75 pounds was caught off the east end of Nantucket last week.

There is a colored woman in Talbot county, Ga., who says she has now 51 grandchildren.

At Bahrin, which is about the hottest part of the earth, no water can be obtained from digging wells to a depth of 500 feet in many cases, but, thanks to copious springs which break forth in the waters of the Persian Gulf, over a mile from shore, fresh water is obtained by divers, who fill goat-skin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it to the inhabitants.

A Missouri man was released from prison a day or two ago after serving a three years' sentence. When he entered the institution he was penniless, but on leaving the place he was grasping a wad of $25, which was the most money he had ever had.

There is on exhibition in Keokuk, Ia., the pattern of the insole of a pair of shoes made for a girl living at Rainbow, Mo. The girl for whom these shoes were made is only 17 years old, and is 7 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 235 pounds. The insole measures 15½ inches in length.

It is strange that the use of points for purposes of punctuation should be such a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally used points only the period (.) dates earlier than the 15th century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485, the comma (,) some 35 years later, and the semi-colon (;) about 1570.

A bed of lime which plasterers have prepared in the cellar of a New York hotel has some unaccountable attraction for cats. More than half a dozen tabbies have gone into the bed, and they have all but one been burned to death. The proprietor of the hotel lost a pet valued at $200.

A Mexican shepherd made a bet with his employer that his dog would stay alone on the ranch for five days, taking the sheep during the summer holidays of each year the immensely wealthy Duke of Westminster takes in about $5,000 in sixpences and shillings, sold by sightseers for admission to his country seat, Eaton Hall. He gives every penny of it to charitable institutions.

A Philadelphia father has recently paid $3500 for a doll's house for his little girl.

In the corner-stone of a Protestant Episcopal church, whose erection was begun last week in Brooklyn, there was placed a phonographic cylinder encased in tin, upon which would be stored, in the name of the congregation, a message to those who shall at some future time uncover the stone.

A certain West End manufacturer recently has several notices posted warning employes not to meddle with the machinery, etc., if out of order. When pay day came around he deducted from each employe's wages 10 minutes' pay for time lost in reading the notices.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Langtry says one of the funniest slips she ever heard was on a stage in New York. Two of the company were playing the parts of lovers. They wanted to be alone, and one quietly repeated this line: "Let us seek some nosey nook." He should have said some "cosy nook."

The Rochester Democrat will discontinue its Sunday edition on and after July 6, "in deference to public sentiment."

The Duke of Northumberland, perhaps the greatest land owner in England, has just entered his 88th year. He owns more than 200,000 acres, with a rent roll of $875,000 a year.

A man has started from New York in a canoe, with the intention of reaching the mouth of the Columbia river, a distance of 7000 miles. He expects to arrive at his destination in October.

Princess de Sagan recently appeared on the beach at Trouville, France, in a bathing

WHERE ARNOLD DRANK.

Famous Cupboard Over a Hundred Years Old.

How a Sweet, Sunny, Female Ghost Haunts the Old Mansion.

Dying for Love Long Ago, She Quits Her Grave and Revisits the Light.

HIN as the smoke from a half-dead cigar, and as attenuated as the tariff debate before Congress, an undersized, pale, emaciated female ghost haunts the old Sela Barnard homestead in Deerfield, and causes no little speculation and trouble among the staid and devout residents of that old town, which was settled out of spite, and has been populated by industry nearly ever since Plymouth rock was first pressed by the touch of Pilgrim foot.

It is a queer story, full of quaint superstitions, no doubt, but still expressive of that plain Puritan fancy, which is like

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.

And which, under all circumstances, believes there is a great power always working for good, no matter how sinful the instrument may be.

A haunted house is always full of interest It makes no odds whether scurrying and scampering rats and mice cause the disturbances, or if it all be due to the wind sighing through cracks and crannies, lifting up half dislocated clapboards and rattling shaky window-sashes. If it only be a truly "haunted house," the reputation of that place is made forevermore, and all the learned doctors and scientists in the world cannot take away the name. Only fire or flood or hurricane can remove the glory and glamour from a house once haunted, and in doing so the building itself must be wiped out of existence, eventually abolished from the face of the earth.

But the ancient and antique Barnard homestead stands a few rods back from the main street of Deerfield, and the alleged ghost comes and goes at will.

With none to molest it or make it afraid.

Did you ever stop to think how far back the "Year of Our Lord" 1775 was? You belong to a long-lived family. We all do. Still there is not a man or a woman in all New England alive today who can begin to trace a birthday back as far as that. Even

HOUSE WHERE ARNOLD DRANK.

"the oldest inhabitant"—big liar as he is—cannot stretch his conscience beyond the present century; yet the old Barnard house, standing in all its antique glory on one of the streets of Deerfield today was as big then, and in a far better state of preservation, as it is now, although the hurrying tides of over a century have ebbed and flowed against those gray walls and set green mosses deep to root upon those threadbare shingles.

When Benedict Arnold, the gallant and gay general who tried to sell out his country for gain, and who died in dishonor in a distant land, at the head of some 1200 men marched up the Connecticut valley on his way to Ticonderoga, and captured by intrepid Ethan Allen and his Green mountain boys, he encamped on the evening of May 5, 1775, at Bloody brook, under the shadow of Sugar-loaf mountain.

It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon of May 6, just 115 years ago, that Col. Arnold drew up in front of the Barnard place and went in to get some information as to the best route for him to pursue, the soldiers meanwhile waiting outside for their commander. Tradition says he went in at the low, wide front door—the same one that hangs there today—and took a seat in the best room—also there now—and held a brief conversation with the master of the house, who promised to act as his guide as far as the Vermont State line. While the proprietor was saddling his horse, Col. Arnold went through a long dark entry to the kitchen, at the back part of the house, opened an oaken cupboard, pulled out a big glass decanter.

And took a drink.

The kind of liquor he drank is unknown, and it is uncertain whether he took one or five fingers, but from that time on until now the people of Franklin county have pointed to the old Barnard house as the "place where Arnold stopped to take a drink" and if anybody was foolhardy enough to doubt their word, they just took him in and showed him the gray worm-eaten old cupboard where the decanter sat and the very spot on the floor where Arnold stood when that historical "smile" went down.

When I visited the place last week the cupboard was as bare as that it formerly owned by old Mother Hubbard, but I was granted the privilege of looking in at those old, old shelves and seeing the exact place where the decanter which Arnold used was located. The pretty little miss who showed me the spot told me confidentially that the liquor used by Arnold was New England rum, a commodity which, in conjunction with missionaries, was the chief export of Massachusetts a century ago. I asked her if she had the flask. No; it was broken over half a hundred years ago. The tumbler, too, from which the fluid was quaffed, had long since been broken. Arnold and his travels were all turned to dust; and the house where he tarried, and the cupboard where he drew good cheer, were still extant and ready for inspection.

It is likely that the girl was half an hour telling me the story; perhaps it was longer. Time passes rapidly when a fine old mansion, of a handsome young woman. If she had been alive when Arnold called, I have no doubt he would have remained longer than he did, and perhaps have taken another drink. At any rate, one idea suggested another, so that it was not long before I learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted. The ghost was not of that pestilent kind which keeps people awake of nights, the girl said, but was simply an orderly, decent, genial and unobtrusive spirit, which paid its rent and minded its own business, like any good tenant.

The story which the girl told me of this ghost is about as follows:

Away back 100 years ago or so, when the house was modern and the victorious George Washington was President of the United States of America, a family, consisting of father and mother and daughter, came to occupy the Barnard house. They were fairly well to do, aristocratic, proud and very exclusive. It is said that they came thither from Dedham, where the mother moved in the best society, and where the father was one of the great and only Puritanic 400. The daughter, who was very beautiful, was an accomplished young woman of 20 years, who could play the spinet or translate Seneca with equal grace. The story went that she was deeply in love with a worthless scamp of the name of Edward Bowdoin, a relative of James Bowdoin, who founded Bowdoin College away down in the Province of Maine. Sure it is that she was kept closely secluded in the house, and, save for her embroidery, her books and her spinet, she had no company at all.

But her lover, though not her social equal, was equal to most any emergency, and came up to see her. He did not call, or even leave his card as swains do nowadays. The reason for this was that her papa kept a big flintlock musket constantly loaded for bear, and had a sword as keen as a darning needle, besides being a big, lusty fellow himself.

Young Bowdoin accordingly angled for his fish, and baited her by leaving some of her favorite caramels in a paper on the sill under her chamber window. She recognized the courtesy and ate the confits. They say that love will hop over a garden wall. As the place had nothing but a log fence around it, she had no trouble in sending him a note through the medium of a friendly hollow tree where the squirrels had held tryst ever since Columbus spread his sails for the new world.

Notes and billet doux are all right, and consoling when nothing better can be had; but love, like gatling guns, is most effective at short range. So thought the pair, and so they made ready to elope. It was one of those traditionally beautiful evenings in June. The frogs croaked in the swamp among the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the potatoes, as yet innocent of the Colorado beetle, gravely pushed their stalks upward through the thickening twilight. Lothario had his boat moored on the west bank of the Connecticut river, and his horse saddled and waiting across the river. He stole up through the woods, unterrified by the growling bears, and peeped in at the kitchen window. The family was at supper. The father had just asked a blessing, and his daughter was busy mixing him a strong rum punch for a night cap. Young Bowdoin whistled like a tree toad. The girl started and blushed 'to the roots of her hair." Then she poured out a double dose of rum, put in two extra lumps of maple sugar and handed the grog to her father, who drank it greedily. This done she hastily swallowed her supper and went up to her room, where she held whispered conversation with her love.

"Did you fix the grog all right?" he spoke through his hand in lieu of a trumpet.

"You bet," she replied. "He's got a whole load in him if he has a drop. He'll be asleep in 20 minutes, and then, O—"

Meanwhile the moon had risen out of the Atlantic and poured her silvery light full on the head of the sleeping father. The moon was full. So was the old man.

The brave girl threw a bundle of clothes down to her lover and then slid down herself upon a bedcord, which she had taken out of the bed for that purpose. One big hug, a resounding smack and they were away. But that kiss was fatal. It awoke the old man, who, taking his flint lock in hand, rushed after them through the woods. They heard him coming and hastened on. Twice he drew a bead on the young man, and twice a tree intervened as he was about to fire. Once he took good aim and pulled the trigger, but the flint and steel did not connect. The fourth time the forest roared with a report, and when the smoke had cleared away the girl was lying mortally wounded on the pine needles, the father was leaning up against a tree where the gun had kicked him, and the gallant youth was paddling for all he was worth to get across the river.

The rest is easily told. There was a funeral. The shot-to-be bride was the corpse, and the sorrowing father and mother were chief mourners. The lover was unexpectedly called to England on important business and has not returned since.

The father and mother died soon after, and were buried one on each side of their daughter. But the watchful care which they could not keep her under control in life has proved unavailing in death. She insists on coming back to the old house and "revisiting the glimpses of the moon." A hundred different stories are told of her harmless pranks in and around the homestead. Now she comes in ghostly light, and glides through the dim rooms like an electric car down a deserted street; and, anon, she shows her pale face at the window, like a naturalized banshee. Her chief occupation, however, seems to be that of uncording the great bed which still stands in the room from which she took her flight. It is said that when the moon is full, and the people are all abed, she may be heard hastily drawing that hempen cord from out the sides of the bed, and coiling it up on the floor, preparatory to making her exit. Some people are foolish enough to say the sound is due to rats and mice scampering about under the chamber floor, but of course this is preposterous. Rats and mice live but a few years at most, while the ghost has haunted the place for nearly a century.

"Does Arnold's ghost ever come back along with the poor lady?" I asked of the girl.

"No, sir; I never heard of it."

"Why do you suppose he stops away?"

"I guess it is because we have nothing to drink in the house now." FORD GILL.

LEFT LEGGEDNESS.

Why Mankind in Walking Naturally Veers to the Right.

There is a popular idea that because the right arm is more often used and stronger than the left, so the right leg is stronger than the left, says the Nineteenth Century. This is not correct; there is evidence that the left leg in most people is stronger than the right. From the theoretical point of view, it would appear that in all manual labor requiring increased use of the right hand the left leg is also employed on the principle of equilibrium. In the case of the lower animals (except ambulators, camels, etc.) and babies, when walking on all fours, the right fore limb moves with the left hind limb, and vice versa. It follows from this that man, using the right arm more than the left, would probably use the left leg more than the right.

Many people find less exertion in walking round large circles to the right than in going to the left. This is also the case in race paths for athletic sports, nearly all of which are arranged for the racers to go in circles to the right in running. Again, travellers have observed that hunters, when lost on prairies, wander round in circles to the right. This fact has been attributed to their following the course of the sun; but this does not appear to be necessarily the case. Many skaters can perform more figures on the left than on the right foot—or, at any rate, in commencing, figures are more readily done on the left foot. With rope dancers, it is usually observed that the more complicated feats of balancing are performed on the left foot. In dancing, gyration is chiefly to the right, but few being able to reverse. In dressing, many men must put the left leg into their trousers first, before the right, some even going so far as to state that if through some accident, they should have reversed the process, they have to remove the offending right trouser or boot before continuing their toilet.

The rule in walking nearly all the world over is to keep to the right. Curiously, a very large number of people are unaware of any rule, and yet keep to it.

Again, it being an almost universal rule to keep to the right, there must be a common or gin of the law. A reason given in England for such a rule is because of the mode of carrying arms in olden times. This may or may not have something to do with the origin; but one of the exceptions to the rule occurs among the Afghans, who keep to the left in order that they may not leave their unguarded side exposed when passing a stranger on the road.

It is maintained that the left leg, being stronger than the right, there is always a tendency on the part of individuals to bear to the right, and hence the origin of the universal law.

That it is more natural to a large majority of people is often clearly demonstrated; crowds always tend to bear to the right, as was well illustrated recently in the Paris exhibition in the case of the two large wooden bridges erected opposite the Trocadero to convey foot passengers over the roadway. Here, although for what reason was not apparent, the authorities commanded people to pass over the bridges to the left, instead as in the case of other bridges in the same exhibition, to the right. After crossing the bridges the majority of the crowd would be seen bearing to the right, causing endless pushing on crowded days.

Some few years ago Mr. G. H. Darwin made some observations of the following nature. He got eight village schoolboys from 10 to 12 years of age, and offered a shilling to the boy who should walk straightest blindfolded. Before the contest, he scattered some sawdust on the ground, and, after making each of the boys walk over it, measured their strides from right to left, and from left to right. He states that they were all right-handed in throwing a stone, but believed that two of them exhibited some mark of being partly left-handed. The six who were totally right-handed took longer strides from left to right than from right to left, hopped with the left foot, and rose in jumping from that leg. Taking them then into a field and making them successively look at a stick at about 40 yards' distance, he then blindfolded them and started them to walk, guiding them straight for the first three or four paces; the result was that the six right-handed and left-legged boys all diverged to the right, the two somewhat left-handed and right-legged boys diverged to the left.

Mr. Darwin, in his paper, also mentions that, in observations upon himself and some friends, "we all diverged to the right, excepting one of us, who was strongly left-handed."

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHY

Of Especial Interest to the Amateur.

Several Methods for Making Satisfactory Pictures.

Forty Girls, All in One, and a Beauty She Is.

Popular interest in photography increases as the season advances. The subjects of instantaneous photography, "flash" light photography and color photography, already treated in THE GLOBE, are especially receiving the attention of amateurs at this time. The unusual activity in photographic circles just now, the announcement from abroad that the secret of photographing the colors of nature has been discovered, and the movement now in progress to honor the memory of Daguerre, the "father of photography," as he has been called, by erecting at Washington next summer a suitable monument, has excited a wider-spread interest in the fascinating art-science among the general public than was ever the case before.

A subject of especial interest, and one that is always attractive to photographic workers, is composite photography. A composite photograph is the result of blending a number of photographs to obtain the average type of the group depicted. Francis Galton made the first composite photographs, and exhibited them to a sub-section of the British association. This was in 1877, at which time he delivered an address explaining the method by which he accomplished his results. A number of photographic portraits were hung on a line, in front of each other, "in such a way that the eyes of the portraits shall be as nearly as possible super-imposed" A camera was then focused upon the first and the portraits were photographed in turn by successively removing the pictures from the pins which secured them. The images of all were, of course, thrown upon the same part of the sensitive plate, and the same length of "exposure" was given to each photograph, the sum of all the exposures being the length required for making one good photograph. The method required accurate apparatus and skilful operating, so that it was not largely practiced by amateurs at first.

John T. Stoddard, in the Century for March, 1887, described a method that was much simpler, and, as a result, many amateurs commenced to experiment in this interesting department of photographic work. Especially was the subject taken up by college students, and many interesting composites were made of graduating classes, both of young men and women.

A person was shown the photograph of a young lady which impressed him greatly. The expression of the countenance denoted a strong will and a serene, if not a volatile, disposition. It was the

Face of a Young Woman

whom one would like to know.

"Who is the original of this portrait?" it was asked.

"The graduating class of Smith College," came the reply.

And the young man realized the fact that there was in reality no such lady as the one whose face he so greatly admired, or, rather, that there were a lot of her!

Many interesting composites have been made in the various professions, and thus we are enabled to see now the typical American lawyer, clergyman and physician look.

Mr. Falk photographed the members of Frohman's theatrical company, making three composites, one of the men of the company, another of the ladies, and a third containing the composite of the ladies and gentlemen in one photograph.

In this way, composites have been made of a single family, in order to obtain the prevailing facial characteristics of the group, and composites of graduating classes in male and female colleges have been combined to show the typical American student.

Mr. Stoddard thinks the process might be employed to obtain the types of animal species and the standards of different breeds.

DR. Persifer Fraser of Philadelphia suggested the employment of composite photography for testing the genuineness of a suspected signature, for by comparing it with a composite made from several known to be genuine a clear decision could be arrived at.

The composite of several of one's own portraits made at different times is highly interesting. The inevitable conscious expression is overcome and a somewhat idealized portrait is generally the result.

There are a number of methods by which composite photographs may be made. One way is to photograph separately each member of the group on one and the same plate, posing each sitter accurately in exactly the same position, so that the images will fall upon the photographic plate on the same spot and in such a way that the

Prominent Features

are superimposed. On developing the negative thus exposed on a number of sitters a composite photograph is obtained of the group. Another method is to superimpose one portrait after another of a group, in the print, until all have been printed from, each negative printing exactly the same time in as even a light as can be obtained. It has been suggested to exactly superimpose all the negatives in a printing frame, and print through the mass of portraiture at one time on a single piece of sensitive paper beneath. Undoubtedly, however, by the first method the most reliable results are obtained. It will be seen now in what way the resulting composite photograph shows the average of all the prominent facial developments and physical peculiarities of the component members of the group.

George G. Rockwood of New York, who has made many successful composite photographs, explains his method as follows. He is referring to the composite photograph of a literary club of nine young ladies:

"My method of securing this picture," he says, "was to reduce the power of light so as to make necessary an exposure of 18 seconds. As there were nine sitters the prorata exposure was two seconds. Of course it required great care to superimpose exactly one image upon another. I first drew upon the ground glass a fine perpendicular pencil line, as a central guide, and a line to the head. Across, and at right angles to this line I drew two others, an inch and a quarter apart, one of which ran through the line of the mouth, and the other through the eye, at the caruncula, or at the joining of the upper and lower cartilages. These lines were arbitrary, and the image was adjusted to them. Of course there is quite a variation in the distances between these two lines in the human head, therefore the camera had to be carefully adjusted after each exposure. As it was very difficult to do this by hand, I constructed adjustable boards hinged at one side with fine screws, so placed under the camera as to elevate or depress it, and another screw to move the whole camera and bedplate forward or backward, until these distances between the eyes and mouth were made to correspond with the standard. I then made a pendulum by a weight on the end of a string about 40 inches long, practically giving one second to a motion of oscillation. This I found more practicable than a watch. Starting my pendulum, the impressions were made in quick succession. Of course the

Slide Was Returned

to the holder after each exposure, and a new focus of adjustment of the succeeding sitter made. The only modifications to the final picture consisted in uniting the white collars or neckwear into one. I think it would be best in future experiments to have a dark or black silk kerchief with which to cover the white neck draping, which would give a simple, uniform effect to the upper part of the body."

This is a simple method by which any amateur can make satisfactory composite photographs. The larger the group the greater the typical value of the composite, of course, and it is in proportion as the characteristic features of the faces are similar or unlike that the resulting composite image is well defined or blurred. If, for instance, in a given number of people, all the striking features are totally dissimilar, the composite will be a blurred mass without many, if any, well defined lines. On the other hand, if it were possible to find a number of faces which were identical, the composite of such a group would be a clear and well-defined portrait, as if one person had been photographed. In a composite photograph that member of the group that bears the strongest resemblance to the picture comes nearest to having the typical face of that particular group while he who can discover no trace of himself in the conglomerate mass of portraiture may console himself with the thought that his face is distinctly different from all the others of the combination. Large groups form composites showing the average type and generalization of the prevailing characteristics from an indefinite number of component parts, and may be of great value in the field of ethnological research; but small groups have often a great interest of their own, as when composed of one's family or a circle of one's intimate friends.

A young lady, on seeing a composite from such a group, of which she was a member, said:

"Is it not charming to enjoy the society of somebody who is all one's intimate friends at once?"

The actual photographic work does not differ, of course, from that in the ordinary processes. It is only necessary to preserve an absolute accuracy in superimposing the subjects one upon another, and in giving them all exactly the same treatment as to lighting, exposure in the camera, and so forth. Any amateur can do the work, and will find no end of interesting subjects constantly presenting themselves for blending in a composite photograph, and the results obtained will be not only highly interesting to the amateur, but may be of value as well in the cause of science and art.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

BASE BALL RECORD.

The Batting and Fielding of the Players' League and the National League to the Close of May 31.

The following is the standing of the National and Players' league clubs up to and including May 31:

Players' League Standing.

Clubs.	Boston	Brooklyn	New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Cleveland	Pittsburg	Buffalo	Games won.	Per cent. won.
Boston	—	5	5	2	1	2	1	3	21	.656
Brooklyn	3	—	2	4	3	3	2	4	21	.618
New York	3	1	—	0	3	3	2	2	17	.548
Chicago	2	0	2	—	2	3	2	2	15	.517
Philadelphia	3	2	1	2	—	2	2	2	16	.500
Cleveland	2	1	1	1	2	—	2	1	12	.429
Pittsburg	0	0	2	2	1	2	—	1	10	.345
Buffalo	0	2	0	0	2	3	2	—	9	.333
Games lost	11	13	14	14	16	16	19	18		

National League Standing.

Clubs.	Philadelphia	Brooklyn	Cincinnati	Chicago	New York	Boston	Cleveland	Pittsburg	Games won.	Per cent. won.
Philadelphia	—	2	1	2	5	4	2	4	20	.625
Brooklyn	3	—	2	2	3	3	3	2	18	.600
Cincinnati	3	1	—	3	4	3	3	3	18	.600
Chicago	2	2	1	—	2	2	3	3	15	.517
New York	1	2	2	2	—	4	2	3	16	.500
Boston	1	4	1	1	3	—	2	3	15	.469
Cleveland	2	0	1	2	1	1	—	3	10	.370
Pittsburg	0	1	3	1	0	1	3	—	9	.300
Games lost	12	12	12	14	16	17	17	21		

HE IS COMING HOME.

Pretty Romance Woven by a South African Auctioneer.

The South African advertiser bids fair to be able presently to give points even to the gentlemen who invent the announcements of new soaps and patent medicines, as may be seen from the following, cutting from the Johannesburg Star:

MESSRS. LITHAUER AND CO.'S SALES.
A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. READER, PONDER AND INWARDLY DIGEST!

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FAIR CLIENTS! I have a Tale to tell of HOME, SWEET HOME! So true, so faithful in all its particulars, that I can hardly find words to convey to you the full import of the Sweet Romance. A Romance of Real Life, with a moral, and that moral is BE THRIFTY, BE WISE. WASTE NOT, WANT NOT—and you will find yourselves in the present position of Townsman SAMUEL HARTOGS, Esq. And now the PREFACE. Samuel Hartogs in his youth was a great traveller. The Dykes of Haarlem were as familiar to him as the Falls of Niagara; the Rapids of St. Lawrence as the Wonderroom. By the aid of that experience, which can only be obtained by travel, coupled with energy of a pronounced sort, he has attained the end for which we are all working—the WHEREWITHAL to travel and visit the scenes of his youth, again to visit the scenes of his loved Niagara, and on its shores to query to himself how many Johannesburgs could be supplied with the water running through one little nail-hole of the Hor eshoe! But before he goes he comes to LITHAUER and says, "Sell my house, sell my Household Goods, sell my Horses, my Carriages, sell my Townsmen each a keepsake to remind them of Sam.!"

It has now become our duty to carry out these instructions, AND WE WILL SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER ON WEDNESDAY, 19TH INST.

Annuities to the British Royal Family.

[Eugene Field in the Chicago News.]

By the way, it has transpired that the Queen's much-advertised Easter gifts to the poor do not come out of her own pocket, but are provided for by the public fund—the alms and charity appropriation in the civil list. This amounts annually to $21,000. The truth seems to be that the Queen gives away very little of her own money. Yet she is probably one of the richest women in the world. At the time of the Fife marriage she was urged by the "opposition" to make a statement of her possessions, and she announced that she was prepared to do so. But at the last moment the privy council objected so strenuously to this procedure that her majesty withdrew her permission to the publication of the statement which the public so pined to see. You will be able to form some estimate of the cost of monarchy to the British taxpayer when you have read the following list of annuities to the royal family:

The Queen's privy purse	$300,000
Salaries of the Queen's household	656,300
Expenses of the Queen's household	862,500
Royal bounty, etc	76,000
Unappropriated	40,200
Prince of Wales	200,000
Prince of Wales' children	180,000
Princess of Wales	50,000
Duke of Edinburgh	125,000
Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein	30,000
Marchioness of Lorne	30,000
Duke of Connaught	125,000
Princess Beatrice	30,000
Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz	15,000
Duke of Cambridge	60,000
Duchess of Teck	25,000
Duchess of Albany	30,000
Royal pensions	127,350
Total	$2,962,300

A Paste That Will Adhere to Anything.

[Jewelers' Weekly.]

Prof. Alex Winchell is credited with the invention of a cement that will stick to nything. Take 2 ounces of clear gum arabic, 1½ ounces of fine starch and ½ ounce of white sugar. Pulverize the gum arabic and dissolve it in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Dissolve the starch and sugar in the gum solution. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water until the starch becomes clear.

The cement should be as thick as tar, and should be kept so. It can be kept from spoiling by dropping in a lump of gum camphor or a little oil of cloves or sassafras. This cement is very strong indeed, and will stick perfectly to glazed surfaces, and is good to repair broken rocks, minerals or fossils. The addition of a small amount of sulphate of aluminum will increase the effectiveness of the paste, besides helping to prevent decomposition.

Do You Rizzle?

[Chatter.]

Do you rizzle every day? Do you know how to rizzle? One of the swell doctors in town says that is the most wonderful aid to perfect health. "I masticate my food very thoroughly at dinner," he says, "and make sure to have my family or friends entertain me with bright talk and plenty of fun. After dinner it is going to rizzle. How do I do it? I retire to my study, and having darkened the room I light a cigar, sit down and perform the operation. How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing, it only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain. In this delightful condition I remain at least 10 minutes, sometimes 20. That is the condition most healthful to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping after eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than that 10 minutes' rizzle every day."

Paper Pillows.

[Christian at Work.]

Pillows of a large variety of shapes and sizes are invaluable in a house for use, either in a sick room or for ordinary home purposes. Ticks can be made of cheap cotton cloth in numbers sufficient to supply the entire house for a trifling sum. These can be stuffed with soft curled paper.

This paper can be gotten from any book bindery for the asking, or yet it can

Opposed to Ground Floors.

[Texas Siftings.]

Broker (persuasively)—It's a splendid opportunity, and remember you get it on the ground floor. Capitalist—Don't want it. Last time I was let in on the ground floor I dropped right through into a sub-cellar, and I've been there ever since. No, you'll have to let me off.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P.O. addresses. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.
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BOWSER AND THE KICKER.

Mrs. B. Returns From Abroad to Find Her Home Ruined.

Mr. B., However, Says, "Ruined Your Grandfather!"

How the Arizona Editor Improved His Town.

The other morning we got a telegram from mother, saying she was ill and asking me to come out for a day or two, and when Mr. Bowser had read it he said:

"You can go just as well as not and you needn't hurry back on my account."

"Well, please don't buy any new furniture or carpets, or move things around."

Mr. Bowser caught at my going so eagerly that I half suspected him of some design, and the more I thought it over after getting away the more I was convinced that there was something in the wind. On the morning of the third day I telegraphed him that I was coming home, and when the train got in he was at the depot to meet me. His face fairly beamed with happiness, and as he beckoned to a carriage he said:

"Here's the keys, as I can't be up for a couple of hours yet. I suppose it will take you a couple of hours to clean up the muss I have made."

I had a presentiment, and it was soon verified. While I stood looking I heard a step behind me, and Mr. Bowser called out:

HE HAD VARNISHED IT.

"Surprise! Surprise! I knew I'd surprise you!"

"Yes, you have," I answered.

"Why, w-what's the matter?"

"If you had only let things alone!"

"Let things alone! This house needed slicking up, and I've nearly broken my back in putting things in tidy shape, and now you complain of it!"

I saw the silver water pitcher at that moment and uttered a howl.

"What is it?"

"That pitcher!"

"Yes, I know. It hadn't been cleaned in a month."

"But you used sandpaper on it!"

"Of course, and you ought to have seen the way the dirt peeled off! Anything else to find fault with?"

"And you—you sandpapered all the silver!" I shouted as I looked into the dining-room and saw everything on the table.

"Yes. What have you got your voice way up in 'G' for?"

"You've ruined it! See the scratches!"

"That's it—take on and find fault! No one ever does anything right but you!"

"And what ails the glass over the mantel?"

"It happens to be clean for once. I worked at it all of an hour."

"But you sandpapered it!"

"No, I didn't! I used powdered brick, I don't know how the scratches came there, unless the cat did it."

"And these curtains, too!"

"What are you crying about now? I got a colored women to come and wash them and I knew she put them through three tubs and then laid 'em on the grass to dry. I pinned and hung 'em up myself."

"And they are ruined!"

"RUINED, YOUR GRANDFATHER."

"Ruined your grandfather. Perhaps I didn't pick all the grass off of them, but I'll leave it to any artist in town if they don't hang perfect. This is all the reward I get for my hard work.

I entered the kitchen to find that he had sandpapered the bottoms of the flatirons, scratched every tin dish in a hundred directions and given the rolling-pin two coats of oil to prevent checking. In trying to dress up the hardwood floor he had thinned down some raw oil with kerosene, and the beauty of the finish was eclipsed only by the smell.

"You—you didn't touch anything up stairs?" I gasped.

"Why not? I varnished all the bureaus bedsteads and stands, cleaned every glass, turned our bed shroud, painted the radiator in the hall a beautiful drab and— What are you howling about?"

"Oh, Mr. Bowser, how could you go and destroy our things in this way?"

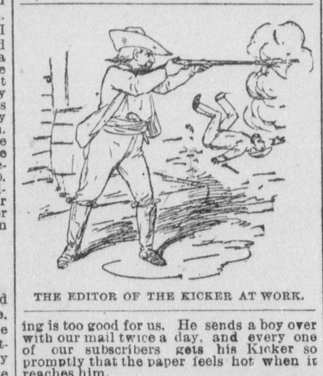
"Destroy! Destroy!"

"The house might as well have burned down."

"And I wish it had. The last thing you said when you went away was for me to go ahead and slick up, and now the first thing you do is to find fault. Mrs. Bowser, we are not mated. No man on earth can understand your erratic temperament. This is the last straw. My very flesh and bones. Tomorrow morning we will settle property matters."

But next day came to find Mr. Bowser's composure fully restored, and when he came home and found a furniture wagon loaded with bedsteads and bureaus going off to be scraped and repressed, he went in by the alley gate and spent half an hour in the barn so as not to see anything.

TRY IT ONCE.—Two months ago the postmaster of this town didn't care a cent whether our mail reached us or not, writes the editor of the Arizona Kicker, and every complaint we made was received with ill-disguised contempt. We brought matters to a climax by encouraging him to attempt to horsewhip us as soon as he had struck the first blow we sailed in, and his friends say that he was the worst licked man ever heard of in Arizona. Since that date nothing is too good for us. He sends a boy over with our mail twice a day, and every one of our subscribers gets his Kicker so promptly that the paper feels hot when it reaches him.



THE EDITOR OF THE KICKER AT WORK.

Mem.—If your postmaster won't travel in the right bridle-path, baste him. It beats appeals to Wanamaker all hollow.

HAD TO BE DONE—Six months ago this town was full of drunkards and blacklegs and professional terrors. Every one feared the crowd, and the sheriff himself got drunk so often that no help could be had from him. Where is the crowd today? Gone! Dug out! Disappeared! What caused it? The Kicker opened on them without fear or favor. They threatened us. We loaded our gun and went out and dropped Sam Barlow with a ball in the leg, wounded Jim Simpson at long range, and split Tom Jackson's ear, as he turned the post office corner. We gave four of the gamblers a day to pack up in, furnished the rope that hung Jack Beavers, and it was our gun that went off when Deadwood Hank tumbled from the bridge.

Last night the representative citizens of the town tendered us a banquet, and presented us with an ice pitcher as a token of their approbation. Readers may look for full report in our next issue. Thanks, gentlemen. We don't want to run the town, but we've got a sneaking notion into our head that it must be made safe for a mule to walk the length of Apache av. day or night. Westward the star of empire takes its way, and we will say right here before we forget it that if Charlie Thompson, bartender at the Gray Eagle saloon, doesn't drop out of sight before Saturday he'll stand a prime show of a grave in the sand pit.—Detroit Free Press.

EAGLE'S FIRST SCREAM.

Original Draft of Declaration of Independence Purchased by New York's State Treasurer.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 1.—State Treasurer Elliot Danforth prides himself upon having just purchased what is undoubtedly the original draft of the Declaration of Independence in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson.

In speaking with reference to the document, he says:

"It has been thought that Jefferson made five drafts of the Declaration of Independence, as submitted to the standing committee having the declaration in charge. One of the copies was sent to Madison subsequently to his election as secretary of state, which has never been discovered, and probably never will be, as nearly all of his papers were burned soon after his death.

"It was always held that he sent Lee the first draft, and that he left a copy in his own papers. There is also a copy in his handwriting held by the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and there is one in the State library.

"The document in my possession was recently discovered in a garret down South, and is undoubtedly the copy sent to Lee or the one left in Jefferson's papers."

Mr. Danforth declares that he is one of the 25 historical writing collectors who have been fortunate enough to secure a complete set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

"REFUSED TO ANSWER."

Supt. Porter's Instructions to His Enumerators.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—In an interview today Mr. Porter, the superintendent of the census, takes the opportunity to reply somewhat at length to the criticisms made upon certain questions on the lists sent out for the use of the enumerators in their canvass next month.

"I have just issued," said Mr. Porter, "to the supervisors of the census throughout the country, an important order bearing upon this subject. Here it is:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, CENSUS OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26, 1890.

To Supervisors of Census:

You will please instruct enumerators, in cases where persons refuse to answer the questions on the population schedule relating to physical and mental disabilities (22 and 23), or the questions relating to the farms, homes and mortgages (26 to 30, inclusive), to enter in the proper column the word "Refused to answer." No further steps will be necessary on the part of the supervisor or enumerator, and all legal proceedings will be instituted by the Washington office, through the Department of Justice. Very respectfully,

ROBERT P. PORTER,
Superintendent of Census.

"You will see from this that people have simply to decline to answer the questions, when it will rest with the law department of the government, upon the facts being reported to it, to see whether the mandate of the law governing the subject is enforceable."

SECRETARY RUSK'S SEEDS.

Where They Come from and How They are Stored.

[Washington Letter in Chicago Times.]

All the seeds now being distributed are exceedingly fine, and the department represents a certain potato that it is sending out as probably the most excellent article in the shape of a Hibernian tuber ever obtained by cultivation. It never offered potatoes before this season, by the way. The germs of this wonderful vegetable will be sent to you if you make the request—25 "eyes" in a wooden box—all cut up and ready to plant. Of course, the notion is that the farmer, observing that the potatoes grown from these 25 eyes are superior to any others of his crop, will keep them for seed, and other agricultural persons in his neighborhood will obtain from him specimens of the vegetable for planting, the product of all that particular district will in this way improved. Such, indeed, is the whole idea and purpose of the seed distribution—that the vegetables and flowers grown in this country shall be as good and pretty of their kinds as possible.

The seeds bought of the farmers by the agent are sent to Washington in bags, and in this shape are piled in the storage department of Uncle Sam's barn, which is a big brick building just back of the main structure of the Department of Agriculture. An enormous room adjoining is filled with pretty women sitting at little tables and measuring out seeds from sacks into brown paper envelopes. Some of them use quart pots, others pints, and so on down to mere thimbles with long handles for such little seeds as carrots. Obviously, too, the envelopes differ in size. Each envelope, having received its measureful, is sealed up and a label is pasted on it, telling what seeds it contains, giving directions for planting them, and saying at the bottom: "Please report results."

It is desired to know, you see, how the seeds turn out. Finally the packets are put up in bunches of fives and tens, and, after being addressed, they are sent off in this shape. If you ask simply for "some vegetable and flower seeds," you will probably receive 10 envelopes of the former and five of the latter. A sample bundle of 10 vegetables would very likely contain a quart of corn, half a pint of beans, half a pint of peas and some small envelopes of cabbage, pumpkin, tomato, pepper, radish, cucumber and beet. Quarts are also given of buckwheat and lawn-grass. A separate room in the barn is devoted to the putting up of flower seeds, which are purchased from the big seed houses.

A Base Deception.

[Chicago Journal.]

A Chicago newspaper man is said to have hit upon a new trick for deceiving his wife as to the exact time of his arrival home. He has a clock in his house that strikes "1" at the half hour, and when he has a night off he gauges himself to get home a few minutes before some half hour. If it is 4 o'clock he waits until about 4.30, and then he goes bustling in, making noise enough to wake up the dead. The sleepy wife throws the covers off her head and says: "Oh! is that you? What time is it?" The husband replies, carelessly: "Time? Nearly 1, I guess; I don't know exactly, my dear." By this time the clock str kes "1," and the wife is satisfied. Long before the hour of 5 is reached the wife is again fast asleep, and she never suspects her lord and master has played it on her. This scheme may work well for